Collier's

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KINGFISH OF THE DIXIECRATS

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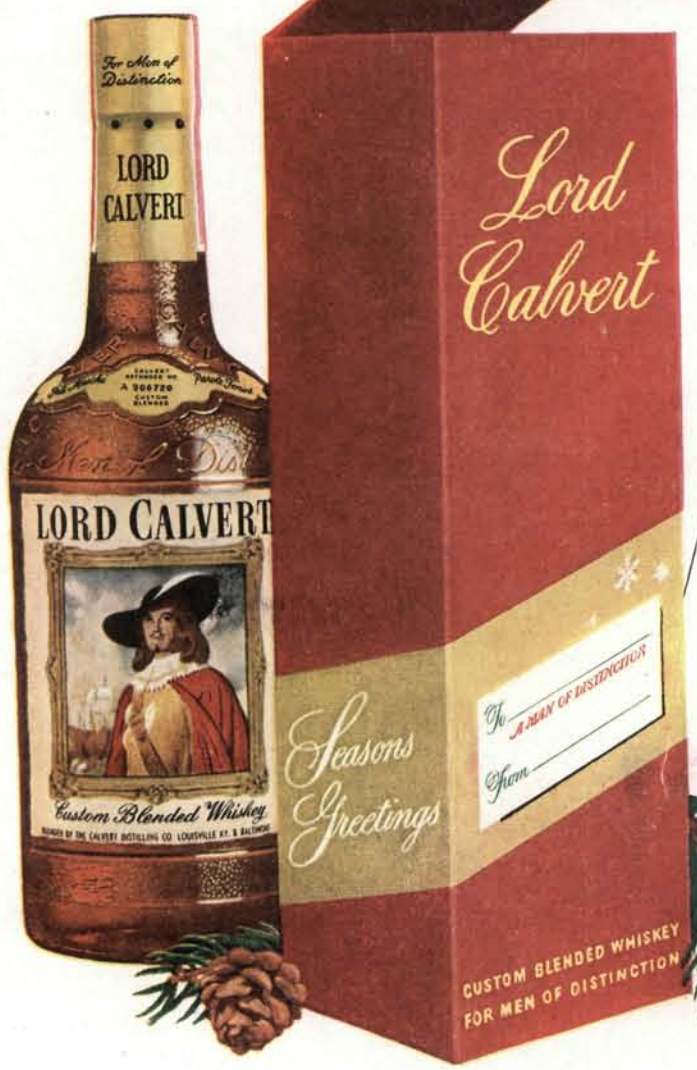

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The Stockmeyers believe that a good way to teach their children money management is to give them practical experience. Thus Lona, second from left, keeps a flock of Plymouth Rock chickens —assisted by Paul, Ted and Carol. Eggs not consumed by the family are sold to the neighbors.

At the present time, the Stockmeyers own common shares of several companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Their future is in our hands...

that's why investment in income-producing common stocks is a part of our family's financial program."

Vernon O. Stockmeyer WAYNE, MICH.

"When a man has four wonderful youngsters to bring up and educate as well as he possibly can, his *personal financial program* takes on an importance second to nothing else," says Mr. Stockmeyer of Wayne, Michigan. "This is especially true when he is in business for himself, as I am, and has to build his program from rock bottom—without benefit of social security, unemployment insurance or company pensions.

"Even before our first son was born, my wife and I decided to start a 'fund for the future.' We put aside every dollar we can spare, and we invest these dollars regularly where they will *work for us* . . . a good part of them in long-established, dividend-paying companies whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

"We make our investment selections carefully, and receive a gratifying return, in the form of dividends, from them. This year, for example, our stocks are paying us better than 6%, on the average. We have profited also from increases in the market values of our securities. Our fund is growing steadily...and faster, we believe, than it would invested in any other way."

Proud of their home, and of Wayne, the family is active in community affairs. Mr. Stockmeyer is a member of the Wayne School Board and a director of the local Community Fund.

In discussing investment, Mr. Stockmeyer says: "Certainly we recognize the risk in ownership of common stocks—the same risk you have in ownership of any form of property, including real estate which is my own business. That's why *factual information* is so important to investors."

YOU AND YOUR INCOME — Income-producing investment opportunities, available in the dividend-paying stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, are attracting the interest of people with surplus funds. Current yields and other factual information needed in evaluating securities may be obtained at offices of Member Firms of the Exchange.

Yields change as market prices and dividends change. Informed investors keep this in mind. They also bear in mind the many other factors that are continually affecting investment values.

* * *

A booklet, "Investment Facts About Common Stocks and Cash Dividends," shows the following average cash yield on all dividend-paying stocks on the New York Stock Exchange for each year since 1940, based on year-end prices (estimate for 1949 is based on recent prices):

1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	(Nov.) 1949
6.1%	9.3%	7.8%	6.1%	5.0%	3.6%	4.8%	6.3%	7.8%	8.0%

This booklet, which lists common stocks with unbroken annual dividend records from 20 to 100 years and separates them according to price groups, may be had without charge from a Member Firm or by writing to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. C1, 20 Broad St., N. Y. 5.

Invest wisely... through a Member Firm of the

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

BARBARA STANWYCK · JAMES MASON
VAN HEFLIN · AVA GARDNER
in
"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"
CYD CHARISSE
NANCY DAVIS · GALE SONDERGAARD
A MERVYN LEROY Production
Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART
Based on the Novel by MARCIA DAVENPORT
Directed by.....MERVYN LEROY
Produced by VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN

East Side, West Side – that's the title of M-G-M's new picture, and it's about the dreamy as well as the seamy side of anybody's town . . .

The high hat side and the low brow side rarely meet (in public places, that is). But when they do, and they do in M-G-M's new piece of taut dramatics – you get a story to sit straight up with.

Barbara Stanwyck plays the woman in it, a woman who knows the heartbreak of dream street. One of the dazzle girls of the social columns, she always looks as though she's having such a delicious time. But *uh-uh* – she's married – to a guy who gets the ringside tables–and the phone numbers. Watch James Mason play *this* part! It's the kind that set hearts clicking when he first flashed across the American screen.

Of course there's the other woman–there usually is – but not like *this* other woman. Ava Gardner plays it with claws extended. Watch her go for James Mason.

Yes, this is the story of life under the lights, and the kind of playing around that leads to newspaper headlines – and once in a while to murder!

There's another character, too, that puts punch in this picture. It's played by none other than Van Heflin, who knows how. He's an ex-cop whose eye for people and nose for news make the world his beat.

Written by a lady whose novels are always on the bestseller lists, Marcia Davenport has provided some characters that really breathe hard. And she gives you the biting low-down on the glitter spots you read about in the papers.

Mervyn LeRoy was *the* man to direct East Side, West Side because there is no one in the make-believe business who can get a story clicking faster. And he's also the man who knows how to make actors act.

We've used up our space now, except for one word – GO!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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December 17, 1949

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The Cover

In this case the pre-Christmas school pageant involves all four seasons and another disorganized group of Stanley and Janice Berenstain's unquenchable kids. The artists filched the Presidential portraits from U.S. folding money; Washington's from a one-dollar bill and Lincoln's from a five. The latter was harder to copy because on our currency he faces the other way. Ever before hear of two cartoonists who could pool $6?

Week's Mail

The General & the Reds

EDITOR: Many thanks for your fascinating article by Brigadier General Frank Howley (My 4-Year War with the Reds, Nov. 5th).

It is quite wonderful to read about such an honest and forthright American!

DOROTHY VIRGINIA WULFF, New York City

. . . I want to convey to you my most feeling protest against your use—and your advertising—of General Howley's article vilifying the Russians.

Such statements as he makes are so general as to be meaningless. They can have no purpose but to add further to the reckless whipping-up of war spirit which—if it should culminate in another war—must bring unthinkable destruction and misery upon us all.

Collier's may well be ashamed of its part in this campaign of horror.

MAY CAVIN, New City, N. Y.

Though Collier's does not quarrel with any reader's reaction to a story or article, we do question the validity of the basis for Miss Cavin's criticism. General Howley's four postwar years in Berlin brought him into intimate and frequent contact not only with Russian policy but also with Russian personnel. Few Americans can approach his personal knowledge of the situation in Germany and the people who are creating it. If Miss Cavin will read all five of the general's articles attentively, we believe she will find that his statements are not meaningless generalities but, on the contrary, are pretty darned trenchant and specific.

Cub & Cousins Fan

EDITOR: Being an old Chicago Cub fan from the days of Guy Bush, Hack Wilson, Gabby Hartnett and before, I enjoyed immensely Norman Cousins' article, Slide, Fujimura, Slide! (Nov. 5th).

The fact that he is the editor of the staid Saturday Review of Literature makes the article all the more interesting.

ROBERT G. GEIGER, Martin, Mich.

Gun Toting Upheld

EDITOR: William Mooney's letter on Limitation of Armaments (Week's Mail, Oct. 8th) is not quite understood by me. Regardless of any interpretation of codes, a large number of American citizens possess *privately owned firearms*, and will have them for a long time to come.

What I would like to know is just who the "militia" is that Mr. Mooney writes about. That "militia" is the average American citizen within military age. He fought in World Wars I and II and in every other of his country's wars. This country was founded by a "militia" that practically took it with a rifle.

A large number of law-abiding American citizens interpret Article II of the Bill of Rights to mean just what it says. It does not refer only to those in the military service, and is not applicable in a military sense only.

There is no one in the state of Texas who has had little enough sense to try

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Calling Grandma looks so simple!

AND it is simple, whether you're making a call or receiving one. But it takes just about the most complex mechanism imaginable to make your calls possible.

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Western Electric

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*Plus tax, installation. Prices slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.
You can put your confidence in—
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confiscating any privately owned firearms so long as no law was violated.

JOSEPH H. MCDONALD, Houston, Texas

Too Much SO_2

EDITOR: In Donora: The Case of the Poisoned Air (Oct. 22d) you state that 700,000 tons (1,400,000,000 pounds) of sulphur dioxide are poured into the air every day in Los Angeles, California. Did you mean to say 700,000 pounds?

The article in which the error occurred is so important I think that the error should be corrected.

G. C. STARCHER, Prattville, Ala.

The correct figure is 700 tons a day, which is how Bill Davidson's manuscript read. The three extra zeros were mysteriously picked up somewhere in the mechanical transition from manuscript to printed page.

"Best of '49" Entry

EDITOR: The story Cat's Cradle, by Bert K. Gilden (Oct. 1st), is so unusual that I feel impelled to express my appreciation.

In these hectic times there are few stories in print that one cannot read quickly and forget. But this story is in the old Harper's, Scribner's and Atlantic Monthly tradition. You can't stop thinking about it afterward, as you think about the problems of some family in your neighborhood or in your town. The more I thought about the story, the more I sympathized with Louise Ingram as one of millions of women who suffer frustration from being tied down to sordid household duties in a hateful environment from which there is no escape. That is why I think the subtitle a bit misleading. I'm sure a man must have written it—a man without the author's apparent sympathetic understanding.

It is a beautiful piece of writing, too. I will be surprised if this story does not appear in a Best Stories of 1949 anthology.

RUTH E. KENNELL, Bridgeport, Conn.

He'll Take the Toll Road

EDITOR: I disagree wholeheartedly with your editorial, Shakedown? (Nov. 5th). Even if all tolls were shakedowns, the motorist would prefer to travel on the relatively safe dual highways, where the only stops are for tolls.

In the first place he saves time. Secondly, the trip is less tiring and easier on the nerves. In the third place he really saves money in the long run, because there is less wear and tear on his car and lower gasoline costs. Ask any good mechanic and he will tell you that rough roads and frequent stops and starts take more out of an automobile than highway driving.

For example, it is now possible to take a trip from Hartford, Connecticut, to New York City in about two and a half hours with only four stops and at a cost of 40 cents.

Another example is the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which is 150 miles long and costs $1.50 for the privilege of traveling on it. It also avoids city traffic.

You take your traffic lights and I'll pay my tolls with a smile.

WILLIAM PEASE, Hartford, Conn.

Deer Me!

EDITOR: Dear, dear, what do I believe? Just recently I read Leave That Woods Baby Be (Oct. 1st) which says, "the poor little lost woods baby . . . isn't poor, isn't lost and certainly won't stay little." "Deer almost never go wild a second time." Now if a stray fawn happens in my back yard I won't know whether to love and mother it or scare it away!

According to Bambi's Baby Sitter, in the October American Magazine, I should get out the baby's bottles, sterilize them and make up a formula for the little deer!

LUCILLE WARNER, West Springfield, Mass.

Oversight

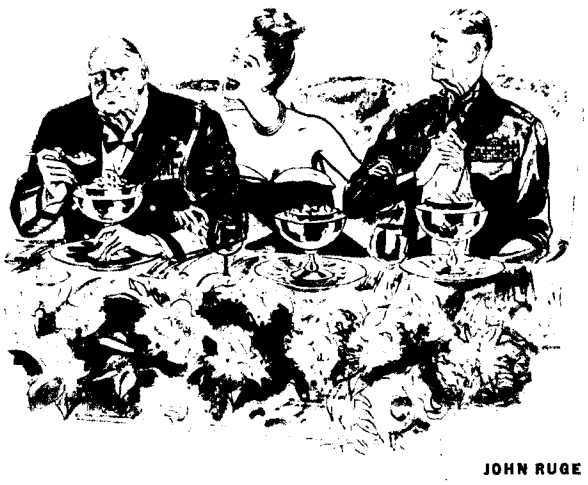
EDITOR: We northern Ohioans are pretty proud of Gordon Cobbledick. We think he's a swell columnist, and were glad to see an article by him in Collier's (12th Man in the Huddle, Nov. 12th). But how come you didn't let your readers know that he is sports columnist of the Cleveland Plain Dealer?

A. C. DAVIS, Akron, Ohio

We should have, and we're sorry we didn't. Our apologies to Mr. Cobbledick, one of the country's best and most influential sports writers, and to all Cobbledick fans.

Prophetic

EDITOR: Hats off to your artist, John Ruge, who in Collier's of March 27, 1948—over 20 months ago—cleverly proved himself a real prophet of things to come in his cartoon.



JOHN RUGE

"You two boys probably have a lot in common now that your services have been merged!"

I believe that he deserves real credit and that the cartoon should be republished in your next issue.

BARAND G. HITZEL, New York City

Anyway, It's Tiny

EDITOR: In your editorial, Chafing-Dish Diplomacy (Oct. 15th), concerning Mrs. Mesta's appointment as Minister to Luxembourg, you state that she was appointed to a tiny principality. This is wrong. Luxembourg is a grand duchy and this is entirely different from a principality.

ROBERT E. DAVIS, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

We Done Her Wrong, Says Here

EDITOR: *In re* your editorial Don't Go Near the Water (Nov. 5th) it just burned enough for me to write.

The people in our town are pretty proud of Shirley May's attempt at the Channel. If you could see her and know how much it meant to her to fail, you wouldn't suggest she give up her idea to try again next year. She isn't doing it for publicity or contracts.

She was very humble when she returned here to Somerset; her voice cracked several times when she tried to explain her reasons for failing. She's still a sweet kid from a small town; her publicity did not turn her head or change her attitude about the swim.

Maybe her diet, training and philosophy of life did seem extravagant to you people, but we, the people she was actually writing her articles to, are pretty interested in all she does.

MRS. CHARLES D. CRONAN, Somerset Centre, Mass.

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Keep Up with the World

Diver "walking" an unconscious shark in a pool after its removal from the ocean

When a new shark is needed to replenish the exhibition of the Marine Studios in Marineland, Florida, the fishing crew goes out and usually has little trouble in catching one and getting it aboard. But as the shark is too large to swim about in the ship's tank, it is unable to draw water into its mouth to maintain respiration and so it gradually becomes unconscious through lack of oxygen. Therefore, the shark has to be rushed to the oceanarium so it may be revived before it becomes too weak. A diver grasps the fins of the limp giant and "walks" it around in the reception pool until it begins to breathe again. Then the man quickly leaves the pool for reasons of health.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the most fantastic plagiarism suits ever started in this country was that brought against John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman in the spring of 1945, shortly after their dramatization of Marquand's novel The Late George Apley had opened on Broadway. The plaintiff had not acquired the dramatic rights to the book nor had he even met the novelist. Yet he claimed he was entitled to all the profits of the production because he, and not the author, had been the first to *think* about adapting the story for the stage.

* * * * * * * * *

In the fall of 1943 in Mexico City, two men and a young woman who had murdered a jeweler were captured, convicted and given long sentences. The girl, Maria Elena Blanco, beautiful and worldly-wise, began a flirtation with the assistant warden of her prison and soon had infatuated him. When he took her out for a ride in his car one night, she knocked him unconscious and escaped, but was caught within a few hours. Six months later, Maria escaped again with the help of a grocery clerk who, persuaded by romantic pledges, smuggled her out of the prison yard in his truck. Shortly apprehended, the wily lady was transferred to another prison where she met a wealthy and influential visitor. So she turned on her irresistible charm and the man promptly fell in love with her and promised to see that she was pardoned. But his efforts in her behalf so infuriated his relatives and political friends that he left the country. In 1946, prison officials decided that Maria had caused enough trouble and so they sent her to serve the remaining 25 years of her sentence at the federal penitentiary on Maria Madre Island in the Pacific —the Alcatraz of Mexico.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the largest dancing establishments in history was Wolffsohn's Apollo Palace, which opened in Vienna on January 10, 1808. At the time, most Europeans who could afford to do so were devoting their nights to the waltz. Although new, the waltz was incredibly popular, because it was the first ballroom dance in which the partners embraced each other. The Apollo Palace was an instant hit. It contained—among its numerous attractions—thirty-six magnificent ballrooms.

* * * * * * * * *

Although long disproved by countless cases, a still prevalent belief about dreams is that a sleeper, during a nightmare in which he is falling from a height, will actually die from shock if he does not wake up before he strikes bottom.

* * * * * * * * *

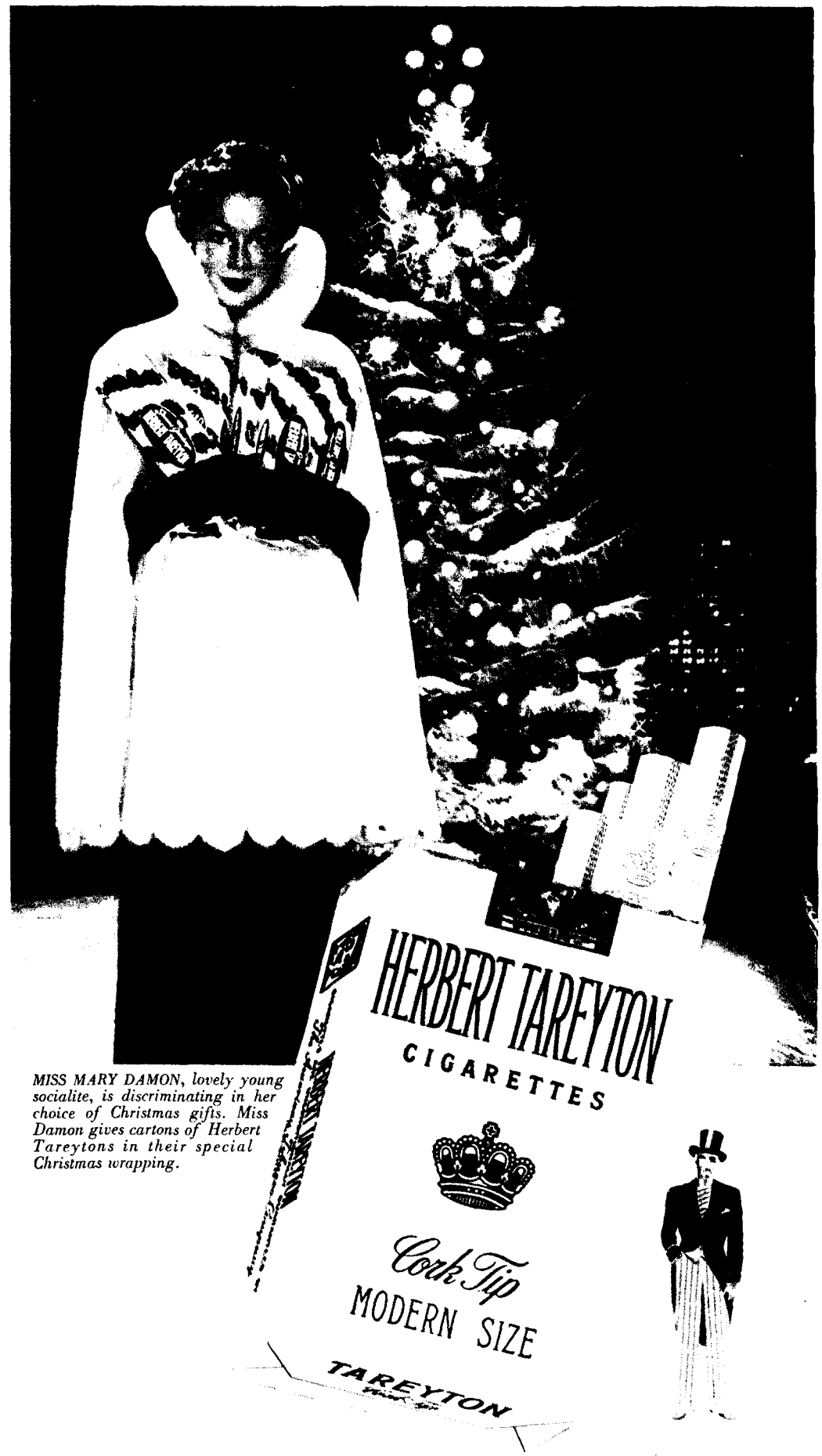
Every year hundreds of federal prisoners who have been given short sentences are confined and supported by the government in county jails. The practice is usually more convenient and cheaper than sending them to U.S. penitentiaries. Yet the Bureau of Prisons has sent men to only 800 of these county institutions, having always found, in its periodic inspections, that the other 2,300 did not meet federal standards.

* * * * * * * * *

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MISS MARY DAMON, lovely young socialite, is discriminating in her choice of Christmas gifts. Miss Damon gives cartons of Herbert Tareytons in their special Christmas wrapping.

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

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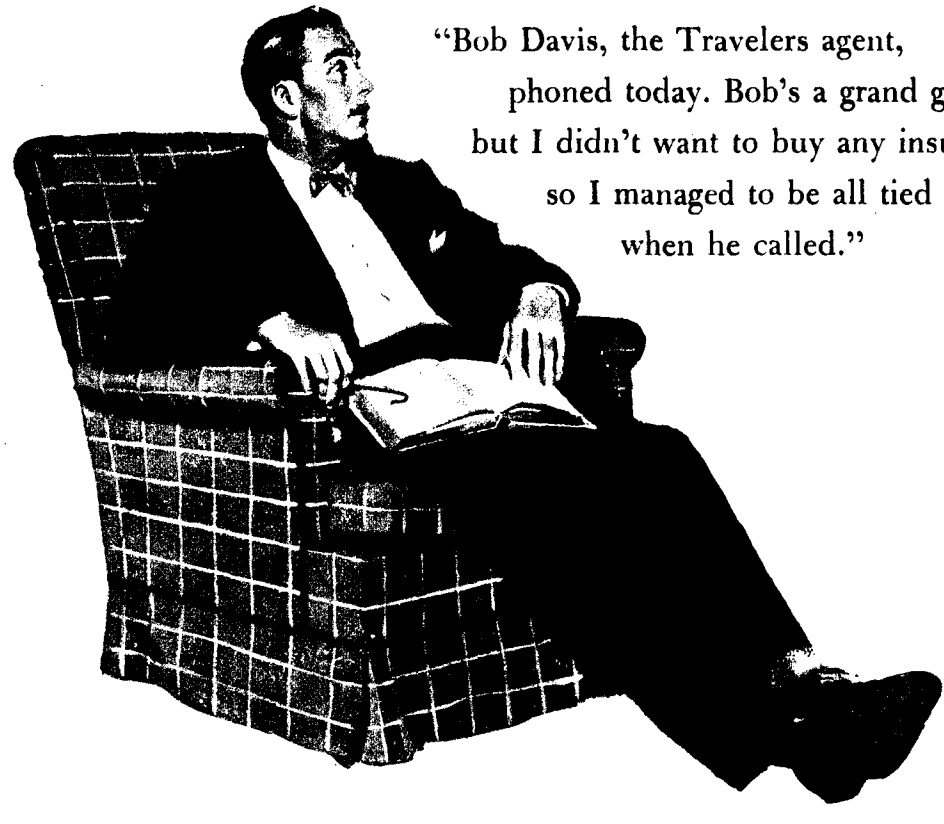
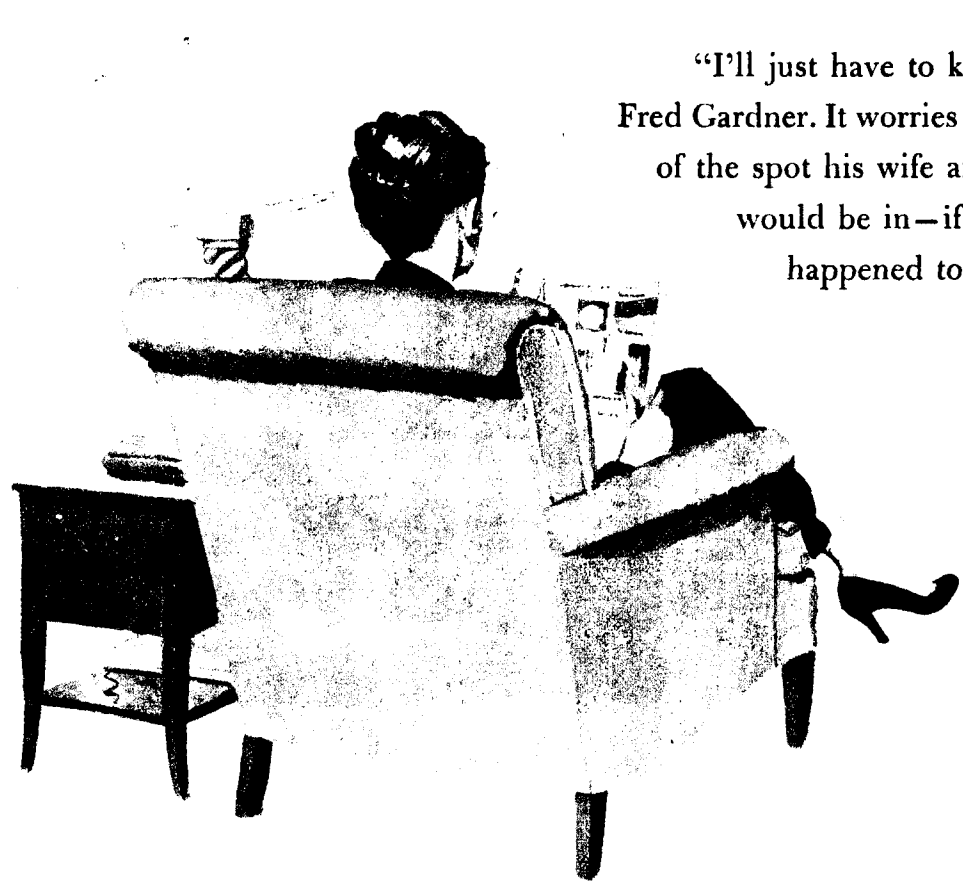
As Fred Gardner said to his wife:

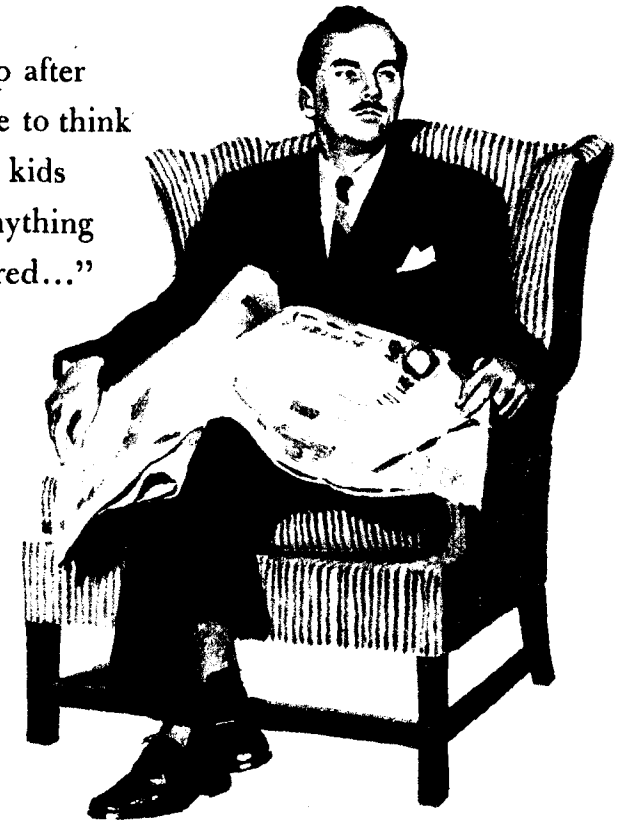


"Bob Davis, the Travelers agent,
phoned today. Bob's a grand guy,
but I didn't want to buy any insurance,
so I managed to be all tied up
when he called."

As Bob Davis said to himself:



"I'll just have to keep after
Fred Gardner. It worries me to think
of the spot his wife and kids
would be in—if anything
happened to Fred..."



Sometimes you'll find that your Travelers agent is a fairly persistent fellow. But look at it this way—he has your interest and the protection of your family at heart.

Next time he calls, we hope you won't be too busy to see him.

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Collier's
DECEMBER 17, 1949

LEANDER H. PEREZ

KING of the Dixiecrats

By LESTER VELIE

SALVADOR CHIAPPETTA, native son of the Louisiana delta country south of New Orleans —free, white and over twenty-one—has two obsessions. He wants to eat, and he wants to vote. About these twin urges, Citizen Chiappetta, father of two boys killed in the war, is quite stubborn. Yet, to eat, you must have a job, and to vote, you must register. Doing either, for Chiappetta, presents bizarre difficulties.

Six times during the last eight months he climbed into his ancient jalopy and rattled off to the parish (county) courthouse 25 miles away to register for this fall's voting. The six round trips totaled 300 miles. But for all this mileage, Citizen Chiappetta, as this is written, was still unregistered. To him, mysteriously, the registrar is never in. Neither is the registrar's deputy. In fact, somehow, for Chiappetta, no registrar's office exists, although the state law says plainly that there should be one at the parish seat.

A persistent man, Chiappetta wrapped his huge farmer's fist about a pen and took to the mails. He sent a registered letter to the parish registrar asking when he could register to vote. No reply. Only a receipt for the letter. He got himself a lawyer and wrote the local political boss, who is also district attorney and therefore the guardian of Citizen Chiappetta's civil rights. Still no answer.

Chiappetta tried the United States district attorney at New Orleans, the state attorney general at Baton Rouge. Finally, he wrote the President of the United States. The President, through an assistant attorney general, said it was a state affair. The state attorney general, through an assistant, said it was a local affair. After eight months of arduous penmanship, Citizen Chiappetta was as unregistered as the day he was born.

Oddly, few of Chiappetta's deep delta neighbors suffer his galling frustration. To many, registration is just a lark. They don't even have to seek out the registrar. In neighborly friendliness he comes to *them*. Or while driving along in his car, the registrar will stop, alight, take the registration books from the back seat and register lucky passing citizens then and there. Knowing this, Chiappetta regards himself as a political "untouchable."

Even worse, he is an economic outcast. He can't get a job on the highways or the river levees. He can't even get a job in local private employ. Recently, hired as a watchman on a school construction job, he was fired before he could report for work. Word had come down, mysteriously, from above. Even Chiappetta's seventeen-year-old son, Eugene, can't get summer vacation work cutting grass on the levees like other kids.

Eating and voting are habits to which a man gets strongly attached. How did Citizen Chiappetta get himself into the fix which makes it difficult for

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT N. PARKER

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him to do either? He says it happened when he "got on the wrong side politically." Fatally, he says, he opposed and offended the local leader, Leander H. Perez.

The Russians have a name for Chiappetta's offense: "political deviation." Yet, in an American setting, the consequences did seem drastic.

"But what do you expect?" Chiappetta asks simply. "This is Plaquemines Parish. This is the sort of thing that happens to us who disagree. And there aren't many of us left—who dare."

Plaquemines, situated south of New Orleans, is one of Louisiana's most famous parishes. For one thing, Plaquemines embraces the mouth of the Mississippi. A stubby, 125-mile-long thumb of lushly green, creamy delta earth, Plaquemines pokes out into the Gulf of Mexico, spurting out the Mississippi as from the nozzle of a hose. For another thing, Plaquemines contains fabulous riches of oil, sulphur and natural gas, much of it on public lands. But most important for Plaquemines' fame: it is the bailiwick of Leander H. Perez.

Mighty Leander H. Perez, the political boss of the deep delta, who once saved Huey Long from impeachment, raises one of the biggest voices in the South for the "rights of the states." Here, close up, is Perez—against the background of 'democracy' in his own parish

A formidable man, Perez once saved Huey Long from almost certain impeachment. He is one of the few holdovers of the Long era who survived to flourish politically. And in a state which measures its public men against the lengthening legend of the departed Kingfish, Perez is regarded by many as "smarter than Huey," and today the most redoubtable man in Louisiana. Perez, for instance, is credited with masterminding Huey's younger brother, Earl, into the governor's mansion and with naming most of Earl's running mates. Although no member, Perez hasn't missed a Louisiana legislative session for more than 25 years, and is credited with engineering the amendment of many laws affecting local government in the state—including the law under which Citizen Chiappetta finds it so difficult to register.

"A mighty hunter before the Lord," as Bible-wise Louisianians might put it, Perez' voice reaches from the deep delta country even to Washington. A powerhouse in his own state and region, Perez is emerging as an important national figure. He leads the fight for state control of the vast oil riches beneath the tidewaters off their shores. And he is the national leader of the States' Rights Dixiecrats.

Perez is formidable in both roles. As the states' champion in the oil fight Perez, a brilliant lawyer, went back to colonial times to dig up (and confound federal attorneys with) a treaty between the English crown and the original states to support his argument that the states, *not* the federal government, have title to the oil lands.

As the champion of the Dixiecrats, he says he fights for a constitutional amendment to "protect the states against further infringement of their liberties." Says Perez: "The closer you keep government to the people, the more democracy you have."

When a man raises such a hue and cry about "local democracy," and becomes its national advocate, it is interesting to see how local democracy works in his own neighborhood.

In Plaquemines Parish and its neighbor Saint Bernard, "Jeffersonian" Democrat Perez has been district attorney and political boss for a longer time than many of his neighbors can remember—25 years. Perez has ruled so long and to such effect that he is often compared to Huey Long. Perez, it turns out, is an ardent admirer of Huey's ("He's the most constructive governor we ever had") and has created in his own bailiwick a miniature regime reminiscent of Huey's Louisiana, public works and all. New Orleans papers have called him "Potentate Perez" and his two parishes "the rotten boroughs."

The authentic voice of the old (and passing) South of Ole Gene Talmadge and That Man Bilbo, Perez—a man of much greater stature and finesse—is one of the South's biggest Kingfishes. And you can use any yardstick: political muscle, or legal brains or great wealth.

Perez is a handsome, forceful, square-rigged man with a full head of iron-gray hair that belies his fifty-eight years. In physical contour and manifest vigor, he brings to mind the usual role of the movie actor Edward Arnold as the sure-footed, shrewd tycoon who knows a thing or two about getting on in the world. The resemblance becomes even more striking when Perez lets out with his rich, booming voice—an instrument of authority accustomed to be heard—or comes up with the sort of satisfied belly laugh that only a secure, purposeful and well-fed man knows how to achieve.

But Perez is not a jolly man. Mostly, he sets his jaw hard and, whether it's conversation or action, he bowls you over.

In 1924, so Perez told this writer, he had to borrow $1,000 from his mother-in-law in order to buy a $6,400 home in Plaquemines. His salary, first as district judge, then as district attorney, has always been under $5,000.

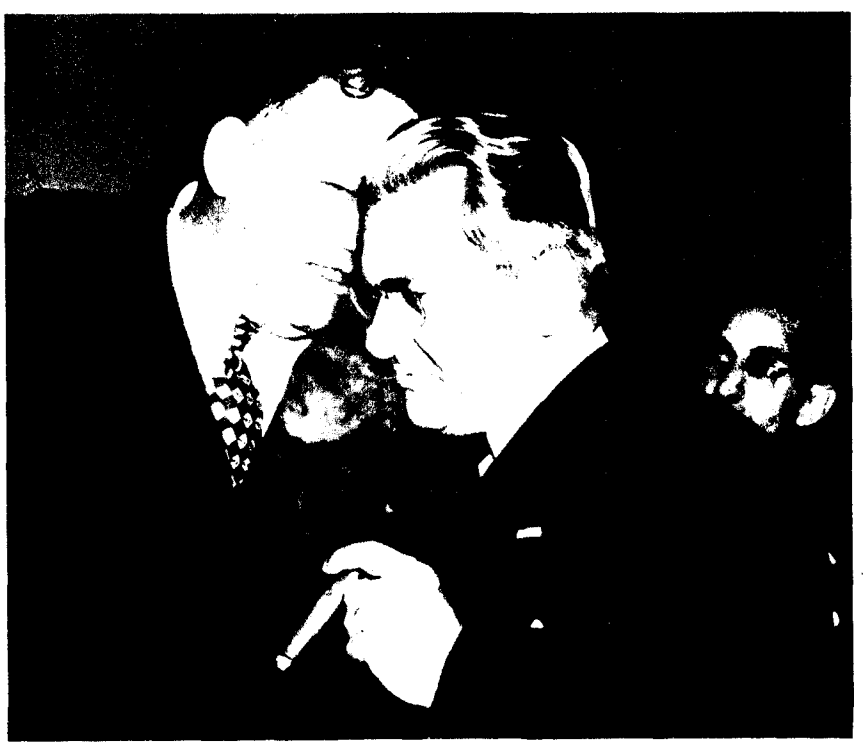
Perez inherited nothing. Yet by 1939, he confided to a friend, he had made his first million. In that year he reported an income of $218,000.

Reputedly one of the South's wealthiest men, Perez does not flaunt his wealth. His legal home, maintained for week ends and located on the old Promised Land plantation in Plaquemines, is the relatively modest and simply furnished 12-room frame house he bought with the help of his mother-in-law 25 years ago. The more lavish home he keeps on fashionable Newcombe Boulevard in New Orleans is in the name of his children. The devoted parent of two sons and two daughters, he gave them the money to buy it. To his children Perez also turned over substantial blocks of public bonds issued in the area where he's the boss. Modesty about parading his wealth even extends to personal habits. Visiting Plaquemines with this writer, Perez reached into his pocket to pay for a box of cigars for a sick friend. His wallet contained $13.

"Charge it," he said of the $6 purchase.

Perez guards his affairs from prying eyes. It is difficult to get the details of how the local boy made good.

Reform Governor Sam Jones found this out in 1940 when he turned the newly created Louisiana Crime Commission loose on Perez. State officials charged that a virtual monopoly of oil-land leases in Plaquemines had been "procured through fraudulent means" by companies for which Perez was lawyer and presumably the guiding genius. When the Crime Commission went into the criminal courts to force Perez to disclose the leaseholding companies' books, Perez—as their lawyer—peppered the commission with so many writs that the



Perez lends an ear to W. H. (Little Eva) Talbot during Earl Long's campaign for governor. He is credited with masterminding Huey's brother into office

WIDE WORLD

From Dixiecrat wreckage, Perez helped form a States' Rights bureau in Washington. With him are Horace Wilkinson, Palmer Bradley, Wallace Wright

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state attorney general agonized: "Their number staggers the imagination."

The Crime Commission never did get a look at the companies' books and even lost its life in the attempt. For Perez, an inexorable foe, sharpened his legal hatchet for the commission and didn't let up until the state Supreme Court declared the body unconstitutional on a budgetary technicality. Even the records of the commission's probe of Perez' affairs are no longer available to public scrutiny. So ruled the current attorney general, Bolivar Kemp, a Perez protégé.

But it is known that Perez' personal fortune began to grow when oil and sulphur were discovered on lands owned or controlled by public boards for which Perez, as district attorney, is also officer ex officio and legal adviser.

Plaquemines yields roughly 10 per cent more oil than any other Louisiana parish, producing some 18,000,000 barrels yearly, worth about $40,000,000. It embraces the second largest sulphur dome (of its type) in the world, which yields another $20,000,000 of mineral wealth annually. Most of these riches gush from public lands. Once owned by the federal and state governments, they were turned over to the local levee and school boards as nest eggs with which to finance levee repair work and education. And from these lands, administered locally, came fortunes for a select few, among them the area's political boss, Leander H. Perez.

Complete Secrecy Is Impossible

A fortune, if carved from public lands, can't be shrouded in complete darkness. There are flickers of light: recorded proceedings of the levee boards and school boards which dispensed wealth-yielding leases. There are notarized contracts. The investigator who digs these out and pieces the involved jigsaw together is rewarded with a series of fascinating tableaux:

In one tableau, we have Leander H. Perez, as legal adviser, say for the Buras levee board, seated on one side of the table. As such, Perez represents and guards the public interest. In this capacity he prepares and approves the legality of leases on lands destined to yield millions in oil and create fortunes in overriding royalties and bonuses for the lucky leaseholders. On the other side of the table are friends who obtain the leases for nominal considerations, sometimes as little as $100 and seldom more than $500 per year rental.

The tableau changes. Now we have Perez sitting on the same side of the table as his friends who have taken the valuable leases. Presto! Perez, who is guardian of the public interest, is now lawyer for the private interest. As such, he prepares the contracts for the leaseholders in their dealings with major oil companies to whom they assign their leases.

Does Perez, the public's legal adviser, come in conflict with Perez, the private lawyer? Louisiana's attorney general thought so in 1940. When he sought to get the books of the companies for which Perez was lawyer, Perez told him:

"Go to hell!"

Where were some of the key levee board leases consummated?

Right in the New Orleans law office of Leander H. Perez, whose private and public chores were so intimately intermingled that his own office telephone and that of one levee board were listed (in 1939 and 1940) under the same number. Vouchers show that the levee board paid bills for that number.

One fortunate friend who obtained oil-land leases which later brought him independent wealth was Robert J. Lobrano, former deputy clerk of the district court (serving Plaquemines and Saint Bernard) where Perez was judge from 1919 to 1924.

Friend Lobrano's name pops up in interesting deals, and popping with him, in the background, is the name of Perez.

Once, for instance, in the early scramble for prospectively valuable oil lands, Lobrano bought some tracts which were foreclosed for unpaid taxes. Nothing remarkable about that. But tax sales must be advertised in the regular editions of the official newspapers to give owners and others a chance to bid. In a sworn and notarized affidavit, the former editor of the official paper, The Plaquemines Gazette, said the advertisement (of the land purchased by Lobrano) never appeared in the regular edition.

HARRY DEVLIN

Plaquemines, Perez' bailiwick, produces 10 per cent more oil yearly than any other parish in Louisiana

Instead, he explained, the owner of the paper, Perez, ordered him to have 100 special copies printed, to insert the tax ad therein, and to turn six of these copies over to the sheriff to show the sale was advertised as required by law.

Royalty rights on some of the public lands leased by Lobrano from the levee boards were assigned to companies for which Perez is the lawyer. The contracts were drawn in Perez' office, notarized by A. Sidney Cain, Jr., then and now an associate lawyer with Perez, and witnessed by Anita Conrad, Perez' secretary, and by Rudolph McBride, Perez' assistant district attorney at Plaquemines.

Perez says he does not own the companies which obtained leases and royalty rights on Plaquemines oil and sulphur lands. But his relations with some of these companies are intimate—and lucrative.

Friends in Influential Positions

The officers are old friends and sometimes associates from Perez' own law office. Perez' law associate, Cain, is vice-president of Louisiana Coastal Lands Company, holder of valuable oil-land leases. An officer of Delta Development Company is Harold Sicard, of Thomas J. Moran Sons, printers, for whom Perez opened up the state's substantial printing business and later served as lawyer.

Perez' mother-in-law, Mrs. Henry Chalin, and another kinswoman by marriage, Mrs. A. B. Pursglove, were the incorporators of a lesser company which obtained trapping rights on public lands. In a series of involved transactions in which a Perez assistant district attorney played a part, some of these rights were vested in the Delta Development Company.

Asked about mineral- and trapping-land leases obtained by intimates from boards he dominates, Perez replied:

"What reason would I have to object that my friends should have leases?"

Tax records and minutes of company meetings reveal that such loyalty was appreciated.

So valued, for instance, were the services of lawyer Leander Perez that the Delta Development Company in 1937 authorized the purchase of health, accident and life insurance for its attorneys and officers.

And in 1938, according to Louisiana tax records, the company paid out $89,000 (more than half of its income after deductions for depletions) in legal fees. In 1939 the company paid out $76,400 in legal fees. Perez' income that year was $218,000—and the oil rush was still young.

The 1939 state income-tax statement of Delta Development Company, notarized by an office associate of Perez, cast further light on Delta's affairs:

The two listed officers, R. J. Lobrano and R. J. Chauvin, each owned only a fraction of one per cent of the stock.

The outlay in attorney fees was the chief cost of running Delta Development and overshadowed all other expense items. The attorney fees of $76,400 came to $1,460 weekly. The company's "general expense" as well as rent and telephone totaled $789, or less than $16 weekly. *(Continued on page 71)*

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Ted was wet to the skin from having stood in the rain and thrown pebbles at her window. Eva Jane opened the door; she had lost a slipper, hurrying, and clutched her untied robe

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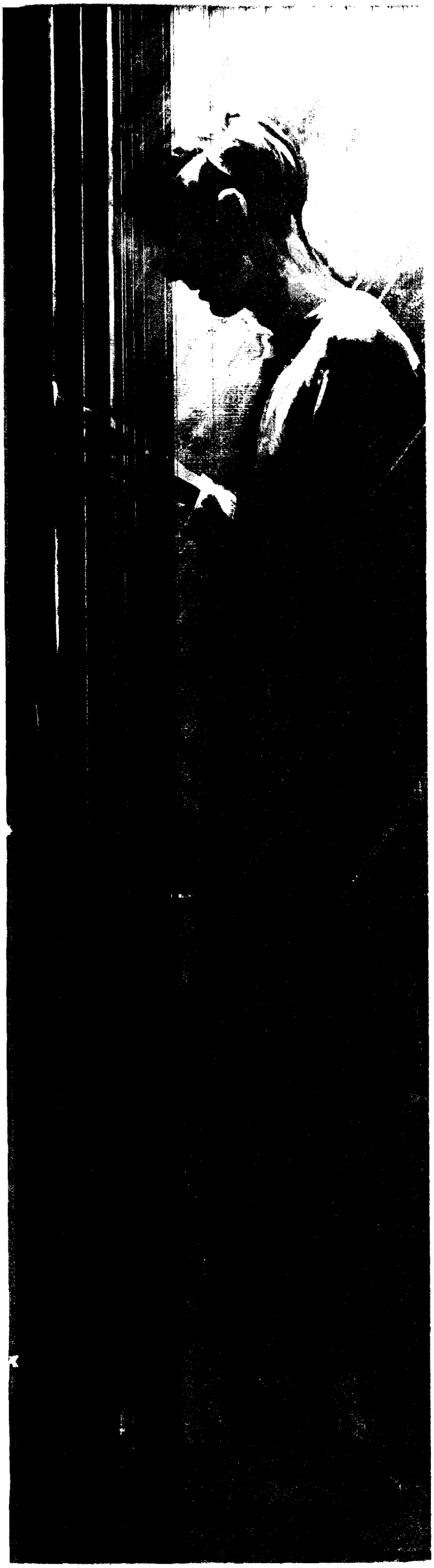

Sailor in the RAIN

For three years, Teddy had dreamed of coming home. But now everything, without being exactly *wrong*, was different. And so, he realized, was he

By HARLAN WARE

HE HAD dreamed his way along the familiar streets so many times that now his actual home-coming would be like a well-remembered movie:

It would be twilight when he got there, Oakville in the August twilight, and he'd come whistling from the station with his sea bag over his shoulder and people would say: *Ted Lang is home!* The gang would be hanging around Pickett's Garage and after the first big greeting they'd examine the Chinese embroidery on his battle jacket, and his Chinese ring. He'd describe Tsingtao and other far-off places and then he'd say, in his brother Julian's easy manner, "Well, I've gotta see my ma and kiss my gal!"

He'd saunter off. He was a peacetime gob, of course, ending a three years' enlistment, machinist's mate, third class; and Julian had been a glittering young Air Force colonel, fresh from battle, so it wouldn't be quite the same. But he'd had seventeen months of foreign duty, nobody knew he was coming, and he'd aged—it would be one hell of a big surprise.

And this time he would cast his own shadow. Once, an awe-struck small fry, he had walked so close upon Julian's heels that his brother, turning around suddenly, had rubbed his hair in rough affection, saying, "Hey, kid, make your own shadow!" In those days he had dreamed of serving in the Air Force so that he could drop in unexpectedly from Moscow or Yalta or Teheran. Julian had flown a famous general all over the world; he had met some of the greatest men of the day. "But that was luck," Julian had told him, and so he'd tried casting his own shadow in the Navy.

From the moment of sailing from San Diego he had pictured himself returning, the sea bag, the salty manner, the souvenirs—and here he was, almost. Within the hour he'd actually be there; he'd turn one last corner and there would be his home.

Home! He'd count the pickets in the fence, just to check, and then he'd open the gate and stroll calmly in.

His dog, Mister, would be a tawny streak in the twilight. What a greeting! What leaping around! Then he himself would go quietly up the back steps. His mother would be in the kitchen.

"Hi, Mom," he'd say, casually.

She'd see her younger son, his white hat cocked on his head, grinning at her warmly—in from Tsingtao, without a word of warning, after seventeen long months!

"Ted!" she'd cry, the way she used to cry, *"Julian!"* She'd hold out her arms and he'd go to her; she'd call, "Dad! Lois! Oh, dear—why are people always surprising me!"

But she'd be pleased. She'd dry her eyes. Then his dad would be there, shaking hands wildly; his sister Lois and one of her bald boy friends would turn up; and Mrs. Kews, the next-door neighbor, would come running over—it would be history repeating itself, a second chapter.

"How's my good old car?" he'd say.

Then he'd change his clothes and go roaring out the driveway in the red hot rod. He'd amble in on Boco and Tully and Merck and the other guys. He'd describe the fleet steaming out past sampans, whales running from water bugs; he'd linger with the families and talk world politics for he too, now, was widely traveled and well informed.

Then: "The prettiest gal in the world lives right here in Oakville," he'd say and excuse himself.

He'd be rid of his shyness, now. He'd wheel up to the curb in front of Campbell's and go whistling along the walk, as confident and self-contained as Julian had been when he called on Sara Osborn. All the Campbell family would be in the living room, maybe—Eva Jane, her sister Susie, her brother Loren and her parents. They'd look up, open-mouthed, and there he'd be, leaning in the doorjamb, twirling his key chain.

"Isn't anybody going to speak to me?" he'd ask, quietly amused.

LATER, with Eva Jane in the Malt Shop, he'd explain why he hadn't answered her two letters. "Those sure were beautiful letters, both of 'em," he'd tell her. "I wrote about fifty or sixty answers."

"But I didn't get them, Ted," she'd say.

That's when he would take her hand.

"Eva Jane," he'd explain earnestly, "nothing I could write seemed good enough—I tore them up." He'd say, "I've never thought of any girl but you." And he'd say, "I love you, Eva Jane. I've always loved you."

He'd pour out everything: how he'd realized in China that the three dates he'd had with her were still the finest moments of his life; how he'd saved over a thousand dollars, and had a job lined up, and how he planned to make a down payment on a house—

He saw a spatter of rain on the window, watched in disappointment as a big drop rolled down the pane; and then a conductor opened the door and walked through the swaying coach.

"Oakville!" the conductor called. "Oakville!"

It was dark. The twilight had gone. A new driver held the door of the only cab, but Ted said, "I'll walk. I'm in a hurry."

The sea bag thumped heavily against his back as he trotted across the station park. A tall stranger was closing the door of Pickett's Garage. Ted stared at bright gilt letters on the window. It said: Olsen's Modern Motorport.

"Golly," he said, "where's Mr. Pickett?"

"Sold out last *(Continued on page 46)*

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Danger: OFFICE PARTY

By ROBERT M. YODER

When the annual menace rolls around you'd better take the day off and stay home

THE annual Office Party, a traditional part of the Christmas festivities if not indeed the low point of the whole merry season, is held sometimes in the company offices, sometimes in a restaurant (to the well-controlled delight of all other customers), sometimes in the private dining room of a hotel or club. *Where* the merrymakers assemble is not important. Do all hands get together in happy good fellowship, do they forget the chasm usually separating the brass and the help, does everyone relax and have a high old time? That is what counts.

They get together, all right. Not one in a hundred has sense enough to stay away. You are a little afraid *not* to go to an office party, for fear of doing harm to your standing around the place. This will seem a mite overcautious next morning, when you awake hoping it wasn't Johnson's secretary you were telling how much you dislike Johnson, remembering why the man with the vest full of pencils didn't laugh at the gag about auditors, and wondering if there's much point in going back to collect your dismissal pay.

As for that chasm between executives and commoners, they forget that, too; toward midnight, in fact, they are hopping it like mountain goats. If half of those who show up don't spend the next day wondering how badly they queered themselves with whom, the party wasn't up to standard.

Let's say the scene of this wary little frolic is a private dining room in a hotel. The room is filling now, and there are bluff and mildly boisterous cries of "Well, I see the Fourth Floor is out in force" and "Count on Pay Roll to get close to the bar."

A little vivacity is required, but the joviality has the short, flat ring of a lead dime. For one thing, an awful lot of strangers are showing up at this family reunion. You'd know them behind their desks, maybe, preferably with a large name plate clearly in sight; but here, and with their best manners on, you aren't just sure what on earth they do in what department. This is going to be charming if you get into conversation with them. And you will.

Even your boss looks a little unfamiliar tonight, possibly because the trickster is wearing a cordial smile, which in his case is a brilliant disguise. The impressive stranger to whom you just nodded so affably and yet with discreet respect is not, incidentally, the new head of the Safety Division, as shrewdly surmised. When he gets his white coat on, he's going to tap the beer.

Contributing to the somewhat stilted start is the fact that everyone present has a superior officer on hand, as a sort of individual wet blanket. So the meeting opens with many of the jolly characteristics of faculty tea at the dean's, cocktails with the admiral, or those happy hours spent chatting with your girl's old man while waiting for her to get her make-up on. It's not dinner at the boss's house, thank Heaven, but it ain't the Mardi Gras, either.

It is held that these parties serve a serious purpose, knitting the group together, letting men from one department get to know men from others. Thus Jilkman of Sales finds himself standing next to Whirker of Traffic. Each asks a polite question or two the other can't answer; and if they suspected before that Traffic (or Sales) was the flat wheel in the organization, they part thoroughly certain of it. Jilkman's next encounter, perhaps, is with a man who looks more familiar, thank goodness; this is Norris of Development.

"You fellows certainly come up with a lot of ideas," Jilkman says heartily. This seems safe and even kindly; but instead of the modest "Well, thanks" that Jilkman expected, Norris crosses him up. "What'd you think of our latest triumph?" he asks with an odd grin.

Lacking the slightest idea of what bottomless ingenuity this may be, Jilkman doesn't know whether the correct response should be "I'm betting it will replace the egg beater in six months," "It's wonderful on linoleum" or "My kids prefer it to ice cream." Wishing he had never opened his trap, he says he has heard a lot of talk about it, smiles and edges determinedly toward the bar.

When Good Resolutions Collapse

Nobody knows exactly how much to drink, and a good many have vowed to be circumspect this year to make up for disorderly conduct last. But in this atmosphere it takes two or three drinks to do the work of one, and in an hour or so a good many of the happy guests have decided they are not going to go through this sober. It seems prudent to get a refill, anyway, just in case the management meant this to be a merry party but a short one, and limited the liquor accordingly.

In two hours a number of the loyal subjects have decided that circumspection is for cowards; and in three hours the office party, given by the management to cultivate good will, is performing its favorite function, that of fomenting civil war.

Over to the right, somebody from Personnel is asking a blood brother from Purchasing why it is, for Pete's sake, that a man has to wait six weeks to get a water jug, whereas if Purchasing wants 16 stenographers, Personnel is supposed to furnish them by Friday.

Near the cold turkey and aspic, somebody from Traffic is telling a comrade from Production that the trouble with Production is: You guys think Traffic can get refrigerator cars simply by blowing a whistle. Production's defender expresses his doubts that anybody in the Traffic Department has sense enough to blow a whistle.

Here and there a department head is trapped in a corner while some faithful retainer tells him what's all wrong with the department and especially with its director; and one of the mousiest men on a long pay roll is urging the company president to quit being such a stuffed shirt one night in a year, and join the barbershop-style quartet he's organizing. (It seems Mousy sings bass.)

This Executive Will Be Girl-Shy

There's Mr. Bicholhoffer, our fun-loving vice-president, making roguish passes at somebody else's secretary. For the next month he'll be scared stiff for fear the lass took him seriously, and will flinch whenever one of the girls gives him an unusually pleasant "Good morning."

The office party is now officially in session.

But you're too smart to let this delayed-action shambles catch you again; *this* year you're going to haul out early. You have fixed it up with three or four others living in your general direction to get out of this danger zone in good shape, and awake the next morning without the customary deep misgivings that follow an office party as day follows night. It would be even smarter if this plan ever could be carried out.

At any time in the final two hours, four of your party of five are ready (though never the same four) and waiting for the fifth. So you are, as always, among the last to leave. And when you finally make the break, there's a sixth member along whom somebody invited; he used to live out your way, but now he lives 17 miles northeast.

Wives don't understand these affairs. So, along with whatever you did to your standing at the office, you have also impaired normal relations at home by staying very late at a party you had predicted would be hopelessly dull. It's pretty hard to explain a party that you attend afraid you won't have a good time, and look back on even more afraid that you did.

THE END

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Nobody's Safe in Philadelphia

Another ERROR IN OUR CITIES Report

By HOWARD WHITMAN

PHILADELPHIA has learned what fear is. Nine women out of ten, in a recent poll by the Philadelphia Bulletin, said they were afraid to walk on the streets after dark. Nearly 50 per cent of the men admitted fear, too. Some had taken to walking down the middle of the street, avoiding shadows and shrubbery. One woman said, "I am terrified to walk home at night." A housewife declared, "I have three daughters and every time they go out I am a nervous wreck."

What are these Philadelphians afraid of?

A glance at local headlines tells the story: GIRL ROUTS ASSAILANT IN STREET STRUGGLE . . . THUGS BEAT, ROB MAN . . . YOUNG MOTHER CLUTCHING BABY FIGHTS OFF THUG . . . PROWLER IS HELD; TERRORIZED HOME . . . THUG DRAGS WOMAN 100 FT. DOWN BANK . . . NURSE FOUND BEATEN ON STREET . . . FATHER OF GIRL, 5, AND CROWD BEAT ALLEGED ANNOYER . . . TWO MOTHERS BEATEN BY THUGS . . . THUGS BEAT, ROB 2 BOYS, HURL THEM INTO POND.

Serious crime in Philadelphia increased 17.1 per cent during 1948 and for the first half of 1949 leaped up 16.4 per cent more. Philadelphians noted without pleasure that the national increase was only 1.3 per cent in 1948 and 2.7 per cent for the first half of 1949. They rightly wondered why terror had picked on their town.

"Philadelphians have had more than enough of a situation where an honest citizen takes his life in his hands if he walks the streets after dark, where storekeepers and others handling modest sums of money are in constant fear of robbers, where thugs even invade private homes and offices for their depredations," fumed the Philadelphia Inquirer. "This city cannot tolerate the waylaying of its citizens and the shootings, beatings and terrorism that go with robbery attempts."

For the first half of 1949 (the latest period of coordinated crime reports) Philadelphia officially recorded 708 robberies (an increase of 144 over the first half of 1948); 464 aggravated assaults, including rapes (an increase of 65); 2,573 burglaries (an increase of 267); 2,101 larcenies (an increase of 423); 918 auto thefts (an increase of 214); and 59 murders (an increase of 6).

What kind of crime outburst is this? Are gangsters killing gangsters, high-powered Dillingers looting banks, sinister professionals swooping down on the town with sub-machine guns and speeding cars? Not at all. Philadelphia's crime is the *new kind of crime* that has big cities of America cowed and bewildered. It is hoodlum crime, *crime against people.*

While police scoot around in radio cars, playing G-man with their microphones and sirens, today's crimes occur on the shadowy sidewalks, near the bushes of parks, beside alleys and driveways—or in a man's own home. The loot may be only a dollar, for the hoodlum criminal doesn't "case a job" as did the professional of gangster days. The hoodlum picks on anybody. While he may take little in cash, the hallmarks of his trade are the skull bashed in with an iron pipe, the ice pick stuck in the back, the mugging, brass-knuckling, and occasionally—when he gets panicky or his victim resists—death.

For women, the hoodlum has another kind of violence: sex violence. Nor does the presence of a

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. . . . . The Big Job for Us All —PUT THE COPS

husband or escort deter him. At Germantown and Chelton Avenues one evening not long ago a young woman of twenty stood with her escort waiting for a streetcar. They had been out together. It was midnight and they were going home.

"Be glad to give you a lift. Might be a long wait for a streetcar," called a voice from an automobile.

The young couple accepted the offer. It seemed neighborly. Anyway, it wasn't like a girl accepting a lift by herself. She'd naturally be perfectly safe with her boy friend beside her.

The men in the car—there were three of them—drove the young couple to Whitemarsh Township. They threw the boy out of the car and drove the girl on to a lonely wood in Militia Hill. "Rape" was written on the police records next morning.

Ordinary citizens, minding their own business, have learned what it is to be defenseless quarry for the hoodlum. John Gudknecht was on his way home one evening last January. A thug thrust a gun in his back and grabbed his wallet.

"Not much here. Maybe you got some more at home. Get moving!" the thug commanded.

Gudknecht was marched through the dark streets several blocks to his house on West Cumberland Street. He was forced to take the thug right into his home—*home,* defined in the common law as a man's castle, impregnable even to cop or king without due process. Gudknecht was forced to yield up $35, a ransom to get the marauder out of his house. His wife, Anne, lay in her bed petrified with fear, the covers drawn up around her head, pretending she was asleep.

Holdup of a Doctor and His Wife

Last March one of Philadelphia's doctors, Albert A. Finn, drove home with his wife at 1:00 A.M. They put their car in the garage back of their North Fifth Street residence, then walked toward the house. They heard a rustle, and in two seconds a masked man was pointing a gun at their faces. The bandit took $60 from Dr. Finn's wallet, $9 from the doctor's wife, Helen.

"Don't keep looking at me like that or I'll shoot you," the thug said nervously, then sprinted into the shadows.

In October, in their home on West Washington Lane, Sol Ginsberg and his wife were asleep late at night when a noise in their bedroom disturbed them.

"Who's there?" Mrs. Ginsberg called out, then realized in terror that a man was standing in the corner of the room. Mr. Ginsberg awakened to hear the snarling words, "Keep quiet! I've got a gun and I'll use it!"

The intruder, who had entered through a front window, prowled through the house and in his own good time walked calmly out the front door.

Never mind the outrage. Forget for a moment the unspeakable evil, the barbarism and illegality of such invasion of an American home. Consider only the *fear.* Consider the fear of any man and woman trapped in their own home, awakened in the hush of night to find an invader hulking over them—not daring a move or a whimper lest it bring horrible violence.

During the war Philadelphia had 850 auxiliary policemen, citizen volunteers who, because cops were in the Army, offered to patrol their city and help keep it safe.

"The war emergency is over, but the crime emergency isn't," Auxiliary Police Captain William Baldwin declares.

In the recent flurries of *crime against people,* the auxiliary police have been mobilized again. From laborers to executives, teachers to engineers, 200 Philadelphia citizens wearing police uniforms but carrying no guns have been patrolling nightly in South Philadelphia, southwest Philadelphia and Germantown.

"We walk the beats where regular police are scarce," Captain Baldwin explains. "Most of us have families. We want to do our part—for their sakes."

On October 15, 1948, the Rev. W. Hamilton Aulenbach, rector of Christ Church and St. Michael's, in Germantown, had taken his fill of terror in the streets. Women in his parish had been accosted, molested, some robbed and some beaten. Churches were empty for evening services. People wouldn't risk the dark streets. Finally one woman who had been hospitalized by a blow on the head came to the rector, still with her bandages. When she departed, Rector Aulenbach called Western Union and dispatched the following telegram to Bernard Samuel, mayor of Philadelphia:

POORLY LIGHTED STREETS OF THE EARLY TWENTIES; INADEQUATE POLICE PROTECTION; NUMEROUS ROBBERIES AFTER DARK; WOMEN BEATEN AND ATTACKED—ALL HAVE THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED THE WOMEN IN THE GERMANTOWN AREA. ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH SERVICES AND MEETINGS HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THE MINIMUM BECAUSE WOMEN ARE REALLY AFRAID TO WALK AFTER DARK . . . THIS RECTOR INSISTS THAT YOU AS MAYOR DROP EVERYTHING AS YOU CONCENTRATE UPON SEEING TO IT THAT SUFFICIENT POLICEMEN WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO ARREST IMMEDIATELY ALL SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS ARE PUT ON DUTY . . . THIS RECTOR INTENDS MOST EMPHATICALLY AND PUBLICLY TO DENOUNCE BOTH THE PRESENT INADEQUATE POLICE PROTECTION AND THE ANCIENT SYSTEM OF LIGHTING UNLESS YOU PERSONALLY GUARANTEE ACTION AT ONCE.

Mayor Samuel did not answer immediately. But Police Captain William O'Brien of the Fourteenth District, which embraces Germantown, came hotfooting it back from New York, where he had been on vacation. A born salesman, O'Brien dashed into the situation with a fast smile, a ready handshake, and a wide-eyed attitude of, "You don't say! Why, we'll take care of that at once—this afternoon!"

No landing of the U.S. Marines ever was performed with more éclat than O'Brien's mop-up of Germantown. With ready aid from Mayor Samuel, O'Brien had radio cars, Motor Bandit Patrols, plain-clothes men, beat cops and detectives raking the neighborhood.

They Even Suspected the Rector

Thirty-two suspicious characters were picked up in no time. Even Rector Aulenbach, when he went out of the rectory in his shirt sleeves to mail a letter, was halted by a zealous operative.

Germantown became a "hot neighborhood"—at least for the time being; hoodlums avoided it as they'd avoid bloodhounds. To top the performance, when amazed residents went to Rector Aulenbach's church the next Sunday morning they looked to the pulpit and beheld— Captain Bill O'Brien. At the risk of being, as he puts it, "more scared than I've ever been in my life," the police captain delivered himself of a sermon to allay the people's fears.

What the rector and the captain did was good. In fact, there have been far fewer incidents of terror in Germantown since. But no knowledgeable citizen kids himself that the city of Philadelphia is any better off. The hoodlums simply moved to happier hunting grounds—perhaps to the very areas where police were drained off to make the big show in Germantown.

So things died down in Germantown. But they broke into even worse terror in the Sixteenth District, in West Philadelphia. I toured West Philadelphia last spring during the height of the terror, when the Businessmen's Safety Council vainly begged permission to arm 50 "responsible volunteer citizens" for the last-ditch protection. (See Terror in the Streets, by Howard Whitman, Collier's, July 16, 1949.) Again, as a result of the uproar, Mayor Samuel and Police Superintendent Howard P. Sutton stuck a court-plaster patch on the leaking dike. They put on a show in the Sixteenth District—and the next time I went to Philadelphia, crime was busting forth in the Second District!

The court-plaster patches are no good for a leaking dike. You patch it here, it breaks out there.

Four Leaders in Philadelphia's Battle to End Crime. Can They Serve Politics out of the Station House

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BACK ON THE BEAT . . . . . .

What the dike needs is a uniform strengthening, top to bottom.

Germantown is actually as vulnerable as ever to hoodlum crime. Here is a good residential district in northwest Philadelphia which, with adjacent Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill, forms a police district of 11.7 square miles and has an estimated population of 150,000. On the midnight to 8:00 A.M. tour of duty—the most dangerous for house crimes—I found only seven policemen on foot beat! On the 4:00 P.M. to midnight trick—the most dangerous for street crimes—there were only five!

The Second District, on the northeast, sprawls over 19 square miles and has been thickening like a strawberry patch these past 10 years. It is full of new housing, kids' bicycles and baby carriages on the lawns, rows of trim duplexes filling with families as soon as the plaster is dry, foundations being dug so fast you hardly recognize a street from one day to the next. The estimated population is 160,000, more than three times what it was in 1940. To cope with this enormous increase, the police force in the district has been augmented by—three men!

No wonder the homeowners near Castor Avenue feel they are living in a no man's land. The courts between rows of duplexes, with their vulnerable basement doors, have been flagrant with breakings and enterings. Residents eagerly have taken up their new homes only to meet the terror of the cat burglar and prowler. The broken pane of glass beside the door latch has become the mark of terror in the area.

"When they complain, we have to tell them we're not miracle men," a police sergeant remarked. Indeed, with the eight radio cars and 92 patrolmen assigned to the district, it would take nothing less than miracle men to do a job. Divide 92 by three, to cover three tours of duty. Then subtract men on vacation, men on days off, men out sick. Then subtract the station detail, the traffic detail, the terrific burden of 30 school crossings, and you've got exactly what the sergeant had in mind—an impossible situation. I found only five men on foot patrol in the 19 square miles.

Philadelphia, with memories of the sex murder of twelve-year-old Ellis Simons by sixteen-year-old Seymour Levin still fresh in mind, has deep concern over the safety of children and women. The Junior Chamber of Commerce recently completed an eight-month study of sex crime in Philadelphia, citing the almost daily horror of a hoodlum "breaking into a woman's house with intent to rape . . . or desperately hiding behind a tree on a lonely street and trying to drag his victim into a field."

What progress is Philadelphia making? "The sex-crime problem is the same disgrace today that it was a year ago," reports Henry Klein, chairman of the Junior Chamber's Special Committee to Survey Sex Crimes. "Philadelphia is *not* making progress in curbing this danger to women and children. Many known sex offenders are still repeating their crimes, roaming at large."

Gibbons

IT'S NOT HOPELESS

Politics and effective policing just don't mix, and nobody knows it any better than the residents of Philadelphia. They have been watching a demonstration of that fact for a long time but, unlike the citizens of many other cities, they haven't been able to do much about it so far.

For 65 long years their city government has been in the hands of a municipal machine. As a result the city's police department, as Howard Whitman says, "can be little more than a collection of wheels and belts all tied in with the big machine and responding to the well-greased controls in city hall." The result of this situation is translated daily for Philadelphians in terms of fear—fear of prowling hoodlums in a city where, in some districts, the streets are still lighted by gas and, in others, one foot patrolman has almost four square miles of beat to control.

The story of terror in Philadelphia is a shameful story, but not a hopeless one. There are honest and courageous police officers and private citizens who are fighting against heavy odds to bring their city adequate protection. And it is within the power of that city's voters to assist them.

Collier's hopes that Mr. Whitman's forceful article, his second of several on crimes against people in American cities, will help to speed the day when Philadelphia takes its cops out of politics and puts them on their feet—on the beat. —*The Editor*

If you shake your head and ask the intelligent Philadelphia citizen, "What is the answer to all this?" you are likely to get a Mona Lisa smile. Sixty-five years of sausage-grinder politics have engendered a feeling of resignation, if not despair. The intelligent citizen looks at the city hall machine in a community dominated lock, stock and barrel by one political party since 1884 and says, "Fat chance of making any progress here." Although reform Democrats were elected to four important city hall offices on November 8th, the Republican machine in Philadelphia, unlike the late and unlamented Democratic machines of Tammany, Kelly and Hague, still creaks on.

In such circumstances, Philadelphia's police department can be little more than a collection of wheels and belts all tied in with the big machine and responding to the well-greased controls in city hall. Whoever has wished sincerely to help Philadelphia solve its crime problems has found it necessary to say first and foremost, "Take the Bureau of Police out of politics."

Divorce from Politics Is a Must

The Philadelphia Conference for the Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency said it this way: "We propose . . . that the police department be absolutely divorced from politics and that the individual policemen cease their political activities or associations with politicians."

Dr. J. P. Shalloo, of the University of Pennsylvania, chairman of the conference's Police Panel, shows precisely how the noose of politics is drawn around a policeman's neck. "The average rookie policeman joins the force with high aims and determination," says Dr. Shalloo. "He will be honest; he will play no favorites; he will do his duty fearlessly; he will be on the alert to improve himself; make himself more valuable, give the community efficient service. Not many years pass before he learns that is the one way to get absolutely nowhere!

"He learns that the way to make life easier, promotions less difficult, and assignments more attractive is—to keep his mouth shut when he sees injustice, close his eyes to certain rackets, make the right pinches, go to the right political leaders and officials, and be a 'good boy,' not a good cop."

I knew what Dr. Shalloo meant from the dozens of policemen with whom I had talked. They weren't a bit reticent. One bright young officer, trained by the Army's G-2, remarked, "I guess I was a sap when I came on the force. I wanted to be Galahad on a white horse. So what happens? The first pinch I make—a numbers writer—offers me a hundred bucks and I refuse. I tell him, 'Listen, jerk, I'm a police officer. I enforce the law. Put that cabbage away.' So the case comes to the magistrate. It is an open-and-shut case. 'Dismissed for lack of evidence,' the magistrate says. Oh, boy, did I learn a lesson from that one! Sure, I turned down the hundred bucks—so some bigger shot got two hundred! I was a sucker."

If policemen work in an honest administration, in an atmosphere of law enforcement and integrity, they will be honest. If they work in the swill of politics, some of them will be crooks.

A Challenge to Elected Officials

"Political interference in police work can be wiped out tomorrow if elected officials want it eliminated," Dr. Shalloo insists. "New York City has gone far, and so have most of our state police. Where ward leaders and political bosses assemble and decide who is to be an assistant superintendent, an inspector or a captain, it is obvious that responsible public officials do not want honest police work."

Philadelphia gets a good deal of honest police work in spite of itself. It gets honest police work from Captain Thomas J. Gibbons, commander of the Crime Prevention Division. The Crime Prevention Division has a unique reputation in the department. One young patrolman recently went to a high city official, hat in hand, and said, "Can I be transferred to Crime Prevention? I want to stay honest."

Police morale is pitifully shot. Judge Nochem S. Winnet, chairman of the Crime Prevention Association of Philadelphia, frankly states, "The demoralization of our police department is greater than ever before."

"Sure," a seasoned police sergeant told me, "I don't give a hang any more. I'll throw in the sponge any time. I've got my time in. That's all any of us are waiting for—just get our time in and get that pension. We don't stand a chance of preventing crime with the force we've got!"

The Philadelphia police force numbers 4,578. It is 550 men short of its authorized quota of 5,128. Director of Public Safety Samuel H. Rosenberg vigorously tried to bring the force up to strength after he took office last March. He was given a rough time by the civil service. For six months he pleaded for an eligible list, but civil service simply would not conduct a test.

In the November election campaign, city hall foe Joseph S. Clark charged the Civil Service Commission with keeping 10,000 police applicants on the hook intentionally in order to grab their votes. "The Republican organization leaders are playing politics with public safety," Clark thundered from the street corners. "They don't care how many homes are robbed, or how many defenseless women are beaten up if they can dupe the 10,000 applicants seeking appointments to the police force and their families to vote for them.

"Obviously when the appointments eventually are made, 9,450 of the applicants are going to be disappointed—but they won't get the bad news until after the election!"

Rosenberg, treading warily so as not to get caught in the machine (he was Mayor Samuel's secretary before becoming safety director last March), readily admits that Philadelphia needs a good deal more than 550 additional policemen. It is embarrassing to raise *(Continued on page 34)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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A rustling made him open his eyes. About ten feet behind him a blonde sat in the snow looking at him. She had on long winter underwear. Harvey sat up. "Darn you anyhow!" she cried

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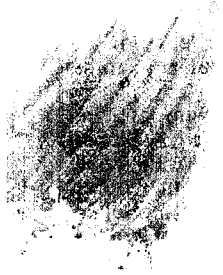
An ICICLE Built for TWO

By NORD RILEY

Harvey figured that the northern lights didn't hold a candle to Maggie's eyes. A girl who looked that beautiful in long underwear shouldn't be hidden away in an igloo



DUGGING a collapsible deck chair, two heavy blankets and a monster vacuum bottle, Harvey Byrnes shuffled past several cabins of a California ski resort until he came to one set at an angle. The sun got an unrestricted swipe at the south side of this dwelling and had melted back the snow for a few feet. After two years as a producer of cinema comedies for a pair of refugees from burlesque, Harvey had quit to save his tottering sanity. He was a tall, scrawny young man, pale as a termite, and at the moment he was looking for a place where he could lie down and get some slack back in his nerves.

He set up his chair, wrapped himself in the blankets and drew heavily on the vacuum. He lay back then, exposed his face to the peaked February sun and closed his eyes. A slight rustling opened them. About ten feet behind him a girl sat in the snow looking at him. She had on winter underwear. Harvey sat up.

"Darn you anyhow!" the girl cried, and disappeared into a mound.

For a moment Harvey wondered if something in his head had finally come undone. He threw off his blankets and walked to the mound, which turned out to be a sleeping bag. From one end of it a pair of bright blue eyes regarded him with exasperation.

"Good morning," Harvey said. "In there."

"I overslept and I've just got my woollies on and you'll have to beat it. I'm sorry," the girl said.

"I'm sorry too," Harvey said. "You look splendid in your underwear. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

The girl had a rosy-cheeked, lovely face. Wisps of her golden hair edged the hood of her sleeping bag. She weighed his offer. "Would that be indecent?"

"Nonsense," said Harvey. "Where I've just come from, you'd be considered way overdressed. While you shake the snow out of your hair I'll pour." The girl sat up and Harvey brought over a blanket to put around her shoulders. He poured some coffee into the vacuum top and gave it to her. "Hold on to your woollies," he said; "it's middling strong."

She drank. "What's that funny taste? Chicory?"

"Rum."

"Rum?" She hesitated, then sipped more. "It's against the rules for me to booze. Eskimos don't drink. Eskimos are the only people in the whole world who never hit the bottle."

"Why, bless their big backward hearts, is that right?" said Harvey. He sat on an edge of the bag. "I don't mind telling you, Miss—?"

"Malone. Margaret Malone."

"Harvey Byrnes." They shook hands. "As I was saying, I don't mind telling you that I have always thought of Eskimos as God's frozen people, stubby gentlemen trotting around up north, swapping women, eating blubber and the old folks, and looking like Chinese on ice. Where does a Malone fit in?"

"I'm not an Eskimo; I'm getting broken in to be one." She took another sip of coffee. "It's a long gripping story, but I've got to get back to the igloo and dress."

"What big blue eyes you have, Maggie!" Harvey said distractedly. "This—uh—igloo, is it far?"

She indicated the cabin. "Harvey, as a favor will you turn your head while I make a run for it?"

"My, that is attractive underwear you have on. I don't think I ever saw underwear with better stuff in it." Harvey braked his free-wheeling mind. "Maggie, I'm a tired man with a slight case of charley-horse of the brain. If I don't hear the rest of your story I'll be eccentric all day. Now, let's see: You've got an innersprung, $10-a-day igloo here, yet you bunk in the snow. Why is that?"

"It's this way, Harvey: If I am going to live with Salapuk on Povungituk I got to be in shape. To get in shape for the rigors of the polar regions I put my sack in the snow."

"Isn't it cold?"

"You ain't just whistlin'; it's cold," said Maggie. "But Vernon says I'll get used to it."

"Oops, fell off the sled again," Harvey said. "Let's run through it once more. You're going to a place I can't pronounce to live with a fellow named Salapuk. Who's he?"

"An Eskimo leader Vernon knows about and the classiest harpoon-heaver on Povungituk. He's got three wives and has stuck more walruses than you'll ever see, Harvey."

"With three wives already," Harvey said, "Salapuk doesn't worry me—that boy is selling not buying. Now, Vernon: Who's he and what's his bagging average?"

THE girl looked at him with serious, disapproving eyes. "Please, Harvey, don't try to be humorous. This is a scientific thing worked out with mathematical precision. Vernon is my fiancé and the leader of our expedition into the vast, storm-tossed wastelands of the north." She held out her cup. "I like your coffee, Harv, even if it is anesthetizing my resistance. If Vernon knew you were forcing it on me he'd clean your wick."

Harvey regarded this Aphrodite in long underwear with unfeigned admiration and confusion. His brow wrinkled, he poured another snort of coffee into Maggie's cup and took a shot himself. "Pardon my snooping, but about this expedition with Vernon: How many are going on it?"

"Two. Me and Vernie."

Harvey stiffened. "That's vulgar. You two alone in the arctic, sharing the same igloo, eating blubber out of the same polar bear. Have you no shame, Malone?"

The rosiness of Maggie's cheeks deepened. "We're being married just before we leave for James Bay. And, Harv, blubber comes from seals, not bears. Now, have I made everything clear? You understand why I am sleeping in the snow in my underwear? You've got Salapuk straight? He is an Eskimo. Povungituk is where Salapuk hangs out. Vernon is leading our anthropological, ethnological, photographic mission into the icy, untainted fastnesses of the arctic."

Gloomily confessing to some comprehension, Harvey refilled Maggie's cup. Even after a night in the snow she was handsomer than any woman he'd ever seen. He said so.

"Watch it, Harv," she said and smiled. "Keep in mind I'm practically a married woman. Another thing, you've got to stop plying me with that funny coffee."

"I hate myself for what I'm doing to your resistance."

Maggie eyed him affably. "You know, Harv, in your pale, non-athletic way you aren't a bad-looking fellow."

"Drink up before it gets cold."

"That's a well-shaped, if slightly dolichocephalic head you have on your thin shoulders, Harv."

He replenished her cup.

"Thank you," she said. "You probably live a drab gopher-like life in the city. Not a muscle in your white body. Probably haven't a spark of adventure in you. No love for fighting nature in the raw at all, huh, Harv?" She put down her cup and sighed. "That's a great bunch of teeth you've got there, Harv. We could use teeth like that. Can't beat 'em for chewing sealskin boots."

"If I remember anything about Eskimos—and I'm sorry I do," Harvey said, "the Eskimo dames chew the boots."

"That's right. What I meant was that with your teeth and no muscles you'd have to hang around the igloo and chew boots whilst the men—Salapuk and Vernon—hunted."

Harvey straightened and blew up his chest. "In high school my basketball was regarded as cyclonic. Later, at college—"

"Wait'll you see Vernon," Maggie said. "Powerful physique, the cool brain of a scientist, the dashing soul of an intrepid adventurer combined with a warm heart and a slick hand at finance."

To counteract his increasing depression, Harvey drained the vacuum. He wondered why he felt so bad.

"Before leaving let me thank you for your coffee," Maggie said and paused. "Come closer a minute, will you, Harv?" Harvey leaned forward until his face was a scant six inches from hers. "God, you're beautiful!" he said hoarsely.

"Steady, Harv. Now tell me true: Can you smell that coffee on my breath?"

Harvey flinched, but held his position. "It's sweeter than the purest de-caffeinized brew, Maggie." Never one to let Opportunity cool her heels at his portal, Harvey closed in.

When he withdrew she gazed at him with a little smile. "If Vernie had seen you do that you'd be near death this minute. We've had too much coffee, Harv." She patted his hand. "I'm going now and I'd like you to give me your word you won't peek."

"You can count on Harvey Byrnes to do the right thing," Harvey said.

Maggie shed her blanket, stood up, lurched slightly from the coffee, then hitched up her woollies and made for the cabin. Harvey watched the entire performance with shameless delight. When there was nothing left of Malone but a warmed sleeping bag, Harvey shambled back to his chair. He wrapped himself up again, and closed his eyes. Each time he thought of Maggie's request to test her breath for café au rhum he became excited and lost continuity.

WHEN, about an hour later, still agitated, he knocked at the cabin door, Maggie, now fully clad, opened it.

"Hello," Harvey said and smiled fascinatingly. "For social calls does Eskimo protocol require beating an icicle on your neighbor's igloo or sending a dog team mushing in with a message?"

She opened the door farther. "What was it you wanted?"

"I was wondering if I could borrow some hot coffee until tomorrow." He held out the vacuum bottle.

"This isn't a saloon, but you're welcome to what we have." She led him to a woman who sat knitting in a big chair. The woman had gray hair, rosy cheeks and bright blue *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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They WHISTLE while they

By DAN PARKER

Penalties slow up the game, so basketball officials take the curse off with a show of their own

REFEREE PAT KENNEDY was duck-footing it along the boards during a professional basketball game in Madison Square Garden one night last winter, gesticulating wildly as is his wont, his face a frightful shade of purple and the veins on his perspiring neck standing out in bold relief like a fire hose on a wet pavement. Suddenly he was seen to clutch desperately at his throat and topple over, unconscious.

"That's it!" cried more than one horror-struck fan. "Poor Pat has finally burst an artery!"

But a few minutes later, despite the basketball that had hit him squarely in the mush, Purple Puss Pat, Hoboken's Howling Hibernian, was back in full stride and voice, once more courting a coronary thrombosis or maybe a cerebral hemorrhage.

Besides being the official in chief of the professional National Basketball Association, Kennedy is the originator of a new style of basketball officiating that threatens to convert the game into a mere backdrop for the apoplectic antics of the furious virtuosos who are following in Patrick's footsteps.

In almost any other sport except basketball this would be a blight. But the court game is cursed with such a plague of whistle blowing and is so hopelessly snarled up by rules which make sustained play impossible that Pat and the other showboats of the hardwood court are in reality the saviors of this, the only purely American pastime. Their studied buffoonery makes basketball a more entertaining show by taking the curse off the ceaseless screeching of the whistles.

Kennedy has more imitators than Walter Winchell but, like the prototype of the Broadway columnist, is so original he defies anything more than superficial aping. However, there are several other basketball officials in the country who have made enough original contributions to their art to cause their fame to spread beyond the borders of their own parishes.

Phil (Mumbles) Fox of Brooklyn (not to be confused with Phil S. Fox of Washington, who also calls 'em in the pro circuit) is louder than Pat but not funnier.

Jimmy Enright, the plump Chicago sports writer, perspires more copiously and with a finer contempt for Emily Post than the Hoboken hurricane.

Newark's Chuck Soladare, veteran International League baseball umpire who doubles in brass-whistling on the basketball floor, can and always does work without his store teeth. He is able to beat out horrendous howls on his naked gums, but he can neither leer like Kennedy nor put the same subtle nuances into the accusing forefinger he wags at offenders.

Bud Lowell's arches long ago dropped to the level of the Oshkosh, Wisconsin, sidewalks where he pounded a police beat for years before being promoted to the motorcycle squad. But not even when arresting a hardened criminal can Lowell screw his countenance into an expression of such utter contempt as Patrick the Peer focuses on the hapless court culprits he nails dead-to-rights in the crime of traveling (as opposed to speeding).

In the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania, there's a champion referee named Joe Serafin, but even the fans who hail Serafin's virtues loudest have the good taste not to claim parity with Pat Kennedy for their idol.

The eminent Mr. Kennedy, forty-two-year-old Flagship of the Showboat Fleet, was born and brought up in Hoboken, a hamlet on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River. He is still faithful to the town, not only living there with his wife and two daughters but being a member of the physical education teaching staff of the Hoboken public schools. Three years ago, however, he took a leave of absence from his job in order to devote full time to his post with the N.B.A.

Almost 30 years ago Dave Walsh, who later became nationally known as a college basketball referee and is now associated with Asa Bushnell, head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, was a physical-education teacher in Hoboken, and one of his brightest pupils was young Patrick Kennedy.

One afternoon, Dave needed someone to referee a high-school game and there was Patrick directly in his line of vision, silently pleading with him for the job by turning purple and looking wistful. P.S. (Purple Silence), he got the job and acquitted himself so creditably that Dave was shortly letting him handle the whistle more often.

Developing His Court Personality

Before you could say either Weehawken or Hackensack, Kennedy was refereeing important games. At twenty he was an official in the American Basketball League and already had started to develop the court personality that has made him unique in the field.

According to Pat, there has been no conscious effort on his part to put on the show that has made him what he is today (and he knows they're satisfied).

"I am always unaware of the audience," he says. "As a matter of fact, it's the last thing on my mind. The game is the only thing I think of."

Kennedy has given up his college work in recent years because he can't find the time for it. Anyway, Pat was more conservative on the college courts because he felt a bit out of his element among the rah-rah boys. For college games in large arenas

AL HOWARD

Pleasingly plump Jimmy Enright, "the world's perspiringest referee," argues with Bill Van Breda Kolff of the New York Knickerbockers. Basketball officiating is just a side line with Jimmy; he's a sports writer for the Chicago Herald-American

NIELS LAURITZEN

Referee Bud Lowell doubles in the brass-whistle department. What with his full-time job as a member of the Oshkosh, Wis., police force, assigned to the traffic detail, Bud (right) blows the busiest whistle in the business

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WORK

patronized chiefly by the noncollegiate public, however, Pat pulled out all the stops.

Members of the vast Kennedy cult, who attend basketball games to watch him rather than the contest itself, will tell you that Patrick improvises better than a jazz musician. There are certain stock gestures and antics that the six-foot 180-pounder uses in every game, but he is always interpolating new business that brings down the house. Only last winter, during a Basketball Association of America game between the New York Knickerbockers and the Minneapolis Lakers, Pat worked himself up into such a convulsion before calling a minor foul on a Minneapolis player that Bud Palmer, the Princeton cutup who then wore Knicks livery, dropped to both knees in front of him in an attitude of supplication. Forgetting his original design, Pat stopped short and pointed a finger at Palmer.

"That'll cost your team one free shot!" roared Kennedy, with gestures which the crowd interpreted to mean that Palmer was suspended for the next five seasons, at least.

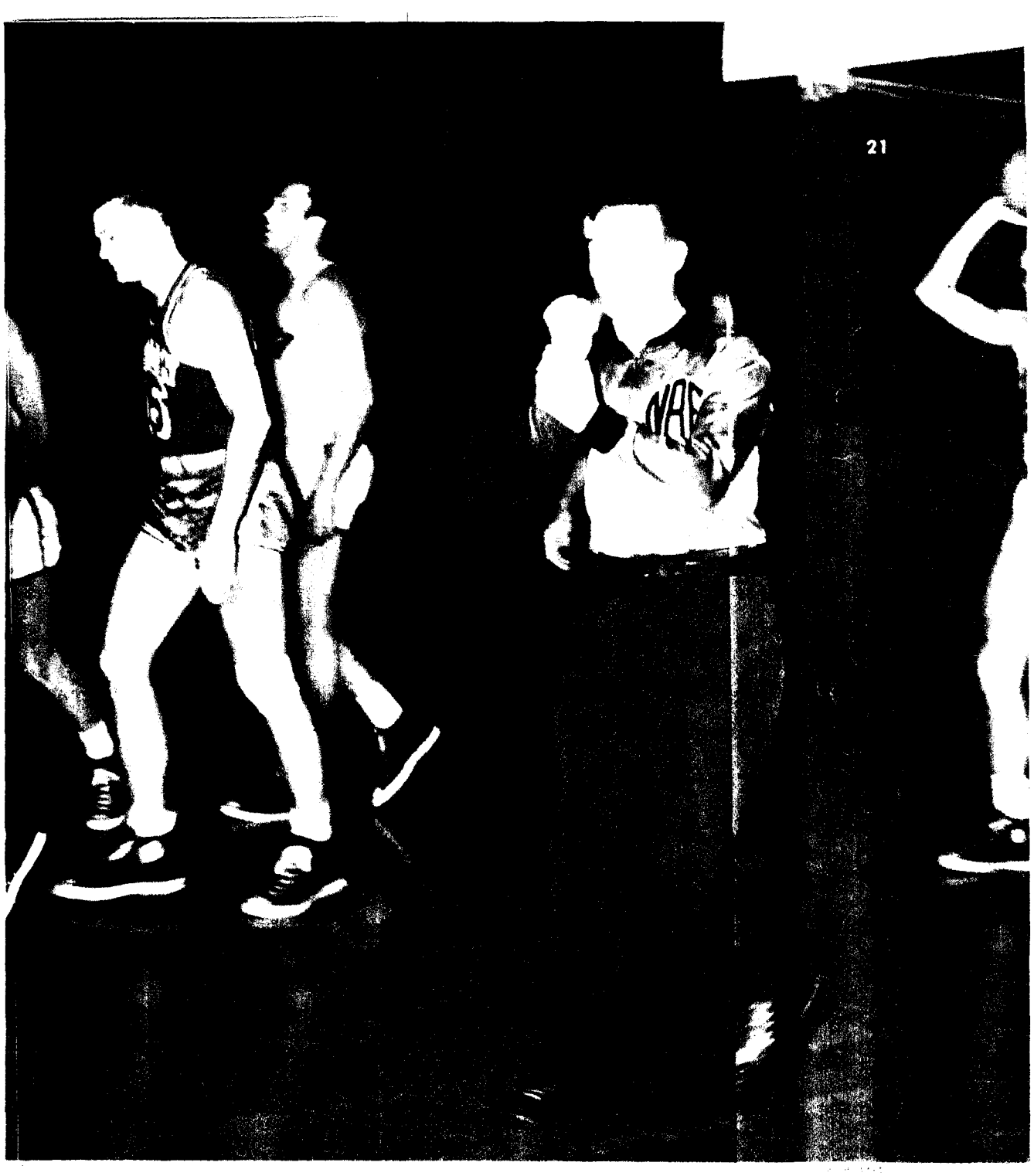
"What's the foul for?" Bud Palmer demanded coyly.

At a loss for a reply, Pat paused briefly to let his blood pressure subside. Then, in the gentlest of voices, he replied: "For praying, bud!"

In spite of this precedent set by Pat, the rules committee didn't incorporate that "offense" in the rulebook at its next meeting.

Kennedy gives a protean performance at every game. He screams with rage and swoops down on a player who has committed a minor technical infraction. After that world crisis is averted and play resumes, Kennedy relieves the monotony soon enough by uttering a shrill, mocking laugh and crying, "Oh, no you don't! I caught you that time!" Then he wags an admonitory forefinger at a poor wretch who wishes the floor would open up and swallow him before the leering, purple apparition that is bearing down on him can devour him.

What has the athlete *(Continued on page 67)*



Peerless Pat Kennedy, chief referee for the N.B.A., nails an offender during a hectic pro league contest

BILL STAHL

In a game between the St. Louis Bombers and the Philadelphia Warriors in Philadelphia, whistle blower Chuck Soladare signals for two foul shots

AL HOWARD

Phil (Mumbles) Fox calls a foul on Milo Komenich of the Anderson, Ind., Packers during a game with the Tri-Cities Blackhawks. Phil is from Brooklyn

TONY SANDONE

Joe Serafin, shrugging off a couple of indignant Scranton hoopmen here, is a three-way officiating threat; he calls 'em in baseball and football too

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The RISE of CARTHAGE

From a New York skyscraper a small town can look like heaven. But everybody talkin' 'bout heaven ain't going there . . .

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

EXACTLY what caprice of mind had impelled Kingsbury Teller to buy his first copy of The Carthage Clarion at the Times Square newsstand he was later never able to explain very satisfactorily. Although he now looked to be the complete, the thoroughly successful New Yorker, Teller had been born and raised in a village in the Midwest, and perhaps The Clarion's homely look on the newsstand, with its odd-sized page, its littleness and its name set in an unusual type font plucked some string of memory in him. Anyhow, his reason for buying the first copy doesn't make much difference. The fact was that he took it home with him and read every word on each of its four pages.

Teller was an executive for a radio network. He lived in an expensive apartment house on the upper East Side of Manhattan Island. The first night, as he was reading The Clarion in the big wing chair they had bought the winter before in a Charleston antique shop, his wife looked over his shoulder and caught him at it. Mrs. Teller was a tall, handsome woman, twelve years her husband's junior; she was his third wife.

"King," she said, "what's that funny-looking thing you're reading?"

"It's a newspaper," Teller answered, a little defensively. "What does it look like? It's called The Carthage Clarion. Carthage is someplace in New Mexico. I will read you a joke." Teller read, "McTavish: 'Do you mean to say this air is free, me bonny lad?' Gas Station attendant: 'That's right, sir.' (Five minutes later.) Gas station attendant: 'But, sir, you've blown out your four new tires!' "

The Tellers looked at each other for a moment, then Mrs. Teller dropped down onto the arm of Teller's armchair, and began to laugh. "No," she said, "I don't believe it. The tall corn. Read me another one."

Teller read another joke and then another until the column headed OUR WEEKLY CHUCKLES was exhausted. His wife went into her bedroom and back to the novel she was reading, but Teller read through the whole of the paper.

There was one story on page one, and continued on page four, which for some reason Teller later recalled. It was headed MR. AND MRS. FLAGG HELPED OUT MONDAY, and went on to tell how a certain family named Boyle, residents of Carthage, had, on Monday morning when Mr. Boyle generally took the produce of their land to the adjacent town of Tyre, found the battery in his dump truck had gone dead. The Boyles' neighbors, the Flaggs, failing to see Mr. Boyle drive by their house as he customarily did on Mondays, had decided to drive over to the Boyles' to see if anything was wrong. The upshot of it had been that Mr. and Mrs. Flagg loaned Mr. Boyle the battery from their truck and then took the Boyles' small daughter home with them so that Mrs. Boyle might be free to drive in to Tyre with her husband for the day.

What stuck in Teller's mind was the fact that the Flaggs' act had been unsolicited by the Boyles or by anyone else, that it had been wholly spontaneous and undertaken on their own initiative from no other motive than friendliness.

The item, and The Clarion as a whole, was written in a straightforward, unembellished prose style. It struck Teller, however, that each item seemed to have been written with unusual care and affection. The English throughout the Clarion was scrupulously grammatical.

On page four, the back page of the paper, was an announcement which puzzled Teller. The few lines were boxed and announced for the following Friday at two thirty in the afternoon in the town hall a piano recital to be given by "Our fellow resident, Gabriel Dufour, internationally celebrated pianist. All are welcome. Admission free." The program was to include Mozart, Bach and Debussy. Why a celebrated pianist was living in a Southwestern hamlet and why he was giving classical concerts in the middle of the afternoon free of charge, Teller was not able to figure out.

Although he was not entirely sure himself why he did it, Teller made out a check for a year's subscription to The Carthage Clarion before going to bed, and put it in an envelope in his overcoat pocket where he would find it on his way to work in the morning. When he turned to the masthead to get the proper address he found it to be simple enough. "The Carthage Clarion, Carthage, New Mexico," it read. There was only one name which appeared on the masthead: "Jason L. Countryman, Editor."

AS THE weeks advanced, and as Teller read each successive issue of The Carthage Clarion, he found himself forming an increasingly substantial picture of Carthage in his mind. From the little newspaper he was able to infer a great many facts about the place which were not actually stated, and the more he read the more he became aware that Carthage was not an ordinary town.

To begin with, its population was diverse in the extreme for a place which could hardly have had a population of more than two or three thousand. In the news items, in the notes on social and civic events, Teller found the names of people variously described as "the prize-winning physicist," "the eminent playwright," "the *(Continued on page 56)*

Teller was annoyed. The office cleaning woman admitted taking the papers, but what use could she have for them?

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Ben Loves LITTLE Dolls

—and he creates dolls that drink, dolls with voices and dolls with lifelike "skin"

By ROBERT FROMAN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MICHTOM is a brisk, middle-aged businessman who loves to play with dolls. He has been surrounded by them ever since his birth in the back room of his parents' doll store in Brooklyn, New York. Although he long since has moved to a comfortable suburban home and has taken up such suitably adult pursuits as golfing and fishing, he still is happiest holding a cute and cuddlesome doll in his arms. The pleasure is quite understandable. Today, his Ideal Novelty & Toy Company annually makes some 2,000,000 dolls with a retail value of more than $12,000,000.

"It may sound corny," one of his associates says, "but Ben loves those dolls like they were his own children. Which they are in a way, because he usually helps dream them up."

Ever since Ben's father, Morris, gave the Teddy bear to the world in 1902, the Michtom family has been dreaming up the dolls that little mothers cry for. From the Yellow Kid which was so popular a few years before World War I, through the Suck-A-Thumb and Hush-A-Bye Baby of the twenties, the Shirley Temple doll of the thirties to the current Sparkle Plenty, Baby Coos and this year's brand-new model, the Michtoms have been responsible for many of the top hits in the fast-moving, toughly competitive and wildly unpredictable doll world.

"None of us dares come to New York without seeing what Ben Michtom is up to," a toy buyer for one of the large Chicago department stores recently remarked in a tone of deep respect. "He keeps us on edge all the time. We never know when he's going to come up with something great."

Frequently, Michtom's eruptions rock the whole toy world and set off clamorous reverberations in the homes where his little customers dwell. In the summer of 1947, for instance, he burst out with the Sparkle Plenty doll modeled after the daughter which had just been born to B. O. Plenty and Gravel Gertie, a couple of characters in the Dick Tracy comic strip. The day the doll went on sale the toy department of Gimbel's, the New York department store which had exclusive rights to the doll in New York City, was mobbed. By the end of the year Gimbel's had sold nearly $1,000,000 worth of the dolls, and sales still are booming along all over the country.

Long lines of doll heads move from one operation to another at the Long Island plant

In addition to some 200 kinds of dolls, Michtom's company makes 250 different stuffed animals and more than 1,000 plastic and rubber toys—model cars and planes, miniature telephones, washing machines, doll furniture, etc. Every year he brings out dozens of new items. His failures, according to experts, are uncannily few and far between.

"To be in character," one friend opines, "Ben ought to go around dressed in a white-trimmed red suit with a pillow stuffed in the front, a tasseled red cap and a long white beard. He's a year-round Kriss Kringle. He sees everything with a child's-eye view of its possibilities as a plaything."

If he were to play Santa Claus, Michtom does have an appropriately ruddy complexion, a sparkle in his eyes and a ready smile. But his slightly receding black hair has barely a touch of gray at the temples, and his only facial pilosity is a carefully tended pepper-and-salt mustache. He generally sticks to business suits with occasional lapses into slacks and a sport jacket.

Undeniably he has a bit of St. Nick's instinct for knowing what a large number of children will enjoy playing with. He thinks the secret is simply that, unlike most adults, he can remember his own childhood feelings with crystal clarity. "When I was a kid," he explains, "I liked toys because they helped me make believe. And what I wanted to make believe was that I was grown up. Most children are like that.

"But Heaven help the toymaker," he goes on, "who thinks he can get away with crude and inaccurate models of grown-up jet planes or automobiles or anything else. You can't fool the kids. They know the real thing when they see it, and they resent any attempt to put something over on them."

A few years ago this belief was strongly reinforced when a buyer brought along his eight-year-old son while calling at Michtom's New York office. Michtom escorted them on a tour of his showroom, and at the end he offered the boy one of his latest toys, a plastic copy of the P-40 fighter plane.

The lad turned up his nose. "Plane like that couldn't even get off the ground," he snorted. "You got the dihedral angle of the wings all wrong."

Ben Michtom was horrified. He had to look up the word "dihedral" in an aeronautics handbook, but he found that the boy was right. And then he promptly scrapped the entire output of the model and replaced it with a corrected version.

But dolls are Michtom's first love and the most important part of his business. He devotes much of his time and energy to trying to make them as nearly like real babies as possible. Over the years his dolls have acquired voices which range from blissful coos when stroked gently, to wild sobs of anguish when they are spanked. They drink from spoons or bottles, then urgently require diaper changes. They have soft, warm, pliant skin and tiny fingers so real that they show even the wrinkles over the knuckles.

Every year he adds some new and more human feature. Sometimes these require long and involved engineering research. A year ago, for instance, one of the many department-store toy buyers who frequently offer him ideas called on the phone. The caller uttered only a single sentence—and started a project which eventually required several months of research by some of the nation's top industrial chemists.

"How about," the buyer suggested, "a doll with hair that could be permanented?"

Michtom was off with the power of a rocket shot from a bazooka. In his mind the idea instantly flowered into a doll with long golden tresses which could be combed, shampooed and permanent-waved with a miniature kit of a widely advertised home wave solution. He knew immediately that it was going to be a hit, possibly one of the biggest ever.

"What's one of the most important things a mother does for her little girl?" he asks enthusiastically. "Why, combing her hair and washing it and setting it, of course. And naturally, the little girl wants to do those things for her doll, too."

He needed all his enthusiasm when he got down to turning the idea into a reality. It wasn't difficult to make a deal with a company for use of its trademark and for a supply of a safe, simple waving solution. But from there on, the going got tough.

None of the materials previously used for doll wigs was feasible for shampooing and waving. Several new fibers were tried *(Continued on page 75)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Michtom poses with an array of his dolls, past and present. The original Teddy bear is at upper left and some of his plastic toys are on the table before him

Michtom's doll factory is a converted aircraft plant. A half million square feet of floor space is jammed with oddly complicated machinery

Production is organized on an assembly-line basis. In this section of the factory they attach wigs with the long hair characteristic of Michtom's Sparkle Plenty model

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By OWEN CAMERON

Except for the tracks, it might have been a murderous ghost that Hansen and his dog were trailing

Bingo sprang away, his war cry wild, as old man Hansen kicked free of the

OLD man Hansen was flashing a coyote pelt, working with the slow care of a man who has one job to do and all eternity for it. There was warmth in the sunlight. The door of the log shack stood open, and Hansen worked in shirt sleeves, his white head uncovered. This was one of those rare December days when man and beast and plant imagine spring will follow autumn, for once. But the old man, who talked to his dog a good deal, had told Bingo that winter had merely let go to get a better hold.

Bingo—a dog all leg and jaw—lay stretched at the old trapper's feet. Hansen liked to say Bingo had never made up his mind whether to be a hound or an Airedale.

The old man labored patiently and the dog appeared dead, until suddenly he raised his ugly head and looked at his master, bidding for attention with a low *woof*.

"I heard it," the old man muttered. Bingo groaned and relaxed.

Hansen's keen ears told him when the car had crawled out of Horse Creek Canyon to level ground, and not until then did he stop working. When the car rolled into the timber-crowded clearing, he was sitting on the front step of his cabin, blue pipe smoke wreathed around him.

Taking his cue from Hansen, Bingo did not bark. The car was painted the green and gold of the state Forest Service. Hansen said hello to the driver in a general way, so that the passenger could include himself or not, as he pleased. That was Captain Kellog, Hansen's nearest neighbor—if a place three miles distant could be called neighboring. He did not respond to Hansen's greeting, not a nod's worth, but got out of the car frowning.

The driver was Morton Bent, the young district ranger. He greeted Hansen in his serious way, and the old man told him, "Coffee's hot, Mort."

"I guess not," the district ranger said. "This isn't just a friendly visit."

"No?" asked Hansen, looking at Captain Kellog. "What's he thought up now?"

Captain Kellog said shortly, "Let's get on with it, Bent. My time's valuable." He was a dozen or more years younger than Hansen's seventy-odd, a man with a prosperous stomach, no hair and unhealthy eyes. Hansen was frail as a dry leaf, but the spirit that looked out of his blue eyes was sound and strong.

"It's Bingo," Mort Bent said, and the big dog thumped his tail once.

"He's killed his last deer," said Captain Kellog.

Hansen echoed, "Bingo?" and the dog sat up, gentle eyes contradicting wicked jaw. "Bingo? Last time it was me."

"I'll catch you at it, someday," said Captain Kellog. He made an effort to be fair. "Though if you shoot a deer or two out of season, I suppose it's no great harm. That seems to be the local opinion. But what that dog doesn't kill, he runs out of the country."

Hansen said in growing indignation, "Old Bingo never run a deer in his life."

"I've heard him, night after night," said Kellog.

"Shows what you know," Hansen snapped. "You never hear Bingo 'less he's treed. Then it's a bobcat, or sometimes a bear. I don't always feel chipper enough to go to him, but he's stubborn. Though lately he's been staying home, so—"

"Now wait," said Mort. "You know I don't go off half-cocked. Last month the captain found three deer killed inside his fence—"

"God knows how many others I didn't find," Kellog said.

Mort Bent looked over his shoulder. "If you can't stop interrupting, we'd better go." Captain Kellog glared, but in silence, and the ranger told old Hansen, "I saw the last one, a fresh kill with only the ham eaten, near that spring above the big meadow. Bingo's tracks were in the soft ground."

Old man Hansen said bewilderedly, "Some other dog."

"Can you name one it might be?"

"Well, then, a bear. Or a couple coyotes. Some think they won't tackle a grown deer, but—"

"This was a four-point buck," Mort Bent said. "You know it wasn't coyotes. Do you think I can't tell a coyote's long track from Bingo's? This was a big dog, and there's no other dog his size. And Captain Kellog *saw* Bingo."

"Bobcats," Hansen said weakly. "We got four this season, and could have had more if I'd go to him. You know how a cat kills fawns—why, you ought to give old Bingo a medal, instead of coming here like this."

"Ride down with us and look at the tracks," the district ranger said. "I want you to be satisfied. I know how you feel about the dog—how I'd feel. But once he's taken to running deer, he's got to be killed. It's not only law, but right, and you know it."

"I know Bingo never run a deer, let alone killed one."

"I'll show you his tracks," Mort Bent repeated. "You'd rather shoot him than have someone else do it, wouldn't you? I can go through the red tape, but I figured you'd rather. It makes it easier all around."

Looking down at the big dog, Hansen shook his head in a stunned way. Bingo whined.

"Come down now and look at the evidence," the ranger urged.

Taking two steps backward, the old man reached

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blankets, lunging into the dark with a yell as savagely wordless as the dog's

inside the cabin for the rifle that always stood beside the door. He held it loosely in his wrinkled old hands, but his thumb was on the hammer.

"Now get out," he said harshly.

Captain Kellog backed away in alarm, but the district ranger said calmly, "Don't be a fool, Hansen. I'll have to come back and do it the hard way."

"You try coming here and shooting my dog," Hansen told him. "You think I'd let you? You think I'd stand by and let Bingo be killed?"

Bingo showed his long teeth. The ranger said, "You won't have any choice. Put the gun down and be sensible."

"Get out, before I turn Bingo loose on you!"

THE ranger looked steadily into Hansen's hard blue eyes for a long moment, then shrugged and turned away. In the car, Captain Kellog recovered his assurance and now shouted: "You'll live to regret this, Hansen!"

Mort Bent started the car and drove away without glancing again at Hansen. When the green and gold machine was out of sight, the old man leaned the gun against the wall of the cabin and sat down on the step once more, stiffly.

"See what you got us into?" he asked the dog. Bingo laid his grizzled head on the man's knee.

"I never figured you'd chase deer," the old man went on in a troubled tone. "But if Mort says he saw your track, he did. And he'll get what papers he needs and come back."

He was silent several minutes and then said to the dog, "You know he'll be back. I can't see but one thing to do. We'll go over the mountain to Nevada or someplace. It's kind of tough to strike out that way at my age, but it won't be forever."

But in his heavy heart he felt it might be. Forever isn't long, when a man is seventy-six.

He went into the cabin to make ready. In the sugar bowl was nearly a hundred dollars—burying money. Hansen made a pack of a canvas and two blankets, wrapping these around a pot, a frying pan, and a few groceries.

He picked up gun and pack and walked out. It was simple, but hard. He wasn't leaving much, he thought to himself—just everything. After twenty years in one place, a man collected things that couldn't be moved, if he owned all the trucks in the world.

Half a mile from the cabin he dropped his pack against a sugar pine, ordered Bingo to guard it, and went over his slim trap line, hiding the traps in bunches of six. These days he trapped nothing but the big mountain coyotes, using number three and four traps, and seldom making a set more than a couple of miles from the cabin. The bounty money bought his groceries, and trying to outwit the wary predators kept his brain sharp.

The traps cached, Hansen returned to his pack and Bingo. Hansen decided to make camp near by. The sun was westering, and he was tired, but what really held him was a deep reluctance to leave this country. Forty or fifty years ago all country looked alike to him, but now this was home.

He packed to a small spring on a hillside masked by pine seedlings. The little cove where the water rose was well hidden, facing due south, with eight miles of rough, forested ridges between it and the nearest ranch. But he did not start his fire until dusk came to cover a smoke. The blaze would not be visible two hundred yards.

Pine needles made a mattress, and the old man built the fire high before turning in. Weariness sent him to sleep at once.

HANSEN awoke in the false dawn, sitting up at once, but not fully alert, so that for a moment he had the confused feeling of being a boy again. The hairs on his neck were tingling, and he heard Bingo growling with a whiny overtone. The fire was now only a bed of cold ashes.

Straining eyes and ears against the darkness, the old man muttered, "Shut up, Bingo. How can I hear anything?"

The sound came faintly, far away. Hansen listened incredulously. Except for Bingo he would have doubted the witness of his ears. The big dog shivered and showed his teeth, fear and hate working in him. Bingo would risk a nip at the heels of the biggest bear; no two coyotes could make him feel anything but contempt, and he had killed more than one bobcat without help. But now his growling had a false sound, like a weak man's threats.

"It ain't possible," old Hansen muttered. He put a hand on the dog, and Bingo's muttering became deeper, more confident.

The old man sat shivering in the predawn for a long time, but the distant sound was not repeated. At last he stirred to build a fire, huddling close to it, trying to warm his thin blood.

A thought made him ask Bingo, "How long you known? You ever see him? I bet you was thankful for those long legs. Or you just smelled him, so far? That's what you was doing at that buck, ain't it?"

Later, munching hot cakes and bacon, he told the dog, "We'll go down and look at the deer. I know and you know, but we got to be sure."

They put in all day at that, Bingo locating the scene of four kills. Three of them the coyotes had found and devoured to the last bone-fragment, but the big buck was still untouched. Old Hansen found the tracks he wanted and studied them, while Bingo pressed close, sniffing.

"No, I wouldn't believed it," the old man said. "It's like somebody telling you they seen a ghost. Wonder what Mort'll say? We'll find out tonight, huh?" . . .

The district ranger worked hard all day and went to bed early. At ten thirty that night, the Forest Service compound was quiet, dark except for a small light that burned beside the telephone in the office. Next door was Mort Bent's neat house. The ranger slept soundly, and it was his wife who heard the insistent light tapping.

Mort found his slippers and shuffled yawning to the door, vaguely expecting fire news, though there had been two storms and the lookouts were closed. No one waited at the door, and the ranger stepped outside, looking around sleepily.

Old man Hansen appeared beside him like a shadow rising out of the earth and whispered, "Mort, how about a truce?"

Mort woke completely. "You old fool! Where's the dog?"

"He's here. I want to talk."

The air drawing down from the high peaks was chilly. Mort said, "Come in the office where it's warm," and led the way toward the light. Sitting down at his desk, he nodded at the old man. "I knew you'd come in, but I gave you a week. Where's the dog?"

"Outside," Hansen said vaguely. "Mort, Bingo never killed no deer." *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

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'Please Rush the Gal in th

WILLIAM BECKER STUDIOS

Powers model Joan Scott poses for the Sears camera wearing a dress to be featured in the 1950 spring and summer catalogue

Continuing THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SEARS, ROEBUCK

In 1886 young Dick Sears, a station master in North Redwood, Minn., took a misdirected consignment of watches and parlayed it into a business that is today one of the world's six biggest enterprises. But Sears remains first the Farmer's Friend, though it has grown into an international giant doing $2,000,000,000 worth of selling annually. The earlier installments dealt with the founding of the company and the overwhelming speed with which the idea mushroomed. The mail-order idea isn't exclusive, however, so what are some of the "secrets" of the company's success?

PART THREE OF FOUR PARTS

ATELY, the radio has been plugging a rueful little song called "Dear Mr. Sears, and Roebuck—" which is about a lovelorn maiden who wants to order a husband from the famous Sears catalogue. No one familiar with the company will be much surprised to learn that there have been several actual cases of this kind in Sears history.

Both men and women have written to the Chicago colossus requesting a mate by return mail. Usually they specify "the gal in the pink corset on Page 651" or "that good-looking fellow in the sport shirt on Page 330"; but some aren't choosy. One farm woman simply asked for "a man—any man," while a Montana rancher said he would be satisfied with "a clean woman who can cook good."

The company's collection of memorable correspondence also includes gems like the farm wife's complaint about the decoy ducks she'd ordered. No matter how long she cooked them, they still were tough and she was sending them back.

Then there was the hat order from a lady who instructed: "Before you mail this, please have either Mrs. Sears or Mrs. Roebuck try it on and see how it looks in the mirror."

Another woman returned four bottles of medicine with a note saying that her husband had died after taking the first two bottles in the lot. Sears replied with a proper note expressing sympathy, and also sent her a copy of its Special Tombstone Catalogue, under separate cover.

There was the outraged father who reported that his daughter had decamped for parts unknown with a "low-down, no-account loafer," and would Sears please be on the lookout for his order, which was bound to come sooner or later. By chance, the clerk who handled the letter made a note of the miscreant's name, and a couple of months later—by a bigger chance—he happened to run across an

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Pink Corset'

By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

order from him, just as predicted. Sears didn't tell the father where the order came from, but it did reassure him that the "no-account loafer" apparently had buckled down to honest toil. At least, the order read: "2 pr. silk stockings for wife, one machinist's kit for self."

Sears is conscientious about answering all mail, no matter how foolish, and tries to help with all reasonable requests for advice and information. It's often asked to decide family disputes over selecting the new baby's name; and in spring and summer the company has been swamped with queries about tourist camps and hotels. Sears has recommended suitable accommodations for touring customers, and at one time even made occasional reservations, though it has never encouraged people seeking this advice.

It also grapples with letters like: "My daughter is left-handed. Should I teach her to be right-handed? How do I teach her if you think she ought to be right-handed?" or "My man and me are arguing about physics. I say it's for constipation, and he says it's something to do with machinery. What do you say?"

In return, grateful customers shower the company with presents. At Christmas time Sears receives a flow of cards, plus sprigs of holly and mistletoe, and complete wreaths.

Throughout the year, in fact, the company receives offerings such as home-made pickles and preserves, nuts, fruits and vegetables, smoked hams, and fresh eggs. Recently a box of eggs arrived with a card which said: "These were laid by chicks we once ordered from the catalogue."

A Bedrock of Public Confidence

Sears cherishes the little presents. For these are tangible reminders of the greatest single asset which the company possesses, on or off the balance sheet. Sears, Roebuck flourishes because of the faith and loyalty of millions of citizens, and it will go to any lengths to preserve their trust.

Unhappily, there always have been a few black-hearted individuals who try to take advantage of this inspiring example of mutual confidence. Sears secretly is pained by the mere existence of such scoundrels, but its policy toward them is not one of wrath, but rather a combination of the Golden Rule and turning the other cheek.

Does a man order a suit of clothes, wear it until it shines like a chromium bumper, then return it on the pretext that it doesn't fit or that the material is sleazy? Very well, give him a refund or a new suit. He's one outcast among a million honest men, and it's better to pay him and be done with it, instead of starting an argument and letting him shout around that Sears doesn't live up to its guarantees. Chances are he has a friend or so who might believe him. There's even an outside chance that the suit actually was faulty when delivered, and the man didn't understand his return and refund privileges until someone told him about them later on.

Does another rogue try to pull the ancient "undelivered order" racket? Sears gets his indignant letter saying that such-and-such an order hasn't arrived after several weeks of waiting, and what happened to it, anyway? After checking to determine whether the order actually was filed, filled and mailed, Sears sends back his money or ships a duplicate order without further ado. The odds against loss or misdirection of any mail order are at least a thousand to one, but the customer *might* be telling the truth, and Sears will give him the benefit of the doubt—the first time. But if he repeats the maneuver there will be a real investigation, and if this shows evidence of fraud he will be blacklisted forever, at least so far as the mail-order end of the business is concerned.

In the early pioneer period, when Sears still had to prove that it would make good any and all losses, the company really went overboard settling preposterous claims.

Once, for example, a woman returned a pair of well-scuffed shoes, saying they were misfits. Sears promptly gave her a refund, whereupon she wrote again to say that she had forgotten to remove a diamond ring from the toe of one of the shoes, and would they please find it and send it back. Meantime, the shoes—like all returned worn clothing—had been destroyed, and there was no way of verifying her slightly implausible story. But a Sears guarantee was a Sears guarantee, and the woman received a check for the full amount of what she claimed she paid for the ring.

Such shenanigans are exceptional, and are never perpetrated by old-line "steady Sears customers," the people on the company's closely guarded "preferred list." This roster consists of some 4,000,000 names. One is not admitted casually to the list, but instead must rise through the ranks, starting with the initial request for a catalogue.

At present the big book costs close to $1.50 (the prewar norm was about $1) and Sears doesn't scatter it around indiscriminately. The company will, however, send some type of catalogue to anyone who applies for it in writing, and thereafter it keeps a sharp eye on the recipient. Usually the prospective customer puts in an order within a few weeks, but if he isn't heard from, Sears tests him out with a few additional teasers like the catalogue supplements and the "bargain books." If these coax him into becoming a customer of some regularity, he will be eligible for the next edition of the general catalogue. But after that, if he expects to get the big book regularly, he will have to do a "consistent" amount of buying in the course of the year.

Next Stop: the Preferred List

The meaning of "consistent" is one of the company's numerous trade secrets. Whatever the amount he spends, after establishing himself as a regular customer and after receiving half a dozen catalogues, our man is considered a "*steady* Sears customer," and is eligible for promotion to the Preferred List.

There seem to be no hard and fast rules governing such advancement. But it helps if you order periodically; if you have an impeccable rating with the Sears credit department; if you habitually meet installment payments on time, and if you give the impression of being a sober and responsible citizen.

Once in, you get the full treatment—not just the catalogue, but copies of each and every one of the company's publications, plus generous credit arrangements. It wouldn't faze the company a bit if you suddenly ordered a prefabricated six-room house with complete furnishings and equipment, because the fact that you are on the preferred list means that you just wouldn't order more than you can pay for.

In addition to the catalogues and the satellite mailing pieces, the only other direct advertising is the more than twenty-four million dollars' worth of newspaper space purchased annually by the Sears retail stores. Sears has done a good deal of experimenting with radio, and at one time owned Chicago radio station WLS ("World's Largest Store"); but after much trial and error it decided that the printed page was the best medium for its particular purposes. *(Continued on page 48)*

Employees in Sears, Roebuck's tremendous Chicago warehouse load a variety of merchandise for delivery to customers' homes. Sears workers own the largest block of company stock

DICK BOYER

General Wood (right), board chairman, chats with Houston manager S. Shipnes

WILLIAM DAVID BELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cinderella Rides Again

Continuing the story of a girl who
didn't need a fairy godmother

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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PART THREE OF FIVE PARTS

BESSIE'S laughter had no merriment in it, and in spite of the prodigious quantities of liquor he had drunk between Tuckapack and Zydercliff, John V. Merryweather was suddenly sobered. He was frightened. If the girl had held a gun in her hand, he would have expected to hear the sound of a shot.

Bessie had a look that Merryweather had seen many times in his years as a sports writer. He had seen it in prize fighters whose faces were beaten to one ugly, bloody bruise but who were still, somehow, on their feet in the last few minutes before the bell rang in the final round; he had seen it in the faces of baseball players who had been knocked all over the lot for a whole game and were having their final innings. It was the look of one who had nothing to lose, and Merryweather was afraid of it.

And mingled with his fear was a kind of regret, something almost like sympathy for this ambitious guttersnipe who stood now among all these poised and fashionable women and looked, in spite of the rage in her eyes, not at all out of place. She was more poised than any of them: than Myra Matthewson, who regarded her with fear as well as hatred; than Germaine Landis, on whose beautiful face curiosity was at war with good breeding; than any in the whole roomful of *soignée* women, most of whom had quite forgotten all considerations of breeding and were staring at Bessie Keegan with the greedy excitement of passers-by watching a street brawl.

What had he started here? Merryweather asked himself as the fumes of the alcohol rolled off his brain like a fog being blown away by a high wind. He looked at Myra, for whom really this was a much more dangerous situation than it was for Bessie. Myra seemed to know this herself, for her gaze wavered between Bessie and Moose Matthewson and sometimes shifted to the face of Cliff Quarrier, white under the flush of all the drinking he had been doing.

The constrained tableau was broken by Jake Fuceli, who was more at ease than anyone in the room, though it was the ease born of contemptuous indifference to what any of them might think of him. Jake moved past Merryweather and stood in front of Bessie. He grinned derisively at her and let his eyes flicker in a glance of sidelong scorn at Cy Falkland, who still stood near Bessie, the good host trying to protect a guest from embarrassment.

"Hiya, Bessie," Jake said.

Bessie raised her eyes, seeing him very clearly: the pomaded hair, the red sweater and the loud tie, the bright black mocking eyes, the too-confident mouth. And without looking directly, she saw Cy Falkland, slender and gracious in his evening clothes. These were the two most important men in Bessie Keegan's life, and the poignancy of the contrast between them was suddenly almost more than she could stand.

"You certainly got yourself all dolled up, baby," Jake Fuceli told her. "How you doin'?"

The Story: All her young life BESSIE KEEGAN had dreamed of the day when she would marry a rich man. It was the only way, as Bessie saw it, to escape from her shabby home and her dull job as a hairdresser in Tuckapack, New Jersey. She had looks, brains and no scruples, and she set out to make her dream come true. She quit her job to become lady's maid for MYRA MATTHEWSON, sophisticated wife of the wealthy sportsman MOOSE MATTHEWSON. Nothing but the best would do for Bessie, and she determined to marry CYRUS SAYRE FALKLAND, the handsome heir of the Falkland millions, who had serious ideas about the responsibilities that go with wealth. Bessie stole a letter written by Myra to CLIFF QUARRIER, an unsavory man about town. She took it to JOHN V. MERRYWEATHER, the hard-drinking society editor of the New York Chronicle, who was a close friend of Moose and of MRS. ANTOINETTE FALKLAND, Cyrus' mother. Bessie threatened to expose Myra unless Merryweather found her a position where she could learn the ways of high society. He arranged to have her become the paid companion of a Washington socialite; and in a short time she was ready to go into action. Bessie blackmailed Myra into inviting her to a house party at Zydercliff-on-Hudson, Cyrus' country home. The other guests included HARVEY RUGGLES, a tycoon who was interested in Cyrus' political ambitions; and GERMAINE LANDIS, a beautiful postdebutante who was in love with Cyrus. No one recognized Bessie as Myra's former maid; she captivated Cyrus and almost at once he made love to her. With consternation, Merryweather learned that Bessie was at Zydercliff and made up his mind to warn Cyrus against her. Stopping first at Tuckapack, Merryweather met Bessie's father, JAMES KEEGAN, an honest and hard-working bricklayer. JAKE FUCELI, a garage owner who wanted Bessie to marry him, agreed to drive Merryweather to Zydercliff. A formal party was in progress when they arrived during a thunderstorm. Merryweather made a sensational entrance into the drawing room; he told Bessie that he had seen her papa and that it was time for her to go home. Bessie began to laugh quietly.

She made a gesture of childish appeal, and Cyrus took her in his arms. Her breathing grew quieter

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

"I was doing all right until you came along," Bessie said.

"Sure, sugar," Jake Fuceli said reasonably, "but you don't belong in this bunch of stuffed shirts. I told you if you didn't come back I'd be along and get you. Remember? You're my girl."

Somewhere the majestic old grandfather's clock which long ago a Fergus Falkland had brought from Amsterdam began to boom. Nobody moved or spoke, but everyone's lips moved silently, counting—nine, ten, eleven, twelve. It was midnight—a fateful enough hour even if a girl *had* a fairy godmother. The echo of the last stroke died away, and again the only sound was of the wind and rain outside.

All these *people*. All of them against her. All of them ready to kick her back down if they could. Papa always said Bessie never knew when she was licked, but she knew now. This was what it got you. You had a crazy ambition. *Crazy*. You wanted money. Was that a crime? You wanted to be somebody. You worked and got hold of a rotten, nasty letter that another woman wrote and you charged a beautiful dress you didn't know how you were going to pay for, and put flowers in your hair and pretended you were a lady, and the prince kissed you because men were men, and you had your hands on all the glittering wonders of the world and then—

There were cinders in her eyes and she blinked to keep back the tears. Not in front of *them*, she wouldn't.

Damn them! Damn them all! What did they know?

She picked up her skirts and ran, ran and ran and ran, out of the room and across the hall and up the stairs, tripping, almost falling on her high-heeled slippers. She didn't once look back—so she didn't know that Cy Falkland had followed her with a rush, clear to the foot of the stairs.

Moose Matthewson's big voice boomed: "What the hell is going on around here? What's all this about?"

From somewhere, Germaine Landis spoke in utter amazement. "Why—why—I know. I kept—there was something—why, she's the one that was your *maid*. She's *Bessie!*"

"Well," Moose said, studying his wife with thoughtful eyes, "she fooled me. What was she doing here like that, Myra?"

CY FALKLAND had come back, but he didn't seem to hear Moose; he was staring at Merryweather with a questioning, almost an exultant look on his face.

At that moment, John V. Merryweather was not a happy man. By instinct, heredity and environment, he should have been on Bessie's side, against all these smug people. It was his loyalty to Antoinette Falkland that had brought him here—to save the great lady's son from falling into Bessie Keegan's trap. But when Bessie turned and ran, Merryweather's resolution snapped. The poor kid! The poor, scheming, luxury-hungry kid!

Wistfully, he wished he were back in the sports racket. When you covered a fight, somebody won or lost. There wasn't all this unfinished business—like the way the Moose was looking at his wife—like Jake Fuceli standing there with that snide grin on his puss—like the way Cy Falkland was looking at him.

Could it be that he, the great Merryweather, had blundered?

One thing he knew. He had to talk to Antoinette Falkland. She'd have to do something now. He started to look for a telephone.

Cy Falkland's voice said, gently, "Come along with me, Merry, I want to talk to you." . . .

At a quarter after two in the morning, Cyrus Sayre Falkland had come to a decision. He would ask Bessie Keegan to marry him and he would do it at once, before anything could happen to spoil it.

Most of the time since the clock struck twelve had been consumed by Merryweather's biography of Bessie Keegan. This was made more difficult for Merryweather by the large presence of Moose Matthewson, lounging in one of the big leather chairs. When Cy Falkland invited Merryweather to retire with him to the library he had, as a matter of course, asked the Moose to come along. After a hard day and all that whisky, Merryweather hadn't been sharp enough to block it.

So far as he could tell, *(Continued on page 36)*

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Film star Joanne Dru delights in her three children: Barbara (left), age two, answers to "Nuggie"; Pidgn (that's right—Pidgn) is five; Richard, seven, is called "Skipper"

Mama has GLAMOR

By DAVID CHANDLER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CARLYLE BLACKWELL, JR.

REED-SLIM Joanne Dru, five feet, five and a half inches tall with gray-green eyes and brown hair, is twenty-seven years old and the mother of three children. When she started to play in pictures, her advisers urged a discreet silence where her children were concerned. They pointed out an ancient shibboleth of Hollywood which said that starlets aren't supposed to have kids.

"I'm going to change all that, once and for all," she declared.

This is quite an objective, but none of her friends has the slightest doubt Joanne will achieve it. She has been making her own way in the world since she was fourteen years old.

Born Joanne LaCock in Logan, West Virginia, of an old West Virginia family with German and French antecedents (and, she likes to note, a trace of Cherokee) she and her mother went to New York when Joanne's father died.

At sixteen, she became a John Robert Powers model and changed her name to Joanne Marshall. Then she had a fling at the night-club stage; a brief whirl as a dancer in a musical called Hold On To Your Hats; and, finally, she met and married singer Dick Haymes.

Joanne was not quite nineteen when her first child was born. Fourteen months later, Haymes got tapped for pictures and they moved out to Hollywood.

Joanne's first picture contract stemmed from the fact that she did the kind of thing to a bathing suit that every girl wants to do to a bathing suit. Two men, director Howard Hawks and agent Charlie Feldman, who had been placidly soaking up the ultraviolet rays at a resort in Palm Springs, California, saw her approach the pool one day. They looked at each other meaningfully, and turned back to gaze at Joanne.

"Who," said Hawks, "is that?"

"I dunno," Feldman muttered. "Never saw her before in my life."

"Nice," said Hawks, stretching out to the sun again. "Very nice. Fresh picture type."

Feldman knew Hawks as a producer-director with a penchant for new faces and appeal. His keen agent's nose smelled a possible fee from an employed client. Four months later he called Hawks.

"I finally found that girl you were interested in at Palm Springs," he said. "I've put her under contract to our agency. When do you want her to start working for you?"

And that's how she became Joanne of the Arc Lights.

Everybody gets very dreamy-eyed when an attempt is made to track down the origin of her curious, three-letter career name—Dru. Hawks is responsible for it.

"It's a family name, I think," Hawks says vaguely. "On her mother's side, I understand. Way back."

It went so far back that Joanne frequently didn't recognize it when she first started using it. Loaned out by Hawks so that she might acquire camera presence and experience, she found herself in an extended scene which called for her to recline luxuriously in a huge bed. What with the long waits between lighting the set, Joanne spent the better part of the day between satin sheets.

Her environment finally proved so overwhelming that she was actually dozing between takes. During one of the lulls in shooting, the telephone rang.

"Miss Dru!" the assistant director called out after answering it. "Telephone!"

The cry, taken up by a clutch of assistant assistants, proved most annoying to the young actress trying to catch forty winks. Plainly irritated, she sat bolt upright in bed. She called out testily, "Will someone tell this Miss Dru dame that I'm trying to sleep and to answer the—" She stopped. "Hey," she said, "Miss Dru—that's *me!*"

Lately Joanne has changed her name again. After eight years of marriage to Haymes they were divorced last summer and shortly thereafter she married John Ireland, the actor.

Ireland, by *his* previous marriage, has two children of whom he has custody week ends. Joanne has her three. Thus, when she is not working, she can be seen around the San Fernando Valley on Saturdays and Sundays toting five children, ranging in ages from eight to two, in her station wagon.

"I hope," she says, "that people think they're all mine."

THE END

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Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N.Y.C.

Wouldn't you rather give (and get) FOUR ROSES?

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Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION"*
care...

FEEL the difference in your scalp! What a wonderful wake-up glow — when you use Vitalis "*Live-Action*" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

...gives you
HANDSOMER
HAIR

SEE the difference in your hair! Now see how much neater, handsomer your hair looks — set to *stay* that way all day! No "patent-leather" shine. Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "*Live-Action*" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop.

● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. Vitalis *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.

"LIVE-ACTION"

Product of Bristol-Myers

*VITALIS and the
"60-Second Workout"

Nobody's Safe in Philadelphia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the point right now, with deficits clouding the picture at city hall. But the fact is, Philadelphia has grown from 1,950,961 in 1930 to 2,047,174 today—yet the city had 3,710 men available for patrol duty in 1930 and has only 2,312 available today.

Many Philadelphians feel their city is nude when it comes to protection. One can walk for hours down dim, gaslit streets without ever seeing a policeman. When the Bulletin recently asked its readers, "Are Philadelphia's streets adequately policed?" 96 per cent said, "No!" You can't pay additional cops with peanuts, so the Bulletin asked another question: "Would you be willing to pay $1 a year more taxes for more police?" To this, 89 per cent said, "Yes!"

The public sees—even if the politicians do not—that there is no economy in saving dollars at the cost of rape, robbery, invasion of homes and defilement of children.

Cops Suspended for Loafing

Rosenberg was greeted on the day he took office with an inaugural crime wave: 24 robberies, holdups, beatings and purse snatchings—all within 24 hours. He promptly went to work on the department, suspending 20 policemen for loafing on the job and sending word through all echelons that "neither the mayor nor I will tolerate shirking, petty jealousy or favoritism."

He took six policemen off switchboards, replaced them with girls, and put them back on the street. Instead of having patrolmen serve as chauffeurs for sergeants, he let the sergeants drive themselves. He took police off private pay roll details and told businesses with loose money around to hire their own guards. He eliminated "house duty," insisting that cops either be physically fit for active duty or retire. "We're through with armchair crime busters," he said. He opened Philadelphia's 1,200 police call boxes to the public. Today if you need a cop and can't find one, you run to the nearest call box and ring headquarters (free of charge, and right handy unless you've already been slugged unconscious and tossed in the gutter).

All these reforms are basically good. But they are just a drop in the bucket. Sober Philadelphians want a good deal more before they'll feel that their wives, children and homes are safe. They want the politicians off the policemen's necks. They want good neighborhood protection. They want to see a cop once in a while. They want that cop *back on the beat,* where he can actually be a neighborhood security officer and not just an amateur G-man buzzing around in a radio car.

Philadelphia has 34 district police stations. That's a lot too many. But city hall is reluctant to pare down the number because the district stations have become, over the years, the command posts of the ward politicians.

The politicians screamed last year when J. M. Leonard, a police efficiency consultant from Detroit, was called in to study Philadelphia and recommended cutting the number of district stations down to 15. His report was smeared. He made the mistake of being interested in good police work, not "good politics."

Judge Winnet, in the Crime Prevention Association's last annual report, called for "a re-examination of the Leonard Report to determine whether certain police stations can be closed and men returned to duty on the streets where they are vitally needed." He observed, "The crimes committed within the last few months should be sufficient proof that crime has no relationship to the existence or nonexistence of a police station in the vicinity. Criminals do not look to see if there is a police station near by, only *whether there is a policeman in sight.* Let us put more policemen in sight."

Judge Winnet decries the wastage of man power, the duplication of work, the archaic inefficiency of all these ward command posts. "It takes 22 men to man a police station," he points out. "Each station has its cells and turnkeys—going back to the days when you had to bring a prisoner in by horse and buggy. We could certainly use those turnkeys out on the street—protecting people!"

Politicians, by definition, hate to give up any headquarters of fixing and favors. In Philadelphia they also hate to give up their political strangle hold on the police. Richardson Dilworth, chairman of the Committee for Philadelphia, leading clean-government advocate and newly elected treasurer of the city, charges, "Many of our cops are forced to pay dues to the ward clubs every month. They have to kick in a day's pay to the machine fund before a primary election, two days' pay before a November election. This year some kick-ins ran as high as $400 and $500.

"If a cop won't pay his ward dues and assessments, some sergeants won't even let him report for work. He's got to be paid up. Or perhaps he'll find himself transferred to Siberia—pounding the hills from Manayunk to Roxborough. To get appointed to the force in the first place, some cops have had to pay the ward leader anywhere from $250 to $400. Do you wonder why the politicians don't want to let the cops out from under their thumbs?"

If the hoary district station system ever were discarded, what would take its place? Branch offices of police headquarters, of course—but strategically located with regard to crime problems, not politics. In addition, Judge Winnet suggests "mobile police stations." These would be squad vans which could pull up in a neighborhood and park at the curb, while their complement of cops went out on *foot patrol.*

"Each man would be within whistling distance of the radio-equipped 'mobile station,'" Winnet explains. "And at the same time we'd be able to cover our neighborhoods the way they should be covered—with men on foot beat."

Philadelphia has 236 Red Cars—police radio cars painted red with the police telephone number on their rear ends. Philadelphia has banked too heavily upon them. They are no substitute for the man on foot.

"What can you see from a Red Car cruising at 25 miles an hour?" asks Dr. Shalloo. Can you see a marauder in the bushes, a rapist in an alley, a mugger in a doorway, or a housebreaker at the back door? No, the radio car may be a great gadget to *pursue* criminals (or to get to the scene with great speed after a crime has already occurred), but it does little to *prevent* crime.

Dr. Shalloo hit the point squarely in his Police Panel report: "In crime prevention . . . *the chief protection of the citizen is the policeman on the street.*"

Contrast this with Philadelphia today. In the busy Sixth District, the Central City, I found 10 foot patrolmen trying to cover 22 beats. The district is the city's worst sink of crime, yet was less than 50 per cent protected. In the terror-ridden tenderloin of the Eighth District, there were only 17 men to cover 42 beats.

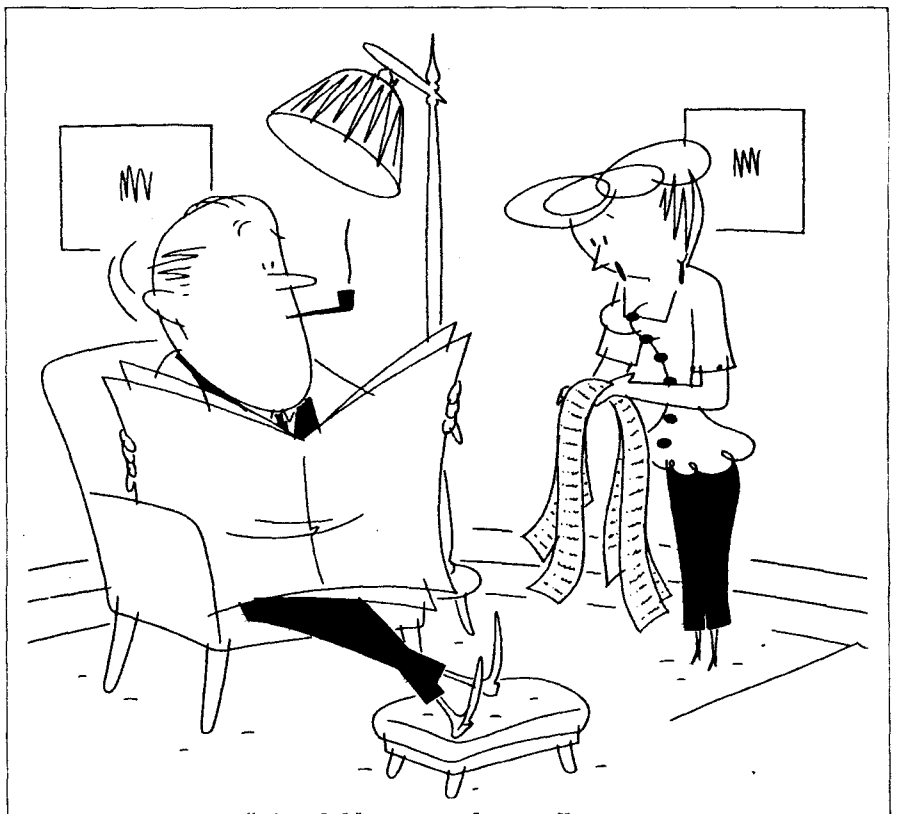
Eight police districts covering 8.8 per cent of the city account for more than 50 per cent of the crime. You'd think these vital spots would be doubly protected. When I spot-checked, one of these districts (the First) had only *one man* on foot beat, and another (the Ninth) had *none at all.*

Meanwhile the Red Cars cruised around, their radios crackling with calls like, "Boy shooting air rifle," "Woman lost door key, locked out," and "Man playing saxophone, meet complainant."

Fighting the hoodlum is guerrilla war. You've got to put the policeman on his biggest asset, his feet—not his buttocks. As Councilman James G. Clark, of West Philadelphia, remarks, "The people in my ward say, 'Here comes the law,' when they see a cop on the beat—and the bad actors behave themselves. When they don't see a cop around, they feel free to raise hell."

Or, as the psychiatrists put it, "Some people have a compulsion to commit crime. But they never seem to feel it when there's a policeman around!" THE END

This is the second of a series of articles on Terror in Our Cities. Howard Whitman's first article, on Detroit, was published in the November 19th Collier's. His next one, reporting on St. Louis, will be in an early issue



"The children have been telling me what they want for Christmas, dear. As of now, it comes to $37,853.74"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

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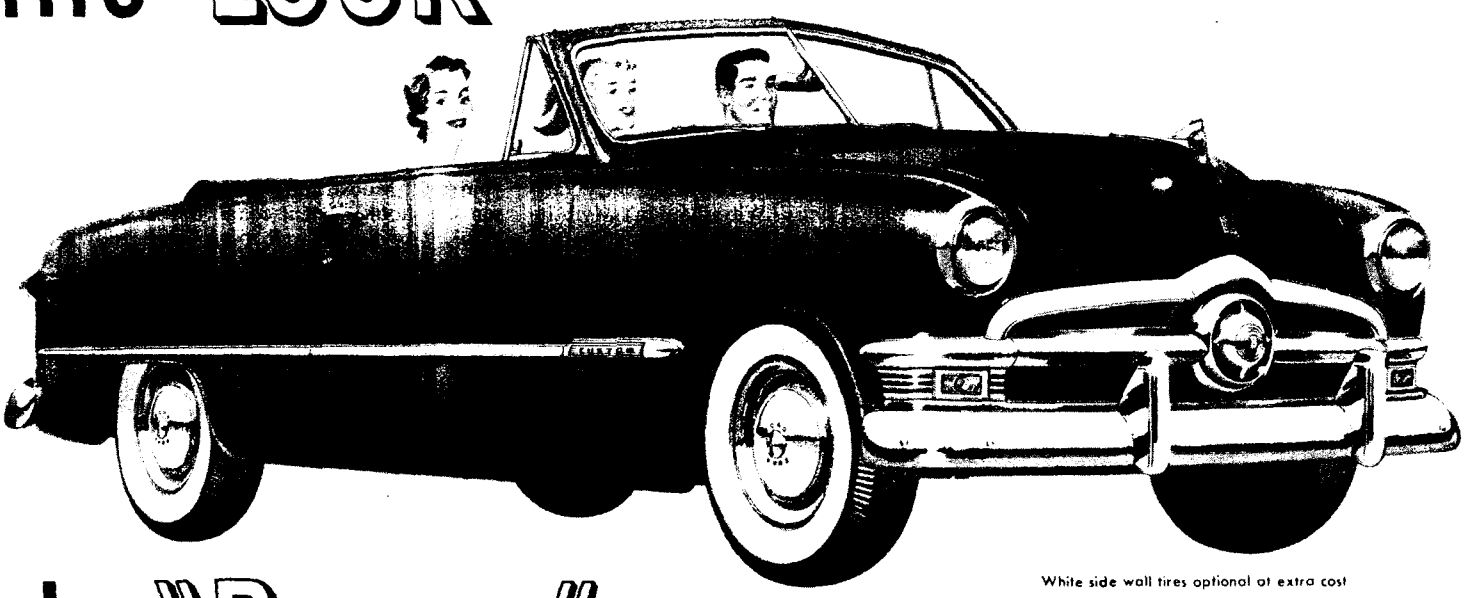
It has the "Look"

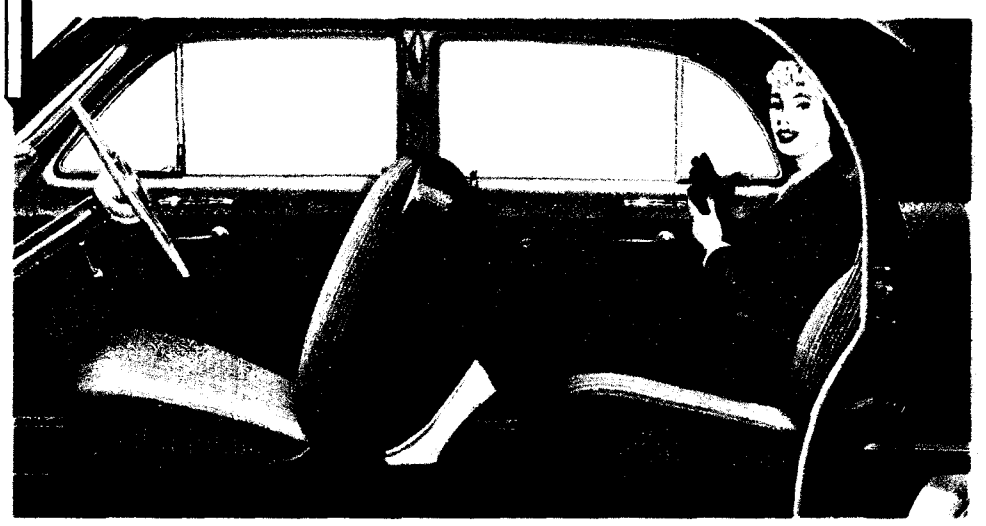
Yes, you'll say the '50 Ford tops them all for brilliant beauty—*both outside and in!* Here's true "Fashion Car" styling—in every line and every detail!



White side wall tires optional at extra cost

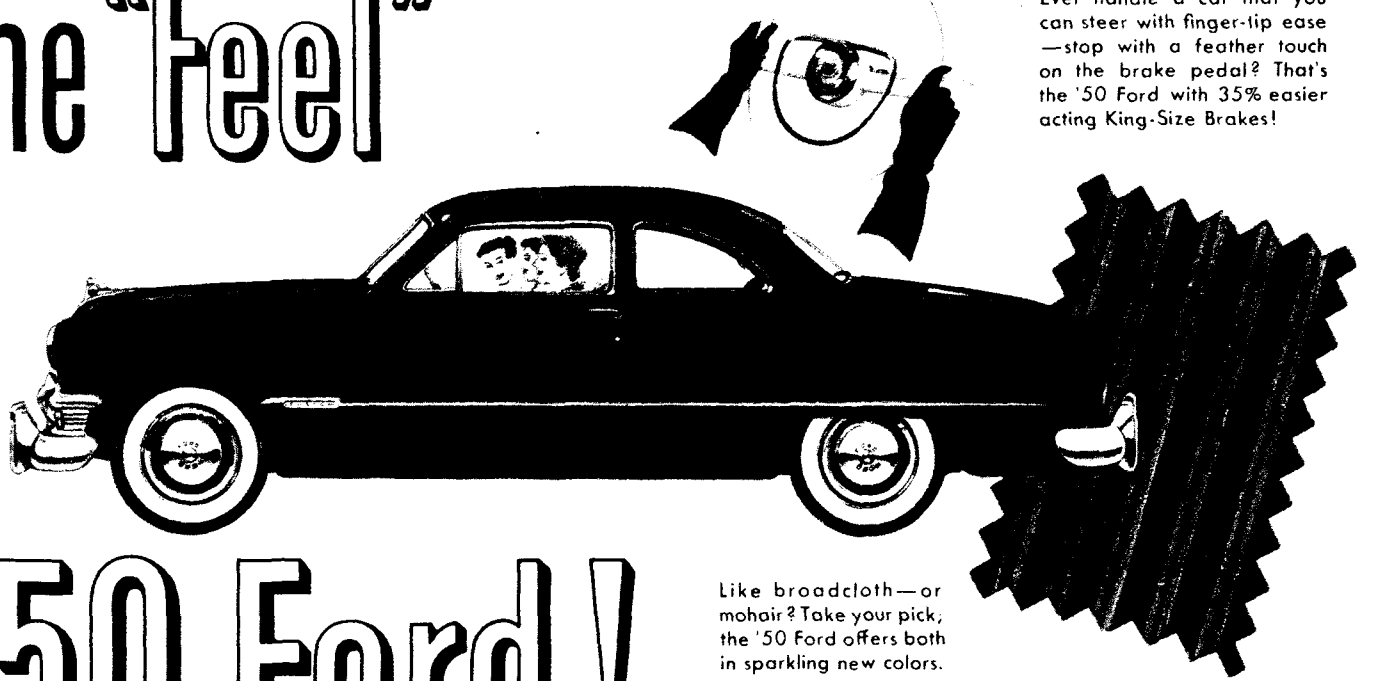
It has the "Room"

More hip and shoulder room than any other car in Ford's class! Plenty of legroom both front and rear. And more comfort with new nonsagging front seat springs and special foam-rubber seat cushion. No wonder people say the '50 Ford is the one fine car in the low-price field!



It has the "Feel"

Ever handle a car that you can steer with finger-tip ease—stop with a feather touch on the brake pedal? That's the '50 Ford with 35% easier acting King-Size Brakes!



50 ways new—that's Ford for '50! For example, just get the feel of the new 100 h.p. V-8! So quiet it whispers, so alive it puts you out front in any traffic situation!

Like broadcloth—or mohair? Take your pick; the '50 Ford offers both in sparkling new colors.

It's the '50 Ford!

There's a Ford in your future...with a future built in

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Cinderella Rides Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

the audience in the drawing room had accepted Myra's facile explanation of Miss Keegan's presence as a guest at Zydercliff. "We had a bet," Myra said airily. "Bessie said she could get away with it and I said she couldn't. I lost. I haven't won a bet this year. There wasn't," Myra said, looking sideways at Merryweather, "any reason for such a—spectacular denouement. It was just my idea of good clean fun."

"What difference does it make?" Cy Falkland kept saying. "Why shouldn't Myra invite her if she wanted to? I think she was wonderful."

So there was no need to mention any letter. Whether he would have funked that fence if Moose hadn't been there, Merryweather didn't know.

Cy Falkland was interested enough, though, when Mr. Merryweather described Papa and the Keegan family and the house at Tuckapack Junction. Interested enough so that Merryweather found himself repeating, almost with gusto, the fable of his old friendship with Bessie's papa. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to admit that he had met Papa only once. The sobriety brought on by the scene with Bessie passed as suddenly as it had come; tipsy and very sleepy, Merryweather demanded a room for the night. A servant bowed him out of the library, with Merryweather making one of the worst exits of his career.

Cy Falkland went over to the great bow window and stood staring out into the night. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and he remembered how when he was little his mother used to whisper, "Hush. That's Rip van Winkle bowling with his cronies up in the mountains."

In the days when she came often to Zydercliff, his mother used to walk on the great terrace the last thing at night, no matter what the weather.

NOW that he and Harvey Ruggles had closed their deal, she would walk there no more. He felt guilty and lonely, and if it had not been for the late hour, he would have telephoned his mother.

He had to talk to somebody. He turned to Moose, still sitting there, big and strangely quiet and guarded. But Cy didn't notice anything strange in Moose's manner—he was simply Moose, who had always been there, ever since Sonny died.

"I am going to marry that girl—if she'll have me," Cy said.

In silence, Moose looked at him. The muscles at the end of his jaw bunched. Otherwise, his face was impassive. His big hands curled into fists and he hit his thighs with them, making a sound like a muffled drum.

After a while he said, "Oh, I expect she'll have you."

His mind moved slowly, carefully, in time to the thud of his fists. This was his boy. Merryweather had told them the girl said flatly she meant to marry money. Should he bring that up? Maybe the boy had forgotten it. There was more behind all this than met the eye. Somebody was pushing somebody. He couldn't tell exactly who. That fellow Fuceli? Merryweather? Myra? Moose had by no means accepted the popular opinion that this was all exactly like Myra. Knowing Myra's attitude toward her maids, he could think of nothing less likely than for her to receive one of them on equal footing in Cy Falkland's house. The whole thing needed some sounder explanation than either Myra or Merryweather had given it. Later, Moose meant to get to the bottom of it.

Cautiously, he said, "If you're in love with her—"

"I wasn't sure till tonight," Cy Falkland said, "when I saw her run away—" His chin lifted haughtily. "It was hardly Merryweather's business to protect me by pulling a trick like that on a girl who was under my roof. I am over twenty-one, you know. If she came up here to marry me for my money it was certainly a sporting proposition, you'll have to admit. I do not wish to sound cynical, but there have been others with less excuse. And I have reason to think that wasn't the—I think she—"

The tips of his ears were red. He was remembering that breathless kiss, and the way the girl had clung to him.

"You think maybe she loves you for yourself?" Moose said. "I don't see any reason she shouldn't, if it comes to that. Still, it might be just as well to go a little slow. You haven't known her very long. Wives make a lot of difference in public life, you know. If you're on the level about getting into politics—"

"Moose," said Cyrus, grinning from ear to ear, "you are not using the old bean. If I got into politics, I would be the son-in-law of a member in good standing of the bricklayers' union. The labor vote won't come easy to a man of my background."

"Of course," Moose said, "if you're marrying the girl in cold blood for political advantage, that's another matter."

Cyrus let out a roar of exultant laughter. Then he grew suddenly serious. "Don't you see, Moose? She can teach me how her kind of people feel, what they think. She'll have a sympathy of the heart with problems I—I only understand academically. So together we can see both sides. One of the things that bothers me most is that nowadays nobody even wants to see both sides, or even admit the other guy has a side. She would keep close to the other side because she's one of them herself—"

"That the way you see it?" Moose said. "Didn't strike me she was exactly anxious to stay close to them."

Cyrus didn't hear him. He was remembering Bessie Keegan, and the hurt and desperate look on her face when she turned and fled. "I—I stand here talking—" he stammered.

He took the stairs three at a time. He knocked violently on the door of her room, but there was no answer. He finally flung open the door, his heart hammering in panic.

All the lights were on. The chair before the antique mahogany dressing table lay on its side. A pillow on the four-poster bed held the print of Bessie's head and—here Cyrus' heart turned over completely—a little wet patch that could only be tears.

The butler, who never went to bed before his master, was in his pantry enjoying his favorite midnight-to-dawn disk jockey. He turned the radio off respectfully when Cyrus banged open the door.

"Where is Miss Keegan?" said Cyrus.

"I don't know exactly, sir," the butler said. "But Mr. Fuceli asked me to give her a message, saying he would be glad to convey her wherever she wished to go if—I understood him to say—she wanted to get the hell out of this dump."

"She—went with him?" Mr. Falkland said.

"I am of that impression, sir," the butler said primly. "She came through my pantry—the young man was waiting at the back, sir—but she didn't speak to me and I—"

A GROAN came back to him as Cyrus went through the swinging door like a fullback. Cyrus ran upstairs and knocked impatiently on the door of the guest room to which Myra had assigned Merryweather. He entered unceremoniously. Merryweather put his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone which was, after many delays, connected with the Dower House in Maryland.

"Where does Bessie live?" Cyrus said, in a low, cold voice.

Into the phone, Merryweather said, "Would you hold on a minute? Someone has come in—"

"Who are you talking to?" Cyrus said, rather rudely.

"If you'd rather I didn't use your goddam telephone," Merryweather said, "just say so. Meantime, a man's right of privacy—"

"All right!" Cyrus shouted. "Suppose we've driven her to do something silly—something desperate? A girl like that—imagine her maybe marrying a rat like—"

"What rat?" Merryweather said.

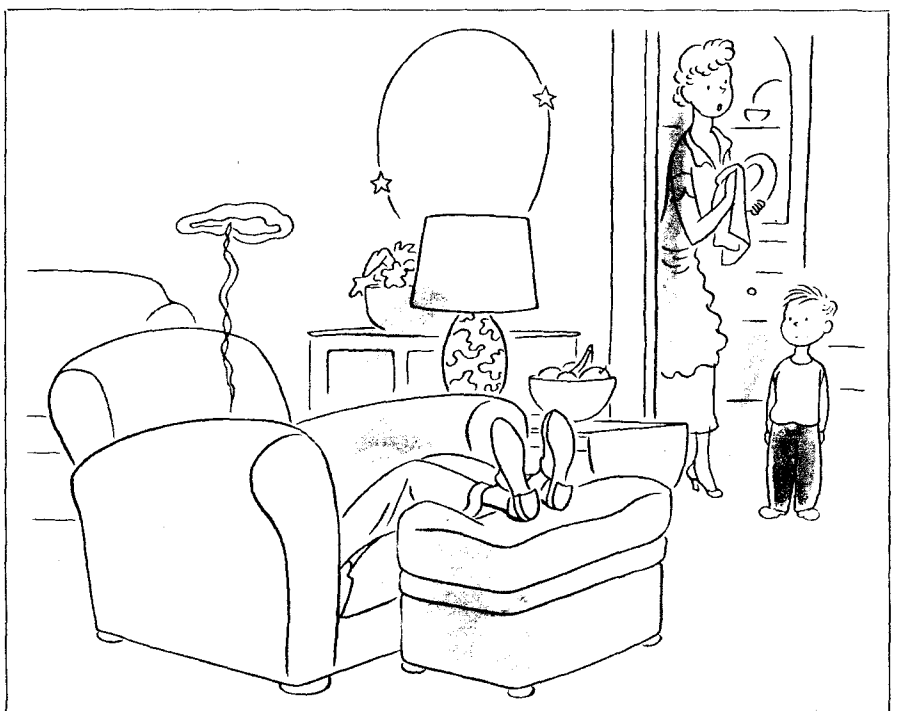
"She left with that Fuceli," Cyrus said, "and no wonder, the way you treated her. Where has she gone?"

"I didn't know she'd gone," Merryweather said. "But it's Sunday. You can't get married on Sunday. Or buried, for that matter."

"Where does she live?"

Merryweather told him. Cyrus left as abruptly as he had entered. Merryweather said into the telephone, "It might save time, if we met in New York. If you could make it."

A big car, already doing sixty, roared by under the window. Merryweather went downstairs. Even if daylight was still hours away, he had to arrange for transportation to New York. He knew now that he had



"Well, just look around for him. He's in his chair somewhere"

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made a serious blunder in telling Cyrus Sayre Falkland who Bessie Keegan really was. With all of Merryweather's experience—he told himself—you would think he'd know better than to trust an idealist. There was no doubt about it: young Cyrus meant to marry this girl. Merryweather could see only one way to head it off. He would have to get Antoinette Falkland on the job as soon as possible.

THE dawn that followed the violent storm of the night was clear and brilliant. In Tuckapack, New Jersey, Mr. James Keegan arose at six o'clock, in spite of his bedtime resolution that he would have a nice late sleep. The truth was that Papa had become the slave of a hobby, as is often the way with lonely men. The children were pretty well grown up now; they went about their own affairs most of the time and—except for Bessie—Papa couldn't say that he missed them much. But he missed Bessie a lot: she was so much like Mother. And—in spite of her uppity ways—Bessie always paid attention when Papa spoke and seemed interested in what he said.

He wished she were here now, and he fought down an impulse toward self-pity as he made himself a cup of coffee in the kitchen. He went out to the shed back of the house, where the tools and materials of his hobby were kept. Papa was an amateur lapidary, and all during the war, along with other amateurs, he had used his talents in the service of the government—working on gems for instrument panels in airplanes, gravity crystals for radar, jewels for timers.

But all that was past, and Papa wasn't sorry. He liked to work on stones for their own sake, simply because they were beautiful and there was little enough beauty in Papa's life. Right now he was polishing a piece of jade to make a pin for Bessie. It already shone like a spring leaf; but with hands as precise as a surgeon's, Papa resumed his work. It would have to be very beautiful to be good enough for Bessie.

As he worked, his head was filled with images of lovely stones: fire opal, carnelian, chrysoprase, turquoise, garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, star rose quartz, obsidian . . .

It was a world into which Papa could escape, remote from the dinginess of Tuckapack and the grind of his daily life. An added pleasure in the work this shining Sunday morning was that he was expecting a visitor—a fellow hobbyist with whom he had been conducting a correspondence about agates. Papa held strong views on agates, and it pleased him to learn that Mr. Chauncey Jackson shared his views.

Only the other day there had been a letter from Mr. Jackson—who traveled in drugs—saying that business was taking him to New Brunswick and that he hoped to be able to visit Tuckapack on Sunday. "I will bring some agates," Mr. Jackson wrote, "that will knock your eye out."

After he had polished the jade for a time, Papa noticed that something was blocking the light from the open door. He looked up and saw a tall, slender young man standing in the doorway.

"Come right in," Papa said. He chuckled. Here it was only six thirty, but lapidaries were like that. Enthusiasts. Couldn't wait. "You're a mite earlier than I expected, but I'm glad to see you."

"I was afraid," the young man said as they shook hands, "I might be a mite late."

"Set down," Papa said. "You're younger than I expected."

The young man didn't sit down. The small space of the tool shed was a little narrow for him, but the way he moved, light and under control, showed he was an outdoor feller. Must be money in drugs, the way he was dressed. Probably bought his dude clothes over to Butte.

"I'll be thirty my next birthday," the young man said, a little huffily.

"Let's see them agates," Mr. Keegan said, anxious to put him at ease.

The young man stared. "I think there's been some mistake. I haven't got—"

"Young man," said Papa, "you ain't gone and got robbed in some roadhouse—or give them gems to some floozy, have you?"

"No, no," said the young man desperately. "But you see I came to find Bessie. Is she home yet?"

"Bessie?" Papa repeated slowly. He said, "Ain't you Mr. Jackson from Wolf Point, Montana?"

The young man shook his head. "My name," he said, "is Falkland." He hesitated. There had been too many misunderstandings already. Better to get it out in the open. "Cyrus Sayre Falkland," he said.

Mr. Keegan's eyes bugged. A man couldn't very well not know the name of Cyrus Sayre Falkland. It was always in the papers, alongside of the Rockefellers or the Vanderbilts or the Du Ponts or the Astors.

"No, Bessie ain't home," Papa said. "What'd you want with her?"

CYRUS looked at his watch. "For four hours and twenty-five minutes," he said, "I have wanted to ask her to marry me. Only she ran away."

"How'd she come to do that?" Papa said. He had begun to tremble inside and his voice shook. "It's not like Bessie to run away."

"There was a misunderstanding," Cyrus said. "I—she went away with a friend—named Fuceli."

"Jake?" Papa said. "What was Jake Fuceli doing—"

"I think," Cyrus said, and a warm, irresistible smile lighted his haggard young face, "I think he was trying to steal my girl. He seemed to think he had a prior claim. Did he?"

For the first time, Papa looked directly into the young man's eyes. To his surprise, what he saw there was suffering. From his way of talking, Papa hadn't expected this and it slowed him down. He said, "Not a claim exactly, though maybe he thought he did because he'd been trying a long time."

"I'm prepared to dispute it anyhow," Cyrus said. "You don't think she'd run off and—do anything foolish, without telling you?"

"No, she wouldn't," Papa said stoutly.

COLLIER'S "Oh, it's not to wear—it's for a Christmas gift" DORIS MATTHEWS

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"And—I might just as well tell you, I'm against her marrying you, too. Bessie don't really know—it wouldn't do. I'd rather she married Jake. It'd be more natural."

"What's the matter with me?" the young man said, with a surge of wrath in his voice.

"You got too much money," Mr. Keegan said weakly. "You seem a nicer young feller than I'd of thought from what I read in the papers, but for a girl raised like my Bessie's been it wouldn't come to any good. All those yachts and palaces."

"I've sold my yacht and a couple of palaces," Cyrus said. "What have you got against money? Most of the fathers and mothers I've met—"

"It leads into temptation," Papa said.

"So does not having any," Cyrus told him. "Bessie's the first girl I've ever been really off my head about—and you won't let me have her because I have money. Is that democratic? Is there one law for the poor and another for the rich?"

BEFORE Papa could answer, they heard the squeal of a car's brakes out on the narrow driveway. They both walked to the door and saw Jake Fuceli's car parked at the curb.

Behind the wheel they could see Jake's dark face turned toward them. Bessie sat next to him, leaning her bare head against the window. The fear which had ridden with Cy Falkland all the way from Zydercliff through thunder and lightning and buckets of rain departed and left him helpless and dizzy with relief.

Bessie got out and stood on the curb. The expensive dress no longer floated and flowed; it hung damp and limp. An ivory sport coat was flung over her shoulders like a cape. In her hand she was carrying a pair of muddy silver slippers, all heel and no toe; she was in her stocking feet and looked very little.

She was trying to say good-by to Jake Fuceli. But Jake slid from behind the wheel and stood face to face with her, talking violently. Their lips moved but Cyrus and Papa couldn't hear their words. When Bessie started away, Jake put his hands on her shoulders; his fingers curved in deep, and she hung helpless as a rag doll in his grip.

Cyrus came out of his trance and began to run.

Bessie wrenched herself free and slapped Jake Fuceli. The slap rang like the sharp crack of a rifle.

"You hellcat!" Jake Fuceli yelled at her.

"Quit kidding," Bessie said coldly.

It was half a block from the tool shed. By the time Cyrus arrived, Jake Fuceli had leaped into his car. The car bucked noisily down the street, spattering mud in every direction.

Bessie Keegan watched him go. Her back was to Cy Falkland, and she didn't seem to see or hear anything. It was as though that slap had taken the last spurt of her strength and she didn't ever expect to have enough to move again. There was mud all over her coat and a smear on her chin.

She wished she'd slapped Jake harder. All the way from Zydercliff he had taunted her, arguing that she would have to marry him, now that she had been exposed by Merryweather as a climber and a gold digger. Through Jake's scornful and sometimes indecent words, Bessie had relived her humiliation at Zydercliff, had quivered again under the mockery in Myra Matthewson's eyes. But now she couldn't feel any more.

Wearily she turned and saw Cy Falkland.

She shook her head to get rid of this phantom. Was Cyrus Sayre Falkland going to haunt her forever? She waved the muddy, silver slippers at him crazily. "Oh, go away. Just go away. Please," she said.

"I will not," Cyrus said.

She took two or three faltering steps to him and made a gesture of childish misery and appeal, and he took her in his arms. Cyrus Sayre Falkland knew he was in love.

He said, "Will you marry me?"

In his arms, she was utterly still. Then she pulled herself away and looked at him.

"You—want to marry me?" she said.

"If you can love me," Cyrus said.

Her eyes grew soft with gratitude and she began to cry, rubbing tears away with both dirty hands like a child. Holding onto him with both hands, she hid her face against him. He could feel her breathing grow quieter and quieter as he held her. Then she stood on tiptoe, her arms went around his neck, and their lips met.

"That means you'll marry me, doesn't it?" Cyrus asked, after a moment.

Bessie nodded. Mad exultation was beginning to pump from her heart, flooding out all the poisons of despair and fatigue. He was touched by the warmth of her eyes as they looked up into his. He could not know what fantasies swirling in her brain created that warmth. For Bessie was seeing all that she thought had escaped her during those hideous moments at Zydercliff. She was seeing Zydercliff itself, and the house parties she would give there—house parties at which *she* would be hostess, and to which Myra Matthewson might or might not be invited. She was seeing the Falkland mansion on Fifth Avenue, of which she would be mistress.

"But there are problems, darling," Cyrus said—for he saw none of these things. He saw only the warmth in the eyes of this very little girl. "That meddling Merryweather will have got to my mother by now. I must go to see her quickly. She"—he hesitated—"she may not approve of our getting married."

"I know," Bessie said gravely.

Cyrus turned her gently around and pointed to the door of the tool shed at the end of the driveway, where Papa still stood. He had been watching them all this while.

"Your Papa doesn't approve either," Cyrus said.

"Why?" Bessie said. "It doesn't matter—but why doesn't he approve?"

"He thinks I'm too rich," Cyrus said.

Nobody is too rich—nobody is ever too rich, Bessie Keegan said, but not aloud. Aloud she said, "I'll explain it to Papa so he'll understand." And then they walked along the driveway to meet Mr. Keegan.

AT THE Falkland mansion on Fifth Avenue, John V. Merryweather was perishing for a drink but didn't quite dare ask for one. He was cross and sleepy after his journey from Zydercliff in a car driven by a chauffeur who resented being routed out of bed before dawn and had taken out his resentment on Merryweather by driving at a turtle's pace all the way.

Mrs. Antoinette Falkland should also have been weary after her drive from Dower House; but she was pacing the big downstairs sitting room as though she were Queen Elizabeth striding England's beaches to defy the Armada.

"If you will stop looking like a mad hare, Lissa," she said to her maid, "you might be able to get Mr. Merryweather a drink. It's plain that he wants one."

Lissa left to get the drink.

"You tell me my son has been ensnared by a servant girl from Suffolk Acres," Mrs. Falkland said, coming to a halt in front of Merryweather. "I don't believe it. I know you newspapermen. Interfering, meddlesome busybodies."

Lissa brought a small glass of whisky and a large one of water. On the tray they sounded like castanets. Merryweather accepted them gratefully.

"What's this about a letter?" Mrs. Falkland said.

Merryweather blinked. "I didn't mention a letter," he said.

"Yes you did. On the telephone when you were so excited."

"Oh, that," said Merryweather. "I just said I supposed he might have written her one. Men do."

"Even if he did," Mrs. Falkland said, "I suppose we could buy it, couldn't we? From a girl like that? Myra Matthewson's maid! Did Myra have a hand in this? There's a harpy—I never could stand her. Margaret."

Margaret Sawyer came quietly out of the

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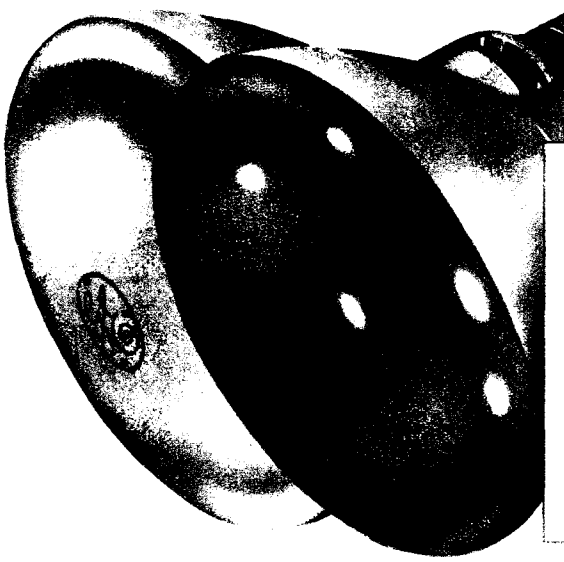

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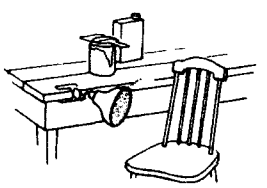

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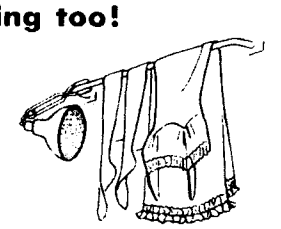

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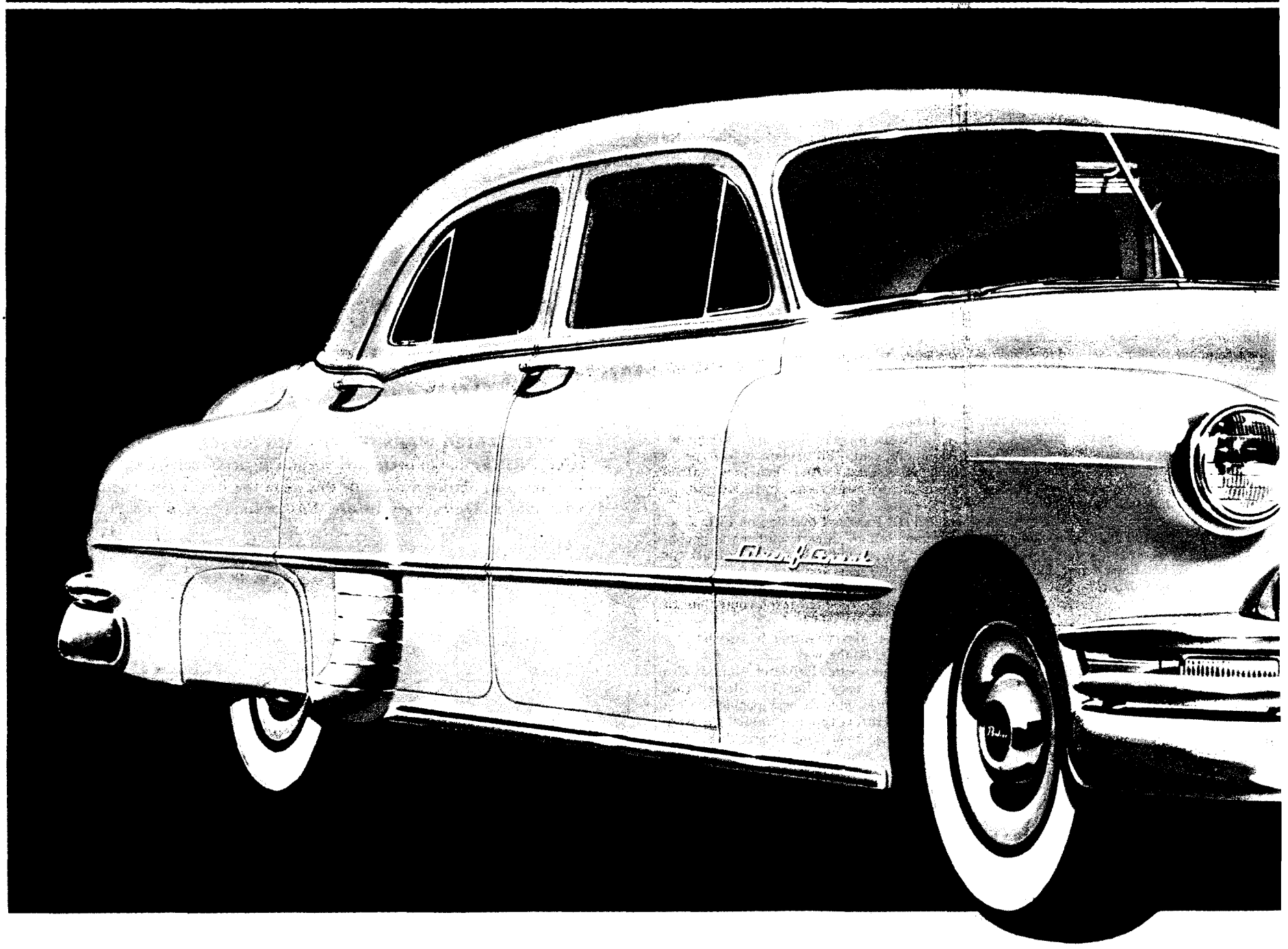

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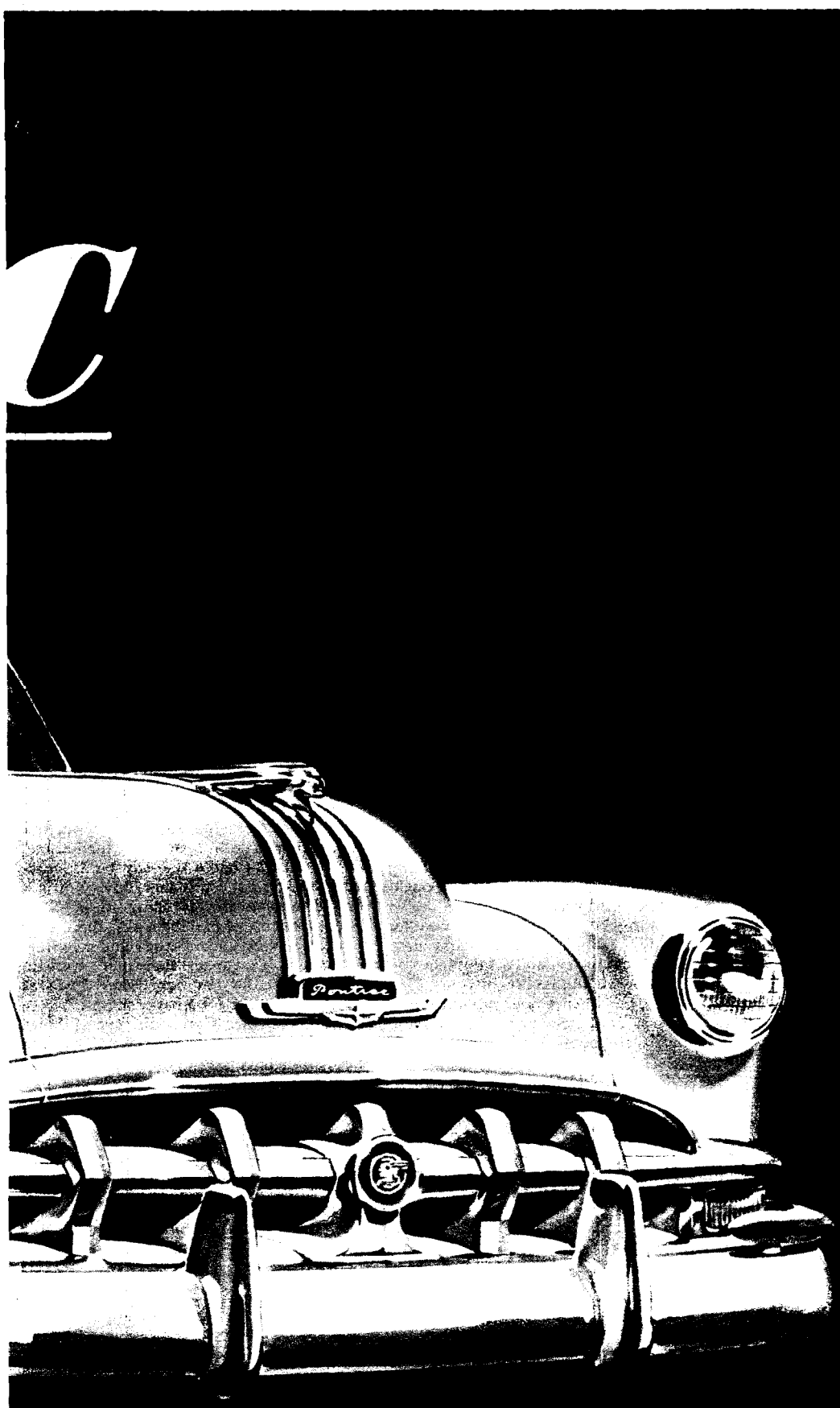

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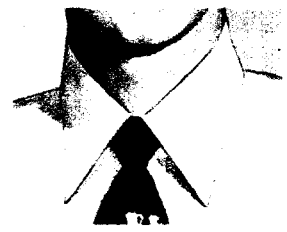

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shadow, where good secretaries spend so much of their time.

"Get Mr. Ashenden in Washington," Mrs. Falkland said. "Tell him to come up. Lawyers! He's the best of a bad bunch. And tell Lissa if she can't make a cup of coffee stronger than this dishwater I can always get someone who can. Now, Mr. Merryweather, get on with it. Does Cyrus fancy himself in love with this young woman?"

Merryweather felt cowed and disheartened. He had done his best to protect the lady of his dreams from disaster, and she had turned into a DuLac of Maryland, descendant of the first Lord Baltimore, dowager of the Falkland empire, right before his startled eyes.

"Yes—he's in love with her," Merryweather said, "for whatever that's worth."

"We can't have Cyrus making a fool of himself at this point. Sonny always warned me that Cyrus' heart ruled his head."

Lissa came in with the coffee, Mrs. Falkland poured a cup and nodded and Lissa went out, eyes averted, as though the devil were after her.

Margaret Sawyer came back to say Mr. Ashenden would take an early plane the next day, if he could cancel an appointment with the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mrs. Falkland drained the coffee and said, "Tell Ashenden to cancel the appointment and take the first morning plane. Now, Mr. Merryweather, this won't do, you know. This Bessie Keegan—you know that as well as I do. You're not stupid."

To his amazement, Merryweather heard himself say in a loud voice, "What's wrong with it? New blood. The girl's papa is a good, honest workingman. What I've seen since I got to be a society editor, he could do worse."

Mrs. Falkland stared at him. "A few minutes ago," she said, "you were calling her a gold digger and a menace. You ought to know your own mind."

"I know my own mind," Merryweather said crossly, "*I* don't want to marry anybody from New Jersey, do I? I thought you ought to know about that boy of yours. He's a good boy, but when a boy gets stuck on a girl that's as cold-blooded as this one and left-handed to boot—maybe you might want—"

Mrs. Falkland did not seem to be listening to him. In a high, clear voice, she called, "Margaret." Her lips were white. Miss Sawyer and Lissa came. They helped her into the tiny elevator and went upstairs. Merryweather saw her face and thought she was trying to smile at him.

She hadn't told him to go. Probably just upset. Going to have a good fit of female hysterics over this misalliance.

Merryweather sat down, firmly, on the most uncomfortable chair it had ever been his misfortune to meet. Until Cyrus Sayre Falkland showed up, he did not propose to leave his post. If the world's most eligible bachelor was going to marry Bessie Keegan, it was the greatest Cinderella story of the decade and Merryweather did not propose to be scooped on his own yarn.

He settled back, groaning a little, and went to sleep.

HOW long Merryweather slept he never knew, but he woke up to find Cyrus Sayre Falkland shaking him, and being fairly unpleasant about it.

"Where is my mother?" Cyrus said. He had let himself in, without disturbing the servants.

"Upstairs," Merryweather said coldly. "I guess she's getting ready to disinherit you. Her lawyer's coming from Washington tomorrow."

"You'd have done us a favor," Cyrus said, "if you'd let me tell her about this myself."

"Why should I do you a favor?" Merryweather said.

Cyrus gave him a tired grin. "You got me," he said, and started toward the stairs.

Merryweather stopped him. "You going to marry Bessie Keegan?"

Cyrus estimated Mr. Merryweather carefully. If Merryweather had been ten years younger and fifty pounds heavier, Cy would have heaved him through the front door.

"I must talk to my mother," he said. "You'll grant she has a right to hear what I have to say, won't you?"

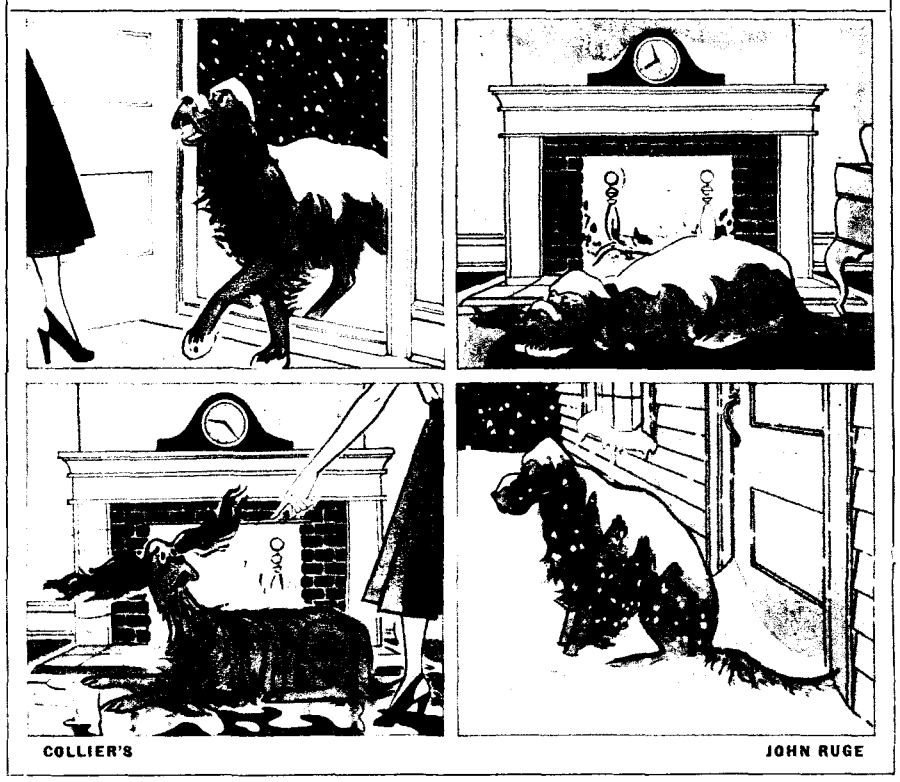
"I got some rights, too," Merryweather said. "There's no use you being mad at me. I did the best I could the way I was situated. But you got a problem, boy. You got any idea what this is going to be like? Twenty minutes after it breaks, there'll be more reporters and photogs and newsreel cameras in Tuckapack than there were in Flemington. But I'm right here. I was at Zydercliff. And I got a paper myself."

In a harsh voice, Cyrus said several things which did not interest Merryweather; even the Chronicle couldn't print them.

"Sure," said Merryweather, "you'd like to find a garden small by a waterfall or a little gray home in the West or something. It's tough. You try ducking the newspapers at this point and it'll get tougher."

Cy Falkland winced and, for a moment, looked merely young and very wretched.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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Then a forbidding change came over him. His face had that look it wore when he talked about politics and the responsibilities of wealth. In a voice of authority, he said, "All right. You're right. Only I must talk to my mother." He frowned at Merryweather, then his teeth showed very white in his tanned face. "You stay here, Merryweather. I'll be back sooner than you'll care to have me—but you'll get a story for your scurrilous tip sheet."

Cyrus went upstairs, and Merryweather leaned back in the uncomfortable chair, wondering if he could get hold of Lissa and wheedle another drink out of her.

Maybe he ought to go call up Bessie. No. If he knew his Bessie, she was too smart to talk now. Moreover, he could not kid himself that Bessie felt very kindly toward Mr. John V. Merryweather.

He'd saved Moose. He must remember to see that Bessie had destroyed that letter; women loved to keep old letters. He had also done his best to prove his fealty to his liege lady, Antoinette Falkland.

Now here was a poor brat from New Jersey, a rank outsider, a 100-1 shot, winning the Falkland Matrimonial Sweepstakes. So—she hadn't ridden straight all the way. People didn't. Otherwise they wouldn't have to have stewards on every turn. Kids got hot, wanting to win. He sort of felt his heart had come home. Besides, that's where the story was: a little Irish girl—north *or* south—had won—

Or had she? He pulled himself up, jarred by a sudden misgiving. Was she going to be nosed out at the wire? Would Antoinette Falkland, that imperious lady, have her way about Cyrus' marriage, as she had her way about most things? Once again Merryweather settled back in his chair to wait them out.

AT ZYDERCLIFF, Moose Matthewson was saying quietly to his wife, "I don't believe that's your idea of a joke. You must have known she was after Cy." He went and stood over her, and she lifted bright, defiant eyes. "Your egotism makes a fool of you sometimes, Myra. What did she have on you, to get you to agree to such a deal? I remember the day I came into your room in New York, I didn't recognize her—but I remember now I thought you looked strange. How did she force your hand?"

"The whole thing is so tiresome. You're behaving like a jealous schoolboy."

"No," said Moose, "I'm not. You might as well tell me, because I'm going to find out if I have to wring somebody's neck." He began to put on his coat. "I'm going to find Cy now. I shouldn't have let him go alone. I expect it's too late but—I ought to be with him. And—Myra, I'm going to find out."

Upstairs, Germaine Landis lay stretched on her bed, staring at the ceiling, not bothering to wipe away the tears. Just wondering what it was a man *wanted*.

IN TUCKAPACK, Jake Fuceli was on his knees in front of the safe in which he kept the profits of the First Class Garage; his face was still dark with congested blood. Whatever it was Bessie had put in his safe, it had sure been important to her. Well, it might be important to Jake Fuceli, too.

It had been his right to go after her. She'd been a teaser, leading him on, using him when he was the best she could do, making him half promises. Then slapping him. In the face. Bessie ought to have better sense than to think she could slap Jake Fuceli and get away with it.

He read the letter.

A fine kind of people Bessie'd been getting herself mixed up with. A rotten bunch, all right. He didn't mind her blackmailing them. They had it coming. But Bessie ought to know that blackmail can work both ways. He put the letter back in the safe.

A few blocks away, Bessie Keegan was waiting for the telephone to ring.

Of course Papa was talking. "—it's not money," he said. "It's the love of money that's the root of all evil. I take it this young man's got some sound ideas. I haven't got anything against him personally; we talked very friendly together. But it's against my principles any one man should have that much money, Bessie."

"Look, Papa," Bessie said. "I love you. I'm doing the best I can, but if you don't shut up I'll strangle you. Look, Papa—I'm waiting to hear if I'm really going to marry a man with a couple of billion dollars, and you keep preaching sermons."

Sorrowfully, Mr. Keegan looked at his daughter; then he went out to the kitchen.

In the shabby parlor, over the threadbare rug, Bessie paced back and forth. Her nervous steps never took her far from the dark alcove under the stairs where the telephone was.

"I'll call you, dearest," Cyrus had said, "as soon as I've talked to Mother."

Imploringly, Bessie looked at the telephone, as though it would ring out of sheer pity for her. I should never have let him out of my sight, she told herself. I should never have let him go to see his horrid old mother, who is probably talking him out of it right this minute.

ANTOINETTE FALKLAND looked at her son in a silence that had already lasted several minutes. Everything had been said, she supposed; everything that either of them could possibly say. Cyrus sat on a chair very close to her bed, and she knew she was defeated because he was still smiling.

Steadily, sensibly, stubbornly, hotly, Antoinette Falkland had, for the first time, opposed her son. Over and over she had told him the things he already knew concerning the position his wife must occupy in the world if they were to carry on the Falkland tradition. Delicately at first, then bluntly, she had showed him how impossible it would be for a girl like Bessie Keegan to assume those duties and responsibilities which for so long had been Antoinette Falkland's. To preside, for example, over the famous Kitchen Cabinet and all the destinies and lives it controlled.

Not once had his sweetness deserted him. He had granted her points and countered them with Bessie's native ability, her strength, her talents; and he had underlined, with special pleading, the advantage of her firsthand knowledge and experience of so many things which Cyrus would need to understand if he were to succeed in the career he had chosen.

"She'll need help," he had said, tenderly. "Of course, she will. But you'll teach her, you'll train her, you'll put her on the right road. In the end, you'll be proud of her. Think how far she's come without any help at all. Doesn't that prove anything? She's a worker, darling, not a spoiled and pampered daughter of the idle rich. If Bessie and I belong to different worlds—then they're worlds that ought to be brought together. There are stiff-necked people in both worlds who try to keep them apart."

Now Cyrus was about to break the silence which separated them for the first time in their lives. He gave the only argument which could move Antoinette Falkland—the unanswerable argument.

In a low voice he said, "You see, we love each other. The first time we saw each other she was standing there by the wall at Zydercliff . . ."

Wasn't that what had happened to Antoinette DuLac and Fergus Falkland? Across a crowded room, as the new song had it, neither of them knowing who the other was. Even now she could remember that first long look as though it had been only yesterday.

This was the one thing she had asked for Cyrus. The ecstasy of love. She heard the ring of it in his voice. This was the one thing she had asked for him—and now she must abide by the answer to her prayer.

In a choked voice, she said, "Cyrus, there is one thing you must do for me." She began to laugh, helplessly. "Promise me you will tell Lissa yourself. I cannot live without Lissa and Margaret, and I am sure they will give notice. I don't think they would work for a family whose only son married a lady's maid. They are such snobs, poor

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dears. You'll have to get their consent. They'll do anything for you."

Cyrus took her very gently in his arms. "Why, angel," he said, "you're crying."

"So are you," said Mrs. Antoinette Falkland.

"I am at that," Cyrus said. He kissed her and stood up with exaggerated decision.

"Now," he said, "we must tell the town crier. I hate it, but it must be done." He went to the door, opened it and shouted down the stairs. "Merryweather! Oyez, oyez, oyez, Mr. Merryweather!"

There was a thud and a bang below.

"Like to be the first to congratulate me?" Cyrus Sayre Falkland shouted.

Merryweather shouted back. It had happened. What a yarn! And it was all his own. After he broke it, as an exclusive in the Chronicle, there would be more newspapermen and cameras and radio and television equipment in action than at a four-alarm fire. Meantime, he, John V. Merryweather, had a comfortable lead.

"When are you getting married?" he shouted. "And where?"

BACK in the Keegan parlor in Tuckapack, the telephone call came just in time. Bessie had almost given up. She was certain the decision had gone against her. But now, as she held the receiver with shaking hand, her heart leaped in triumph when she heard Cyrus' voice.

"Will you hang on a second, sweet?" he said. "My mother wants to speak to you." Then came that other voice, gentle and friendly: "Elizabeth? Cyrus tells me you have promised to marry him. I'm happy for you both. Will you forgive me if I don't make the long trip to see you? I'm an old woman, you know, and Cyrus says he will bring you here—"

Papa stood fidgeting at her elbow. "Bessie," he said, "what—?"

Bessie put her hand over the mouthpiece. "Shut up, Papa," she said fiercely; and into the telephone in the soft accents she had worked so hard to master, she murmured, "But of course—you mustn't dream of making such a tiring trip, Mrs. Falkland."

Now Cyrus was talking again. No, Bessie told him firmly, he mustn't come to Tuckapack. She would take the next train and be in New York before nightfall.

Her hand was much firmer when she hung up the receiver. She smiled at Papa and kissed him on the forehead. "I'm sorry I was mean," she said. "It was just— Well, Papa, a girl doesn't get married every day."

Papa put his arm around her. Then he rushed in his vest pocket, came up with something and handed it to her.

"I'd like for you to wear it at your wedding, Bessie," he said. "I kind of had to hurry to finish it, and maybe it ought to be polished more. But I would kind of like for you to wear it at your wedding."

It was a jade pin. Bessie mustered up a smile. "It's pretty, Papa," she said. As she rushed upstairs to pack, she smiled again—a different kind of smile. Jade! For a girl who was on her way to diamonds. Poor Papa! . . .

Cyrus met her at the station in New York.

"Your mother—didn't she mind?" Bessie asked when he had kissed her. She liked to have Cyrus kiss her; it was pleasant in itself, and besides every kiss was a reminder of the fact—the astonishing fact which Bessie could still hardly believe—that she was going to be married to this man and his millions.

"My mother is in seventh heaven," Cyrus said. "She knows I'm in love—and that's all Mother ever really wanted for me. Darling, let's get married right away."

Bessie stepped away from him. "Right away? You mean today? It's—it's Sunday." Her voice faltered a little.

"If we announce our engagement and then get married later," Cyrus said, "we'll have to go through it twice. There is going to be a certain amount of commotion about this, you know," he said, tilting her head back to kiss her again.

Well, I should hope so, Bessie Keegan thought. She was thinking fast. She had to. Of course she didn't want to get married right away. What girl would? All the shopping for a trousseau, the presents, the parties for Cyrus Sayre Falkland's fiancée. On the other hand, you never knew. Things could happen. Plenty of people might try to stop her still.

"All right," Bessie said. "Whenever you like. But if you don't mind," she added softly, "I'd like to be married in church."

"I think," Cyrus said, "my mama would like that, too. Let's ask her."

Oddly enough, Bessie Keegan gained courage and confidence as she walked into the famous Fifth Avenue mansion of the Falklands, just as she had gained it at Zydercliff. Her head was high as she went through the great paneled door. This was something like. Once you had that kind of money, what could anybody do to you?

Mrs. Falkland was alone in her upstairs sitting room.

"Angel—" Cy said, and she got up and came toward them.

For a long moment, Bessie and Antoinette Falkland looked at each other.

She's younger than I thought, Bessie said to herself, and—she's the real thing. This is it. If I don't look out, I'll curtsy.

What did I expect? Antoinette Falkland thought, bewildered. This isn't a peasant girl, a typical daughter of the working people. Or is it?

A great and terrible fear descended upon her. She doesn't love anyone but herself, she thought, and it is too late. Her creed is selfishness and the selfish triumph. Unless—but what can I do when the time left me is so short?

Bessie Keegan's thoughts were not so articulate. But she knew she stood before standards of conduct which were being slowly submerged in the world, and with which she had never agreed. She's like Papa, she thought in surprise.

They had, as women do, forgotten the man who was the link between them.

His mother remembered him first. She put one hand on his arm and looked up at him. "You didn't tell me Elizabeth was so little," she said.

Don't let it fool you, Bessie wanted to say. But she didn't. Bessie said, "It's still all like a dream to me."

THREE days later Cyrus Sayre Falkland and Elizabeth Keegan were married in the old white church at Mount Front Royal, Maryland, whose spire could be seen from the windows of Dower House.

In spite of the short time allotted them, the papers had done very well by Bessie. On every front page was Bessie Keegan—Bessie with her papa, the bricklayer from Tuckapack; Bessie with her future mother-in-law; Bessie with her future husband.

At the old-fashioned altar hung with flowers, Bessie stood shyly in her simple white wedding gown and the priceless rose-point veil which Antoinette DuLac had worn so many years ago. In a front pew, Mrs. Falkland thought the girl was lovely; there was a look about her—

We are gathered together in the sight of God and of this company—

Bessie, looking up at the old, old minister, wished the company was considerably larger. There were only Papa, in his best blue suit to give her away; and Mrs. Falkland, with Margaret Sawyer on one side of her and Lissa on the other; a few of Cyrus' war buddies, and a handful of the Falklands' most intimate friends. Moose Matthewson was Cy's best man, and Germaine Landis was the only bridesmaid. Myra Matthewson had a cold, and couldn't be there.

Then they fought their way back through the press and the people, to Dower House. They posed and posed and posed for pictures, and Lissa helped the new Mrs. Falkland to change into a going-away suit. Then there were more pictures, and they got into the big convertible and drove away.

Under an avenue of locust trees, Cyrus stopped the car.

"You didn't think," he said, "I was going to be satisfied with that kiss I got in the church, did you? A husband has a right to more than that." He took it and said, "This is only the beginning. A wedding isn't an end, it's a beginning."

"It's strange I don't feel anything yet."

"You will," Cy said, and kissed her again.

"I mean any different, being married," Bessie said. "I am Mrs. Cyrus Sayre Falkland. I am! Mrs. Cyrus Sayre Falkland."

Looking into his eyes, she began to laugh with delight, softly. She fell, laughing, into his arms. This, she thought, is going to be very exciting.

"What are we sitting here for?" Cy Falkland said. "The sooner we get started the sooner we'll get where we are going."

The big car slid back into the avenue.

"It doesn't seem possible," Bessie said, "but with the newspaper people and clothes and everything there hasn't been one minute even to find out where I am going on my honeymoon."

"I thought we might try Niagara Falls," Cy Falkland said. "Nobody would ever think of looking for us there."

Bessie laughed. "Niagara Falls!" she said scornfully. "I mean really where are we going? I think I can guess."

"Where?" Cy Falkland said.

"To Zydercliff," Bessie said, "at first. Maybe the French Riviera afterward, but Zydercliff first."

"Can't go to Zydercliff," Cy Falkland said. "I sold that to the Ruggles—"

After a silence, his wife said, "You *sold* Zydercliff?"

Something in her voice made him slow down and turn to look at her. He couldn't believe it. This wasn't Bessie. Her lovely face was distorted with a frightening rage. He was staring at the head of a Medusa, white and terrible, with snakes in her hair.

(To be continued next week)

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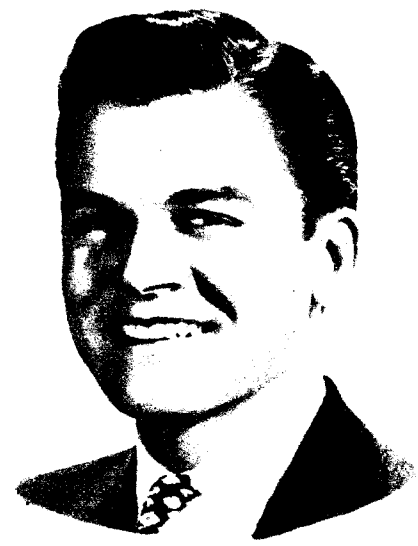

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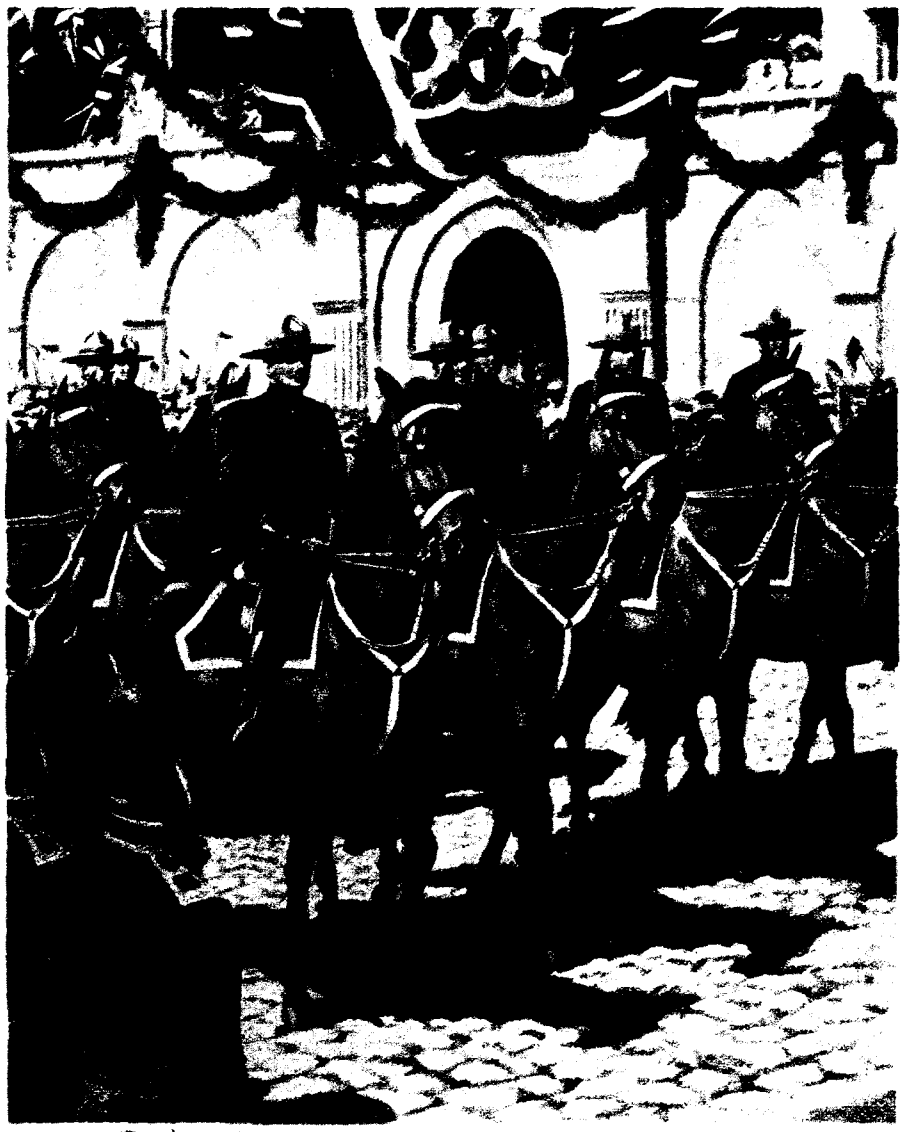

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Sailor in the Rain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

April," the man said, and explained the details.

"I see," Ted said.

But he was looking at the Malt Shop. The whole front of the building had been altered; a new neon sign on the roof flashed on and off, proclaiming: Charcoal-Broiled Steaks. He cupped his eyes at the window and looked in. The booths were gone. He saw bare tables and a brick barbecue with a copper hood, and a chef with a bonnet—a man he had never seen before. Funny, no one had written him about it. The wind lifted his hat. He caught it, slanted it, shouldered the sea bag again and dodged a puddle.

IT WAS a steady, soft rain; already water washed in the gutters. He walked the whole length of Judson Street, seeing nobody, and turned down Holly with the cord of the sea bag cutting his shoulder and raindrops running down his neck. The same old houses were strangely unfamiliar—smaller, most of them; shabbier, too. A white terrier crawled under a fence and barked at him; a man called from a screen porch: "He won't bite, son!" The wind whipped his trouser legs and the dog raced excitedly around his legs for more than a block.

He turned one last corner, clutched the fat bag in his arms, and broke into a run. When he suddenly arrived at the fence he skidded to a stop and began to count the pickets. He had counted four when the bottom fell out of everything. His home was dark.

"Mister!" he shouted. "Hey, Mister!"

No tawny streak, no welcome whatever. He choked back his rising disappointment, closed his teeth on two fingers and whistled shrilly. Markham's dog barked. And Cooper's dog. And Kews's.

Then there was a shaft of light from an open doorway.

"Yes?" Mrs. Kews called through the darkness. "Yes? Who's there?"

He hurled the sea bag over the fence into his own yard and splashed toward her. But, just in time, he remembered Julian sauntering along as if he hadn't been anywhere, as if nothing ever happened. He was ambling when Mrs. Kews saw him; his voice was perfectly calm.

" 'Evening, Mrs. Kews," he said, politely.

"Teddy!" she screamed. "Teddy, darling!"

It was hard to keep down the lump in his throat. Julian had had a way of greeting elderly people with a sound kiss on the forehead but, somehow, this time, it didn't work out, for he brushed off Mrs. Kews's glasses, and had to get down on his knees to find them in the grass. Mrs. Kews went right on talking: Your folks are at Dunlops'; come in and have a cup of coffee; my, you've grown; did you get my birthday card? Gracious, it was a shock to realize you're twenty-one; it seems only yesterday—

He broke away, called good-by over his shoulder, and trotted the whole six blocks to Dunlops', sheltering his hat.

And there, sure enough, was the family sedan, parked at the curb. He stopped to catch his breath. His home-coming wasn't going to be quite the way he'd planned it, but it would be good enough.

On the porch, he slapped the rain from his jumper with his hat, slanted the hat on his head, and then looked in the wide front window. He expected to see a card table and four elderly people. But the room was neat and empty. There was a new blue davenport. A new television set. But no one there.

Gently, he tried the knob. The door was locked. Julian had never rung a doorbell in his life. Julian always turned up in daylight when people were playing croquet, or mowing the lawn, or sipping cold drinks in the shade; or he walked in at dinnertime and drew up a chair, saying, "Won't somebody please pass the bread?" And all the while you'd thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe; and there he was home, with another promotion.

So he couldn't bring himself to ring the bell.

A sloping cellar door beneath the kitchen window provided a nice ramp; he stood tiptoe and looked in. His mother and Mrs. Dunlop were doing dishes; they looked older, and smaller and thinner—they looked strange.

He tried the door on the back porch but it, too, was locked. He sucked in his stomach and tilted his hat. He would say, "Hi, Mom, how've you been?"

But then he heard himself shouting.

"Mom! I'm home! *Hey, Mom!*"

He hammered with both fists. Then Mrs. Dunlop, wiping her hands on her apron, was staring through the wet screen, dazed and uncertain.

"It's Teddy Lang!" he yelled at her. "Hi, Mom! Hi, Mrs. Dunlop. It's Teddy! I'm home!"

It was a blur. It was confusion. A plate slipped from his mother's fingers and shattered on the doorsill; they forgot the hot water running in the sink. They all talked at once. Then the room was suddenly quiet.

"Theodore Lang!" his mother said, sinking down on the white kitchen stool. "Theodore Carwin Lang, don't you ever dare do this to me again!" Mrs. Dunlop got the broom and dustpan. They both tried to sweep. They were both crying.

Not the way he'd planned it, of course—none of it was—but it was still all right. It was swell. It was swell even though his father had gone to lodge with Bert Dunlop; even though Mister was at the vet's; even though Boco had a job in Chicago, and Tully was on his honeymoon; it was swell to hear that Merck, anyhow, was home. He'd see Merck. And when he was alone with his mother he'd ask about Eva Jane. It was great, that's all; it was elegant.

His mother suddenly began collecting her things. "Goodness gracious, Ted," she exclaimed, "we must go find Dad!"

THEN she was small and fragile, sitting beside him in the sedan, saying, "Drive carefully, Theodore." He went slowly along the gleaming streets; the windshield wipers flicked steadily and he thought about his sea bag, tossed over the picket fence, lying in the wet. There were presents in it. Chinese scrolls. He had learned to read and speak a little Chinese. Julian spoke French and German and Italian. Ted had had high-school Spanish but now, also, he could say, "I speak a little Chinese." And then he would read a scroll. He had brought scrolls because there was one on the Campbells' living-room wall which he had always admired.

"How's Eva Jane Campbell?" he asked.

"All right, I guess," his mother said, vaguely. "Her father often asks about you."

"Is Eva Jane engaged?"

"Not that I've heard." Then she turned excitedly in the seat. "Oh, Teddy, I knew there was something. It isn't official, of course, but there's wonderful news about Lois—"

"Later on," he said. It would be another bald boy friend. "Tell me, Mom, what happened to Mister, exactly?"

"He got a cocklebur in his ear."

He heard all about it; then he said:

"I've saved a thousand dollars."

She was thinking of something else.

The lodge meeting was over. Several members still lingered in the lobby; Mr. Lang and Mr. Dunlop had just gone, they said. And: Aren't you Ira Lang's boy? Aren't you Julian's kid brother? He went down the steps two at a time. His mother pretended she hadn't been crying. It was difficult to make conversation on the way home.

"I'm sorry this was such a shock, Mom,"

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he said, contritely, "only Julian always used to just walk in, so I thought—"

She patted his knee. He couldn't have known what a start Julian gave her with those unheralded arrivals; and she was tired, now, she said—not as resilient as she used to be. And, besides, it had been different with Julian; flying that general around, well, how could Julian know from day to day when he'd be home?

Warm lights shone from the windows and there, ahead of him, in the silvery rain he saw a car you only dream of owning. It was a blue convertible—a six-thousand-dollar job, with push buttons, and hooded wheels, and extra spotlights, the whole works.

His mother was pleased to find him so impressed.

"It's Lois' new friend," she said, delightedly. "That's Orville's car—Orville Haddon. He's an older man—been married once—a widower—and he put off going back to Texas after he met Lois. It really does seem—that is, we think—well, they seem so happy together that we really hope—this time—"

"Oh, swell!" Ted said, trying to sound enthusiastic. "Oh, great, Mom. Hope it all works out."

THE sea bag was soaking wet so he dragged it behind him up the steps. "Ethel!" his father said, opening the door when he heard them. "Come in here, Ethel—Lois and Orv have got some big news!"

"They're not the only ones with news," his mother laughed. "Look who's here!"

This entrance, too, blurred off a little. He saw his tall, bespectacled sister, and a bald man in large horn-rims, and his father; there was a crazy intermingling of Lois' big news and his own arrival; everybody seemed to be shaking hands for a while and then his father actually kissed him, a thing he had never done in his life before. When the tumult died down Ted saw an enlarged, tinted picture of Julian on the piano, and a new television set and two new chairs.

"They want to be married next week!" his father was saying, and in the renewed excitement Mrs. Lang kissed Orv.

Then there was laughter, and more handshaking, until Lois noticed Ted leaning on the wet sea bag, with his wet hat cocked over one eye.

"My baby brother!" she cried, with special sweetness, laying it on for her fiancé. "He *would* go, you know, Orv, even though the war was over. He's been in Hong Kong."

"Tsingtao," Ted corrected, but no one heard him.

Over his mother's protest his father brought out a bottle of brandy and they had a small drink; then Ted swung up the sea bag and went to his room. It was the same good old room. His 410 shotgun was still there, and his .22, and his tennis rackets, and the yearbook from high school with the pictures of the teams. He looked pretty young in the pictures. And his box camera. And his team sweater. It was all there. The room looked fine. He had spread out the Chinese scrolls, finding them damp and wrinkled, when he discovered another picture of Julian—a big one, taken in Honolulu. It was on his bureau in a silver frame. Julian wore his cap aslant, and he was grinning. He looked handsome, and fit, and happy—truly Julian.

Ted blinked the mist from his eyes.

"*Julian,*" he whispered aloud. "*Julian.*"

He skinned off the tight jumper, wadded it into a ball, and hurled it across the room. Then he did a fast job with the thirteen buttons, kicked off the black Oxfords and let them land, hard. The sweater felt good, and the flannel pants were comfortable—you could bend way over—and the tennis shoes were easy on his feet. He went lightly downstairs, planning to read a little from a Chinese scroll, but at first no one noticed him at all. It was to be an afternoon wedding, Lois was saying. Six bridesmaids. A reception. He put his scrolls down on the piano. They could wait. After all, Lois was thirty. She was tall. She wore glasses. She had always been overeager. If she was really going to have a wedding it was headline stuff.

"Teddy!" His mother discovered him. They all looked guilty. "So much happening at once," she said. "I'll make a snack."

She always made a snack for special occasions; they would have hot chocolate, now, to follow the brandy. She didn't know about such things.

He was phrasing another question about Eva Jane but he didn't ask it. His mother broke off her humming as she measured chocolate into the pan:

"He has a seven-year-old daughter—so you'll have a niece, Ted. You'll be Flora's Uncle Teddy."

"Orv, you mean, Mom?"

"He has a big house out near Dallas," she said. "He's invited any of us to come and stay as long as we like. He has servants."

Then his father joined them, carefully closing the door.

"I liked Orv right from the start," Mr. Lang said, pacing happily up and down the kitchen. "Lois met him at the country club three weeks ago. It was love at first sight. They've been like a couple of kids."

"Dad," Ted asked, "how's my car?"

"H'm?" Mr. Lang stole a watercress sandwich, winked and took an approving bite. "Car? Oh, I put it on blocks, Ted. I'll help you get it down in the morning."

On blocks! In the morning!

He got his raincoat and a flashlight from the back porch. His father followed him to the steps.

"I'll stay home from the office tomorrow, Ted," he said. "I've got a million questions I want to ask you."

"I've got a million answers."

His voice, just then, sounded like Julian's. It was the sort of thing Julian might have said. In the reflected light his father's face lost its animation. Ted knew he was thinking of Julian. His father's fingers tightened briefly about his arm.

"Notice the new picture on your dresser? Sara Osborn gave it to us. It's one we had never seen."

"Yeah," Ted said. "It's a good one."

He snapped on the garage lights. It was a moment before he could center his thoughts on the car; it didn't look quite as red and racy as he expected, and the dent in the front fender was worse than he'd thought; but still it was his own and wonderful, blocks and all. He rubbed it down with a cloth and the gleam came back. The tires were fine. There was gas in it; half a tank of gas. He found himself working in a frenzy as he jacked it up and kicked aside the blocks. The old, sweet feeling of ownership gradually returned. He vaulted in, turned the key and stepped on the starter.

But the battery was dead.

WHEN he drove the family sedan through the downpour to Merck's house, it was ten o'clock. It was too late, then, to do much of anything but talk to Merck. Good old Merck! They'd been pals for a lifetime—made the same teams, joined the same clubs; they'd tried to enlist, together; they'd waited out the war together—good old Merck!

Merck's mother, in robe and slippers, came to the door.

"I'd just come downstairs for a magazine," she said. "Let me look at you. Well, Ted, my dear! We'll have to wake Merck up. He went to bed early—"

Ted saw himself sitting on the edge of the bed, talking about China to someone half asleep.

"No, Mrs. Martin," he said, desperately. Then he called, over his shoulder: "I'll be over in the morning, tell him! Good night, good night!"

I'm a civilian, anyhow, he thought as he drove away. I'm out of the Navy. That was something. The home-coming was a shambles but things would be better, maybe, in the morning.

Unconsciously he had driven toward the high school. The new stadium loomed white in the darkness. His own championship team had helped to build it; Merck had

"Lady, can you stretch a meal?"

"Can you stretch it to feed three tonight instead of two? Bill looked so blue at the office that I figured some of your cooking would cheer him up. I'm sorry I didn't phone—but it was strictly a last minute inspiration."

"Explanation accepted. There's plenty for three. Now tell me what's bothering Bill."

"Money worries, Sweetheart. He's been wondering how he can give his bride-to-be the security he wants her to have. He can't see how they'll ever save anything for the future either."

"But Bill earns almost as much as you do, and we manage nicely. We've got *our* future all set up."

"That's another reason I asked him here—to show him that it can be done—through life insurance. After dinner I'm going to explain that both he and his bride *can* have the security he's worrying about. I'll tell him about the *Insured Income* program The Mutual Life set up for us."

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sent him pictures of it while he was away. He went through the turnstile and flashed his light over the empty concrete seats, remembering old triumphs on this field, in the days of wooden bleachers. He flashed his light to avoid the puddles and paced off fifty-seven yards—he had run fifty-seven yards to a touchdown in the closing minute of his last game in his senior year. You couldn't dream up such drama as that had been; even Julian had never made such a run, at such a moment.

He trudged through the rain to the gym, trying to recapture the feeling of the best years he would ever know. Then he saw the pylon, and the fact of Julian's death came over him again, as it had in his room. Here were the names of boys who had gone to war from McKinley High. The light settled on the Gold Star list, and one name stood out above the others: *Colonel Julian Lang, 1918–1945.*

The ease, the grace, the courage, the sureness that had been Julian; the laughter, the love of life, the blazing unbroken triumph; the warmth that had been Julian; the kindliness; the daring; he felt them all suddenly with an ache in his throat.

Nobody will ever be like Julian, he thought. Nobody should even try.

HE WENT back through the turnstile and blinked in a sudden glare. He'd left his headlights on. He walked toward them thinking so intensely of Julian that he began to see himself with a curious detachment as he had been this evening, almost through Julian's eyes. He could feel again the rough, affectionate hand on his hair. What had happened, when he tried to be like Julian? Why, he knocked off an old lady's glasses, found his dog at the vet's, his folks away, his battery dead, his best friend sleeping; why, he let a whole evening go by because he thought he needed a proper, dramatic moment for calling on his girl!

He turned to take one last look at the stadium and a chill ran up his spine, and goose-pimples rose along his arms and in his hair. Julian's voice had spoken. He started at a shadow, slanting away from him, moving when he moved; a shadow, tall in the headlights, reaching from his shoes far up on the stadium wall. The voice had come from long ago. It had come from the worshipful days of his boyhood: Make your own shadow, kid. . . .

The house was dark and shuttered in the rain. Julian would have turned up here sauntering through some sunny afternoon; but he wasn't Julian. He was himself, and he blundered his way along—and here he was: it was midnight, he was wet to the skin, and he was throwing pebbles against a girl's dark window. The sound was loud in the night. A window opened.

Mr. Campbell's sleepy voice called out:

"Who is it? Who's there?"

"It's Ted Lang!" he shouted. "I just got home from the Navy! Where's Eva Jane?"

There was a hush. Then lights went on. He heard voices upstairs saying, "Ted Lang is home!" Her young brother Loren said it, and her sister Susie.

"Ted?" she called, opening another window.

He'd just about had time to ring the bell before Eva Jane opened the door. She'd lost a slipper in her hurry. Her hair was gathered up loosely, and she clutched her robe while she tied it.

"Gosh, Ted," she said, hopping on one foot to retrieve her slipper, "how wonderful!"

Then Mr. Campbell came slapping down the stairs, grinning at him. "Home is the sailor!" he said, holding out his hand. And Susie and young Loren swarmed over him, and Mrs. Campbell kissed him. They had hot chocolate and sandwiches in the kitchen; they wanted to hear about Tsingtao and the fleet pulling out.

He told them about it; he made them see it—whales running away from water bugs. Then he sent Loren in for their Chinese scroll, and sure enough he could read some of it. It was a Chinese love poem, he said. Among other things, he had learned to say, "I love you," in Chinese.

"Let's hear it," said Eva Jane, laughing.

"I could say it better in English," he said.

"You couldn't write it, too, could you?" she asked.

And then, in front of the whole family, he explained:

"When I got to thinking about you in China, Eva Jane, I couldn't seem to write anything good enough, and that's a fact."

"He's a wonderful correspondent," she said, scoffing at him; but her eyes were bright.

The whole family walked with him to the door. There was no chance for a private word with her, no romance whatever; nothing had come out the way he'd planned it—but it was fine, now, even so.

"Golly," he said on the porch, because the feeling had just swept over him. "Golly, it's sure great to be home."

The porch light was behind him and he noticed a long shadow striding ahead as he went down the walk in the rain. THE END

'Please Rush Gal in Pink Corset'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Sears has an inconspicuous and extraordinarily effective public-relations program which it practices down at the grass roots whence all blessings flow.

A case in point is the nonprofit fur-buying service which Sears started twenty-five years ago. The majority of its farmer customers regularly made extra money trapping beaver, mink, muskrats, and other fur-bearing animals during the winters; just as regularly, many of them were outrageously cheated by the itinerant traders who bought their pelts in the spring. Sears had a moral objection to this mulcting of customers, and a financial objection to the siphoning off of their buying power. So, in 1924, the catalogue made a dramatic announcement: Sears would pay top market prices for all raw pelts, with no profit to itself, and with the seller taking his compensation in cash or merchandise, at his option.

This arrangement made an immediate hit, and before long Sears was handling millions of pelts in as many as 200,000 different accounts, with the furs going to various manufacturers. To make a good thing even better, the company created a character named "Johnny Muskrat," who instructed farmers on how to get more for their pelts by preparing them according to professional standards, and offered prizes totaling up to $5,000 per year (cash or merchandise) for the most perfect batches of skins. Result was that farmers who sold to Sears realized from 50 to 75 per cent more than they had before, and most of them sent the extra money right back to their benefactor.

Similar in purpose to the fur service, but far more elaborate in scope, is the carefully unpublicized work of the Sears, Roebuck Foundation, which concentrates on the younger generation of farmers, particularly in regions which have lagged in the adoption of modern agricultural methods. Working mainly through county agents, Grange organizations and the like, the Foundation sponsors seventy-five different farm and community-improvement projects, including such things as soil conservation and flood control, repairing rural telephone lines, rebuilding tumble-down churches and meeting halls, improving livestock and poultry strains, and so forth.

The Sears, Roebuck Foundation defines its program as "lifting the face of rural America," and it is exceedingly reticent about what it costs.

"We don't think of this thing in terms of money," explains one of the Foundation

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directors. "What we mainly try to do is to supply the impetus to start the projects. Once you get these young farm people interested in doing something, it's amazing what they can accomplish on their own.

"A little genuine enthusiasm for a project is worth more than a big cash contribution. That's something that should be kept in mind by the boys who figure to spend billions developing the so-called 'backward areas' of the world. It makes no difference how many dams and power stations and irrigation systems you build, you aren't going to accomplish much unless the people want to help themselves with what you give them."

Encouragement for Farm Youth

Frankly concerned about the steady drift of promising young farm talent from the soil to the city, the Sears Foundation offers few cash awards (which might be spent on tickets to the big town), instead grants scholarships in agricultural colleges, and donates blooded livestock to the winners of its numerous essay-writing and project-organizing contests. In Utah, a Sears prize bull—Champion Advance Domino III—has sired more than 2,000 calves by artificial insemination, and is said to have "transformed" many of the herds in the state.

Most of the Foundation's activity is in the South, where it has distributed hundreds of pure-bred cattle and hogs to winners of 4-H Club Future Farmers of America essay contests with themes like "Why We Should Diversify Our Agriculture," and "What Crop Rotation Does For Our Farms." The animals are given outright, but with the understanding that the young owner turns over the first calf born, or the best pig in the first litter, to another 4-H member. He in turn will breed his cow, bull, or hog, and pass along one of its offspring, and so on in an endless progression.

The Foundation terms this its "chain litter" program and hopes that, aside from raising the value of Southern herds by the diffusion of superior blood strains, it will encourage more boys and girls to stay on the farm by giving them something of their own to work with.

The deep rapport between Sears and its customers is equaled only by the fine romance between Sears and its 125,000 employees. In the trade it's said that a Sears man may die, but he never quits. The company is full of careerists who started in lowly positions twenty to forty years ago and worked their way up, as in the case of the current company president, F. B. McConnell, who started as a Sears stock boy 34 years ago. Reliable figures aren't available, but it's probable that Sears has the lowest labor turnover of any sizable U.S. retail concern.

Like most things at Sears, the steadfastness of the employees is based on enlightened self-interest. In the matter of salaries, vacations, sick leaves, and so on, the company is liberal, but no more so than one would expect. Possibly there is a lot of school spirit and one-big-happy-family feeling at Sears, but if so it doesn't show on the surface; and company picnics, get-togethers, pep talks, rallies, and similar devices for whipping up internal enthusiasm are rare.

Such things would be quite superfluous, since the employees themselves now control the largest block of Sears stock—about 20 per cent of the 4,100,000-odd shares outstanding, in addition to another 12 per cent owned by individuals in the company. Thus they have a compelling reason for doing their work with maximum efficiency, as partially reflected by the company's phenomenally low losses from wastage and breakage.

The instrument of this employee investment is a stock trusteeship known as the "Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund," probably the most generous benefit plan ever put into effect by any company anywhere. No recent innovation (of the more than 12,000 industrial pension plans in the U.S., approximately 10,000 are less than ten years old), the Sears scheme was quietly inaugurated in 1916, and at the time created almost as big a sensation as Henry Ford's announcement of a $5-a-day wage for factory workers. The plan was primarily the work of philanthropist Julius S. Rosenwald, successor to founder Sears as head of the company, and of one-time vice president Albert Loeb.

The Sears pension plan is essentially like most of its imitators. After one year of service, any employee is entitled—but not required—to become a member. If he joins

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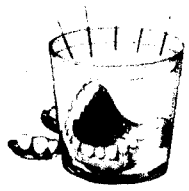

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(and 98 per cent of the eligibles have joined) he pays in 5 per cent of his salary to the fund, up to a maximum payment of $250 annually. No one, regardless of title or salary, may put in more than $250. The purpose of this limitation is to keep everyone on an equal footing, and to prevent a few highly paid executives from getting the lion's share of the proceeds. As it works out in practice, many a stenographer and mail-order clerk has a bigger equity in the fund than Board Chairman General Robert E. Wood or President F. B. McConnell.

Company contributions are figured on a sliding scale according to profits, from a minimum of 5 per cent of consolidated net income (before taxes and dividends), when this figure is below $40,000,000, to a maximum of 9 per cent (when it tops $100,000,000). Last year, for example, employees contributed $12,500,000 while the company put in nearly $23,000,000. With a total worth of $221,000,000, the fund earned close to $9,000,000 in dividends and interest, so that altogether its 1948 income came to almost $45,000,000.

This handsome sum is not divided equally, but is credited to each individual's account on the basis of length of employment, and the longer a man stays at Sears the faster his endowment increases. Thus, a man with 10 years of service gets three times as much for every dollar he deposits from his wages as a newcomer with less than five years with the company.

Even before the recent bonanza years, the fund's disbursements were on the spectacular side. In the first thirty years of its existence, it collected $34,500,000 from employees, and paid out $127,000,000.

Nice Profit on Small Outlay

Typical of individual benefits is the case of a janitor who contributed a total of $1,200 over a twenty-five-year period, and received $18,000 on his retirement. Another twenty-five-year employee had average annual earnings of $1,400, and paid the fund $70 per year, for a total of slightly less than $1,800. During this period he made withdrawals (permissible for emergency expenses) amounting to $2,300, or some $500 more than his own contributions. Yet when he retired at age 60 (with rare exceptions this is mandatory), he collected $2,200 in cash, plus Sears stock worth well over $20,000.

But even these benefits are measly compared to some of the more recent ones. A few months ago, the fund retired a thirty-year employee with a one-payment annuity which cost $60,000. And there are quite a few old stagers who stand to get upwards of $100,000 when their sixtieth birthdays roll around.

This year, the company's contribution to the fund may be somewhat less than in record-breaking '48, due to the anticipated decline in volume and net profits. However, this doesn't mean that the fund will have to trim sales. On the contrary, it appears to be facing rosy times.

The company's management foresees a fund backlog of $400,000,000 in the not distant future, with the possibility of bigger and better pensions for everyone. Since his prognostications usually are reliable, it seems that anyone who gets a job at Sears and sticks with it fifteen years or so will automatically come into a small fortune. Therein lies the whole "secret" of the company's happy labor relations.

Another "secret" which for years has preoccupied outsiders is Sears, Roebuck's method, formula, or mystic device for making so much money and being so successful.

As rival merchandisers point out, Sears no longer is unique. Other companies sell trustworthy goods at low prices; maintain testing laboratories; provide fast, efficient service; offer easy installment terms; make prompt restitution for unsatisfactory or disputed orders; post ironclad, watertight, copper-riveted guarantees; and in general duplicate (or copy) the Sears, Roebuck way of life. True, they do not have the enormous reservoir of good will which Sears enjoys, and only Sears has the famous catalogue. But these things alone hardly account for the company's continuing growth and prosperity. There must be something else, the outsiders insist—some hidden factor known only to the initiates of the inner sanctum.

As noted before, there are plenty of figures and details which Sears keeps to itself, just like any other business. But the notion that the company operates according to some secret master plan dreamed up by a merchandising genius is pure hokum. On the contrary, instead of sticking to a set ritual and doing everything the way it was done in the old days, the company retains a youthful flexibility and is quite ready to experiment, innovate, and even gamble.

A good example is the way Sears uses the poll-takers' sampling technique in making selections for its People's Book Club. Sears has been in the book business for a long time, and always considered it a pretty exasperating and precarious trade. Except for a few reliable sellers—like children's fairy tales, the Zane Grey books, and the Bible (after the American Bible Society, Sears is the world's biggest Bible distributor)—it seemed impossible to predict which books would sell; sometimes horribly bad guesses were made.

Once, for instance, Sears bought a million copies of General Lew Wallace's Ben Hur, and presently found itself stuck with more than 700,000 unsold volumes. These finally had to be given away as premiums. This episode outraged every principle on which Sears is founded, and for a long time the book department was regarded as a kind of mad dog which threatened to gobble up the company's profits.

Sears established its book club in 1943—partly to expand book sales, partly to get a more regular income for the department. Originally it had an arrangement with the astute publishing house of Simon & Schuster for "editorial guidance," but for several years now the club has been functioning on its own. It has a New York office where publishers' galleys are read and screened, and every month about ten possible candidates are sent to Chicago headquarters. There the list is pruned to four or five titles, and the final choice is up to the public.

Instead of having a high-powered board of judges, the club relies on what it calls "The People's Jury"—a cross-section of about 500 names made up every five weeks from the list of 250,000 subscribers, 80 per cent of whom are women, living mostly in places of 10,000 population or less. These ladies receive copies of the prospective selections, and are invited to read them and fill out questionnaires. These are tabulated and analyzed, and the book with the most favorable reviews becomes the next club choice.

Before distribution, all members get a copy of a little magazine called "The People's Choice," which contains a detailed synopsis of the selection, together with comments from readers on the "People's Jury." A member has the right to refuse any selection (though he must take a minimum of four books per year), but thanks to this pretesting by the Jury, refusals and returns are extremely low.

The Club prints and binds its books in Chicago, and delivers them for $1.87, plus 13 cents postage. The basic criterion for any selection is "wholesomeness"—a book that can be read aloud to the whole family with no danger of offending grandma.

Amber Is No Longer the Rage

During the war there was some call for busty costume romances of the Forever Amber variety (because of vicarious thrill-seeking by millions of lonely duration widows, Sears opines); but now the demand is for "heart-warming, down-to-earth stories about real (i.e., uncomplicated and familiar) Americans." If the book has an "inspiring" message, a heroine "who tries to do right under all circumstances," and a horse-and-buggy setting, it's practically sure-fire.

It might be argued that the People's Book Club does no service to literature by publishing Jury selections which often seem to be on a level with radio soap opera, and that its editorial responsibility ought to include some effort at developing readers' tastes for more original and thought-provoking fare. But these are abstractions which concern Sears, Roebuck not at all. Its business is supplying commodities which people want to buy, and its attitude toward books is exactly the same as its attitude toward toothpaste or galoshes.

"When the public wants better books, or different books, we'll have them to sell," says one Club editor. "But we don't try to create demand; we follow it. That goes for every other division of the company."

It also goes to explain the primary reason for Sears, Roebuck's blitzkrieg invasion of retail-store merchandising during the twenties and thirties, as well as its postwar foreign expansion—moves which—as will be seen—were the boldest and most productive in the company's history.

In the twenties Sears was among the first to recognize that America was becoming a nation on wheels and that the farmer, as much as anyone else, liked to take to the road occasionally for a buying splurge. So Sears hesitantly began building the first of its hundreds of retail stores in 1925. Next week's final installment traces this rapid expansion and then the development of Sears' foreign outlets

COLLIER'S

"Are three gurgles, a long string of da-da's and a 'Merwee Twismuss' enough for Aunt Doris?"

ROBERT DAY

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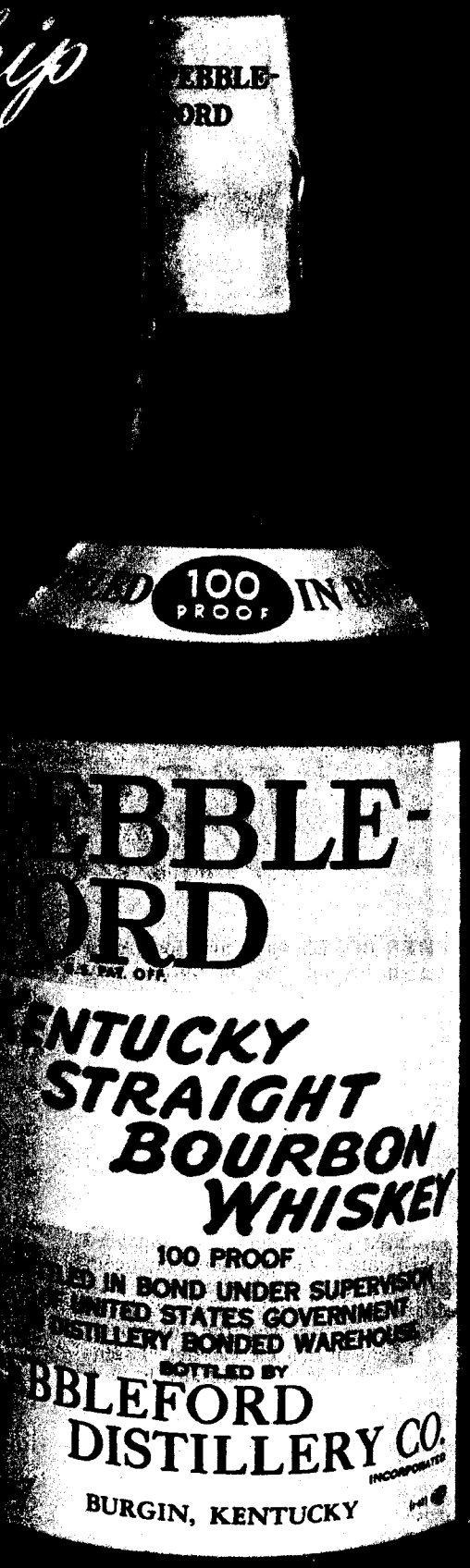
the Bond of Good Fellowship



fine old Kentucky Bourbon

BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF, THE STRAIGHT WH[illegible]

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He waited for the fear to leave her. "Christopher, a terrible thing has happened," she said. "Pera called me tonight at my home"

Write Finis

By PAT FRANK

CHRISTOPHER BOLES was a man too young for the gray in his hair and the lines history had etched in his face. He was a correspondent for the Trans-Ocean News Agency, of New York, and it was in this capacity that he walked into the office of Press Secretary Ladislaus Pera at ten in the morning, precisely. He was kept waiting twenty minutes, as he had expected.

He knew Pera would enjoy this moment. They had known each other ever since Boles's first swing through the Balkans, in '38. At that time Pera had been a minor bureaucrat in a Nazi-dominated government. Now Pera was a major bureaucrat in a Communist-dominated government. He appeared wiser, more sophisticated. Governments changed, but Pera changed very little. He had an extra inch of padding on his waist, a prettier secretary. Boles watched as Pera's eyes followed the secretary's movements as she bent over a file cabinet. Essentially, Pera had not changed. Essentially he was still a heel, a man without morality.

Pera nodded to Boles, motioned him to a chair and smiled. He shoved a pack of American cigarettes across the desk. "Have one." It was not necessary for Pera to bluster, now. He was in a position of considerable power; it was also a position in which it was rather easy to make a fatal mistake, Boles knew.

"Thanks," Boles said.

"I guess you know why I sent for you?" Pera began.

"I haven't the foggiest notion," Boles said, but of course he did know.

"You American correspondents," Pera said, "have had a pretty fine time for yourselves, haven't you? Your expense accounts, your imported cars! Once everybody feared you. But now? Why, you don't even have an atomic bomb all your very own. You are no longer all-powerful."

Boles shrugged.

Pera glanced at the typed sheet of paper in his right hand. "I am empowered to inform you, Mr. Boles, that you are expelled from my country. Your dispatches have always caused difficulty, and been contrary to truth. Your dispatch of yesterday, in which you implied that the former Minister of the Interior was innocent and confessed crimes against the state only because a lifetime of party discipline forced him to sacrifice himself, was a flagrant lie. You have twenty-four hours in which to close your bureau and remove yourself from this country."

Christopher Boles did not bother to reply. He nodded, rose and left the building. It was useless to argue with Pera. He knew that Pera alone could not have given the order for his expulsion. It must have come from someone higher up.

As he drove back to his office he reflected that this would be the third bureau he had closed in two years. First he had closed Sofia, and then Bucharest, and now Trans-Ocean was barred from this country. He felt like an undertaker called upon to bury an old friend. He was probably burying his own career, too. He had run out of capitals from which to file his stories. Rome, London and Paris were fully staffed. Blakeney, the managing editor, would recall him to the New York office. For a time he would write interpretive articles for the Sunday feature sections. Then, when his knowledge of central and southern Europe was no longer fresh, one day Blakeney would say, casually, "Chris, we're short on the copy desk tonight. Mind filling in?" After that, he would no longer be a foreign correspondent. He'd be an assistant editor pushing middle age.

But first, there were certain procedures to be followed.

WHEN he walked into his office he could see that Carl, his translator, was pretending to read the provincial papers. Boles was glad that he had not hired a large staff. There was only Carl, and Sophie, his secretary. Carl was understandably nervous. Carl might have a hard time of it, but he would survive.

Boles wasn't so sure about Sophie. She was almost like an American, in the way she thought. Her frankness, which he found so charming, could prove dangerous to her. He had heard her speak openly against the regime.

Still thinking of Sophie, Boles sat down at his typewriter and wrote a one-paragraph cable stating that he had been expelled. That was all it was worth. The purge of American correspondents was hardly news any more.

Then he called Stafford, the American Minister. Stafford said he would do what he could, but it wouldn't be much. "I'll make a formal protest, of course, but they won't pay any attention to it."

Then there were the records and books to be packed and shipped, and the reservation on the Orient Express for the following noon, and the exit permit, and finally the moment when he paid off Carl and Sophie. When Sophie left the office she did not look at him directly, and Boles knew she was hiding her tears.

He did not expect to see her ever again. . . .

He saw her at two the next morning. She knocked on the door of his hotel room. "I had to take this chance," she said. "Let me in."

He poured her a drink, and waited for the fear to leave her. "Christopher, a terrible thing has happened," she said. "Pera called me tonight at my home."

"What'd he want? If he wants you to tell him that I'm a plutocrat spy, and made improper advances to you, go ahead and tell him it's all true. It doesn't matter now. All that matters is that you're careful, and keep a whole skin."

"It's worse than that," Sophie said. "He wants me to work for him, in his office. He says I can be very valuable to him."

"That's bad," Boles said.

"Christopher, you cannot know how bad that is," Sophie said. "You cannot know how bad it is to work for Pera—unless you are a woman. I have heard the stories."

Boles considered this; yes, he had heard the stories, too. He thought a moment; then he uncased his portable, and sat down. He typed a carefully worded cable. *Although I have been expelled from this capital,* it began, *I cannot leave without praising the aid and co-operation extended me by Press Secretary Ladislaus Pera. In spite of his political affiliations, Pera has always aided the Western correspondents in their attempts to file accurate dispatches from this side of the Iron Curtain.*

He sent Sophie home, and then he dressed and walked across the street to the cable office, and handed it casually through the window. The clerk read it, and shrugged his shoulders. Boles knew the clerk would not dare call Pera at this hour, except for a most urgent matter, and the cable looked innocuous enough.

TWO days later, when Boles reached Paris, a message from Blakeney awaited him at the bureau. It read: "YOUR FINAL CABLE INCOMPREHENSIBLE IN VIEW TREATMENT ACCORDED YOU BUT SERVICED IT ANYWAY. TWAS USED BY MORNING PAPERS."

It would be picked up by Tass in New York, Boles knew, and relayed to Moscow. What would happen after that would be problematical, but he was able to deduce the facts from a short dispatch he read ten days later in New York.

Ladislaus Pera, the dispatch read, *former Press Secretary who was arrested and charged with giving secret information to American newspapermen, has made a full and complete confession. Sentence will be passed next week.* THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL BOULDIN

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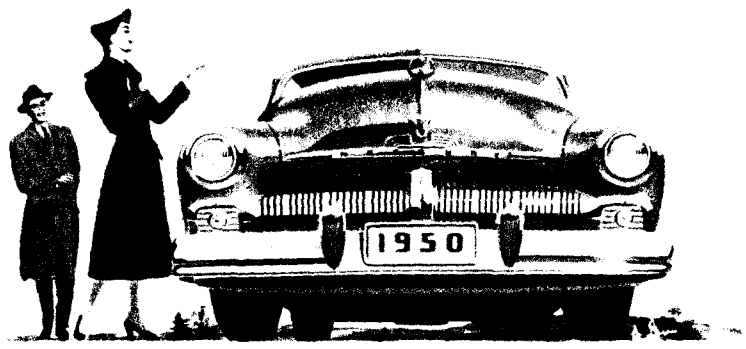
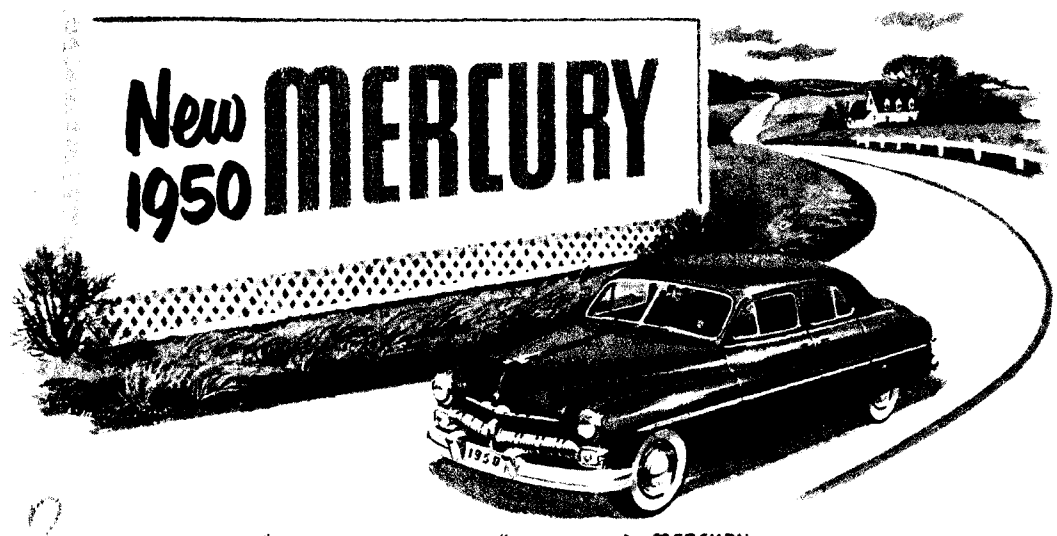
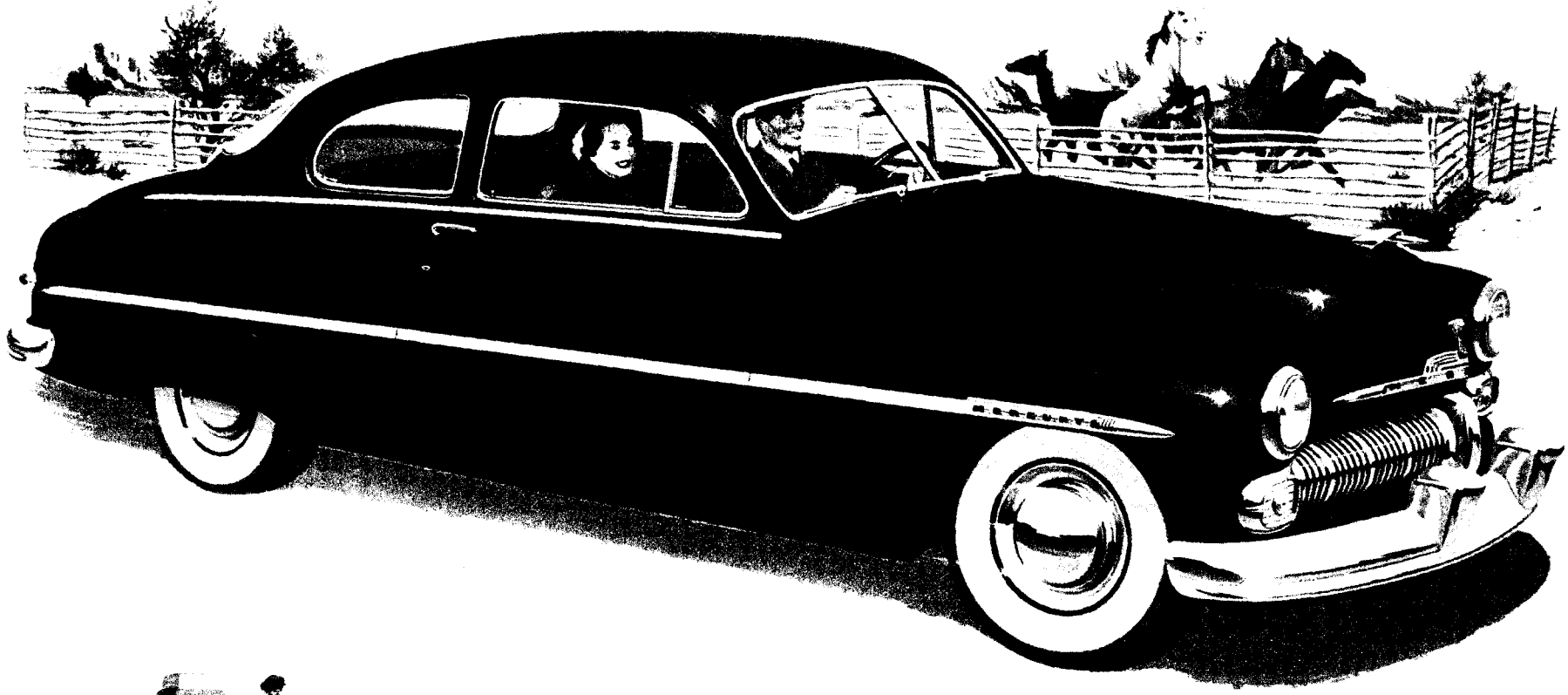
"Smarter-looking" and better than ever!

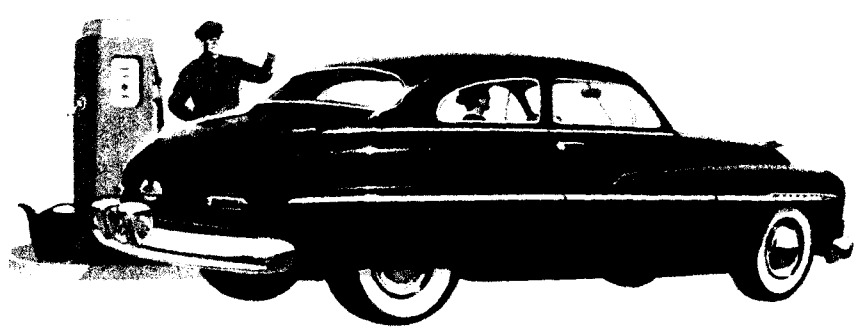


1. WHAT CAR IS "BETTER THAN EVER" IN SMART LOOKS? THE NEW 1950 MERCURY! EVERY GLEAMING INCH IS HANDSOME PROOF OF THAT!



2. WHAT CAR IS "BETTER THAN EVER" TO DRIVE? MERCURY AGAIN—WITH NEW, IMPROVED "STEDI-LINE" STEERING AND "CUSHION-COIL" FRONT SPRINGING!





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Better in *styling*—with new advanced design! Better in *comfort*—with "Lounge-Rest" foam-rubber cushioned seating! Better in *economy*—with "Econ-O-Miser" carburetion! Better in *performance*—with "Hi-Power Compression"! Better in *safety*—with "Super-Safety" brakes!

And everything has been thoroughly *road-proven!* That's why Mercury offers you more new car value! See your Mercury dealer! He can prove it's *better than ever* to make *your* next car Mercury!

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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Your Barman in a Bottle (HUGH BLINE) will help you make perfect drinks!

■ Don't do it the hard way. *Do it the Heublein way!*

Serve better cocktails, with less work. Made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists*. Ready mixed. No fuss. No waste. Just stir with ice and serve.

EIGHT KINDS
MANHATTAN, *65 proof*
DRY MARTINI, *65 proof*
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WHISKEY SOUR, *60 proof*
STINGER, *65 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS®

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Wolf!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"We've been through that. I saw his tracks."

"No, you never." The old man leaned forward to say in a low, impressive voice, "Mort what you seen was a wolf track."

"A what? You're crazy!" the ranger cried.

"A genuine big old lobo."

"Either you're crazy, or you think I am. There were never wolves in this state."

"I heard this wolf last night," Hansen insisted.

"You heard a coyote."

"When I was a kid back home, we had wolves," Hansen said. "And I trapped them, up north. This is a big timber wolf, though Lord knows how he come here. He'll weigh a hundred and twenty or thirty. He must have come a thousand miles to get here. He couldn't have been here last summer when the cattle was up, or some rider would have seen his traces. Say he come in after buck season—late October, or so. That's your deer killer, Mort. Why, once I seen a smaller wolf pull down a grown horse by himself. And the biggest blacktail—"

"You can't make it work," Mort cut in wearily. "Who's going to swallow any such story? It's Bingo, and you know it's Bingo. He's got to go."

THE old man muttered, "I guess there's only one way. I got to show you that wolf."

"Show me the dog. Or you finish him. It's a thing that has to be done, so face it." The young ranger hesitated and then went on: "I'm telling you this in confidence, so you'll know what you're up against. Kellog got a warrant for you, and he's hired Jesse Walters to watch your place and report when you come back, or bring you in."

"I'd like to see him!" Hansen grunted.

"He's been made a special deputy. So you can't go home, and you're too old to winter out."

"Oh, am I?"

"So you'd better give up. I'll take care of the warrant. Judge Oliver's my uncle. But you'll have to stop all this foolishness."

Hansen shook his head. "I'm going to catch me a wolf."

"You'd be a long time trapping a wolf around here," the district ranger said sourly. "I can't let you leave here."

"Wait a minute," the old man cried. "I asked for a truce."

"I didn't promise anything."

"Mort, give me a show! You ain't doing this for meanness, like Kellog. Give me two weeks."

"I'm doing my job," the ranger said.

"Kellog's got more land than he can use now," Hansen went on. "Three sections, under fence, and No Trespassing signs. I told him I wouldn't sell my little piece nohow, and double that for anybody who put up fences and signs."

"It's his way, and his privilege."

"Ever since, Kellog's been spiteful. He sent the game warden up to search me, though he denies it. Warden was all right, just doing his job. He told me in his opinion I saved fifty fawns a year, killing predators. You know, Mort, I been here twenty years, and hope to die here, and nobody but Kellog ever made me any trouble."

"It's not the captain, it's Bingo," Mort said. "You'll die, all right, if you sleep out a few nights."

"Then let me go back to the cabin for a week or two. One week!"

The ranger shook his head. "It's my job. And for your own good, I can't let you go. Where'd you leave Bingo?"

The old man stirred, and Mort said gently, "Don't try it. I'm forty-five years younger and sixty pounds heavier. Where's the dog?"

"You win," Hansen said. "He's back of your house, guarding my rifle."

Mort Bent led the way outdoors. He was watchful, but he put no hand on the old man. Once in the dark forest, Hansen could not be caught, but here in the open Mort could move ten yards to his one.

A few paces from the office, Hansen whistled shrilly, and the big dog came with a rush. Bending to touch his dog, the old man said, "Watch it, Bingo."

"Now you're being sensible," Mort said. He frowned down at Bingo in the uncertain light from the office window. "What's that around his jaw—wire? What for?"

Hansen chuckled. "He wondered, too. It's so he can't bite."

HARRY A. DEVLIN

Face to Face

What *she* is curious to know
Is if her make-up shows the care
She gave it when she put it there.

What *he* is curious to know
Is just exactly what and/or
How much it has to make up for.

—S. H. DEWHURST

The two men stood side by side, the ranger's watchfulness a little relaxed now. Hansen suddenly rammed a hand against Mort's shoulder, his frail muscles hardly rocking the younger man, but at the same moment he cried, "Bingo—get him!"

The big dog charged unhesitatingly, coming off the ground and throwing his full weight against Mort's chest. The ranger stumbled backward with a choked yell, went down, and rolled over with his arms crossed to protect face and throat. Bingo snarled horribly as he drove in to kill.

From the darkness old man Hansen whistled, and the dog was gone. Mort sat up, gasping, and from the house his wife called in a terrified voice, "Mort! Mort, what was that? Are you all right, Mort?"

"It's nothing. Dogfight," the ranger panted, getting to his feet. Anger almost drove him to wake his deputies and go after the old man, but second thought persuaded him Hansen was safely away. "I hope the old fool freezes to death," he muttered.

Hansen had picked up his rifle as he passed behind the district ranger's cabin, and at the edge of the forest he waited until he was sure there would be no pursuit. Then he set out through the dark woods, straight toward his camp. . . .

Next morning he slept late, and spent most of the day making a permanent camp, a shelter of cedar bark against the south wind that brought rain.

On the following morning, he was ready for work. He made two sets, using all of his number four traps, one near the big buck the wolf had killed near Kellog's meadow, the other around the deer he had shot. He worked carefully, rubbing traps and his hands with aromatic cedar, not satisfied until his sharp old eyes could see no leaf out of place, no grain of new earth, no broken twig.

Next day Hansen and the dog wandered with apparent aimlessness through the rough country east and north of the camp, tracking from ridge to ridge, water to water. They found the scene of an old deer kill, and a dead, partially devoured coyote.

That week Hansen tried a dozen trapper's tricks. He made blind sets, bait sets, trail sets, and one night after midnight slipped back to his tiny cabin for a jar of "scent," a lure of his own cooking made of all the world's bad smells, that would draw a coyote a mile upwind. There was no sign of Jesse Walters or any other watcher, though someone had searched his cabin.

Hansen caught two bobcats and three coyotes. Around one setting he found the wolf's great paw mark, and near two others Bingo snarled over the pine needles where no tracks showed. On the fifth night the wolf showed that he was aware of the man.

Suddenly that midnight Bingo began to rave against the darkness, a wild, almost hysterical warning and defiance. Old Hansen sat up and clutched at his rifle, knowing the wolf was out there, upwind. He fumbled with the knot of Bingo's leash, but thought better of that at once. He said to the frenzied dog, "You're just fool enough to go, if I sent you. Might as well let Mort kill you, as that. If I had light to shoot by—"

The wolf prowled around the camp for an hour, silent as death. Once Hansen thought he glimpsed it and almost fired, but he wanted to be sure. There would be no second chance.

Next day the old man moved camp and buried three traps under the ashes of his fire, building a small blaze to cover traces of his work and kill the scent of iron. Into the flames he dropped bits of meat, to sear and sizzle and stink.

A coyote found the campfire set first, and was there in the morning. The wolf had come later, prowling suspiciously twenty yards downwind. Hansen hopefully reset, and on the following morning, he found all three traps thrown, sprung and defiled. He did not doubt this was the wolf's doing, though it might have been coyotes.

THE next week brought rain, to wet Hansen's body and dampen his spirit. The little flour he had brought was almost gone. His meals were of venison and coffee, with one small hot cake for bread. Rain was bad, but the next storm might bring snow.

"Then what?" he asked Bingo. "I'm just old and no-account. This living out's too rough on me."

Ugly patches of blue flesh showed under Hansen's eyes, and he shivered even when he stood over the fire. He was walking and working more than he had for ten years, and his old bones needed a real bed, the warmth of the cabin. Now at night he slept hardly at all, dozing and waking to listen, suspecting the wolf was downwind.

But Hansen would not admit the possibility of defeat, and only tried to set his traps more carefully, often working all day on one set, and carrying the left-over earth to running water before disposing of it. With Bingo, he had tracked the wolf to a high, rocky point and found a dozen of his beds, but none that was used regularly and no well-traveled trail.

The old man laboriously built a deadfall with his hand ax, though he told Bingo

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it was a waste of time. He caught a huge old male wildcat and a young coon.

Catching the coon made him feel mean. "Always does," he told Bingo. "I guess I'd trap them if there was more money in it, but I'm glad there ain't. We'll forget the deadfall—no wolf would walk in one, anyhow. Let's try the old rooster set."

Thinking about that made him grin to himself, in spite of his cold misery. That afternoon he made his way to Captain Kellog's ranch, moved shivering into the hay barn well after dark, burrowed into the hay, and at once fell asleep. He woke with a start when the first crowings from the henhouse reached his subconscious mind.

Kellog had a hired man, who would be sleeping. Kellog had a dog, that old Hansen called a "darn' poodle kind of a dog." It was in fact a gentle cocker spaniel. The old man correctly guessed that it would sleep indoors, but he took no risks, working upwind to the hen-house and entering soundlessly as a raiding owl. He risked striking a match, and the chickens moved and muttered on the perch.

There were three grown roosters, and Hansen chose the largest, a magnificent red bird. At Hansen's gentle touch, the rooster made indignant but not loud noises, and then the old man had it, legs and beak, and clamped his elbow over the wings. The nearest hen fell off the perch and went wandering around complaining to heaven as Hansen slipped out.

BINGO had waited patiently in the woods beside Hansen's rifle, and they went home in the dawnlight. The old man made his set not far from camp, staking the rooster in the angle of two fallen trees, burying four traps along the only line of approach.

The rooster's challenge could be heard a mile or more and would draw any hunting animal. The wolf listened and looked for two nights, and his nearness kept away any rash coyotes. The third night the wolf came in over the traps, taking the rooster and leaving only a pinch of hair in one trap. Old Hansen looked at it mournfully. He looked up at the clouds driving northward, foreseeing snow and freezing weather.

"No coffee left, and the rooster got our last hot cakes," he told the dog. "When it snows I'm done—if I ain't done now."

Back in camp he stoked the fire and huddled closer to it than was safe, muttering, "No heat in that wood." He looked at Bingo. "I could shoot you and go in. Only I can't. But what happens to you when I get down for keeps? Hell!"

His thoughts were black as the clouds overhead as he wondered almost superstitiously if any trapper's trick could fool the wolf. After that first night, Hansen had not heard the gray killer's howl. Except for the rare tracks, it might be a murderous ghost. The old man pondered the sudden appearance of the beast in this country where no wolf had roamed for perhaps a thousand years. Where had it come from? What had drawn it all the miles, across farms and paved highways, around towns and cities?

"He comes upwind to us every night," Hansen said to Bingo. "But we ain't even come close to catching him."

He pinched the dog's ear. "We? I been doing it all. You ain't even showed me a good trail. All you do is growl and smell around. I don't blame you. If there was a way we could both—wait a minute, lemme think about that."

At nightfall he was still thinking about it, shaking his head doubtfully as he stared into the fire. A single flake of snow falling on his hand decided him, and he crawled into the blankets with his sheath knife at hand.

Hansen slept with his head uncovered, and at long intervals snow fell on his face, but the earth stayed black as the sky. The fire had long been ashes when Bingo growled in his chest, facing down the wind. Hansen put out a hand and Bingo pressed against it, trembling, but not with fear. The knife's worn blade was sharp as a razor, and the rope fell apart under it. The old man held Bingo by the loose throat skin, whispering softly and wordlessly—half cursing, half coaxing.

At last he murmured, "Just hold him a minute. Just hang on. All right—get him!"

Bingo sprang away, his war cry wild, as Hansen kicked free of the blankets, lunging into the dark with a yell as savagely wordless as the dog's. Close to him seven devils burst into mad rage, and Hansen had a moment's glimpse of both beasts on their hind legs, twisting like men in a death grapple.

Then he was in it, down, under it, feeling with his left hand and stabbing with his right, the fury of the fight over him like a great wave. His hand was on wolf hair, wolf leg, and he yelled against the choking smell of wolf, stabbing and stabbing again. He came to his knees, went down again like a man in a fierce surf, his world narrowed to the sound and smell and shock of it, with no space for thought, for fear or hope . . .

It was full morning and snowing hard, when he reached the Forest Service camp. Climbing the fence, he fell down, and was struggling to regain his feet in the new snow when Mort Bent saw him.

Shouting for his deputy, Mort ran toward the old man. Bingo limped ahead to meet him, snarling defiance, blood on his ugly head. Hansen panted, "Shut up, Bingo."

Mort steadied Hansen, smelling the wild animal smell so that he coughed, staring at the bloody man and dog, staring harder at the bloody fur the old man carried. Bingo was a one-eared dog, and he went on three legs, dotting the snow with red. The ear's stump had dried, but the wounds his tongue could reach still oozed blood. Old Hansen's shirt was wrapped round his left arm at the elbow, and his hand wore a dark glove of dried blood.

The old man would not give up the wolfhide until they reached Mort's kitchen. Then he released it to the deputy, and told Mort, in a voice that trembled, "If you never see another, there's a wolf. Now you lay a hand on my dog, and I'll skin you."

Mort and his deputy stared at the pelt with its long, cruel head, and Mort's wife came from a front room and cried to Mort to get that dreadful thing out of her kitchen. Then she saw Hansen, and forgot the wolf. She bathed and dressed the old man's arm—it was slashed to the bone—swabbing iodine there and elsewhere, scolding him for using such language.

She came of warrior stock. First she dressed wounds, then she cooked food, lastly she asked questions. Bingo had half a loaf of bread, and a steak that was to have been for Mort's supper. Bits of the story came out while Hansen ate ham and eggs.

". . . so I didn't know what else to do," the old man said. "I've heard of single dogs tackling a wolf, but I never seen one—a live one. Once I did see a big wolf whip five good-sized dogs and kill two of 'em doing it. It seemed like the same as shooting old Bingo. Not that Bingo would hold back, no matter where I sent him, and if I end up in hell—beg your pardon, ma'am, but that's in the Bible—well, if I do, I'll whistle, and I bet he comes running."

From the floor the wolf's head grinned at them. Now and then Bingo took time off from licking his wounds to glare and growl at it, the hair of his neck stirring.

"I've killed wolves and cats, and once a bear with the knife, to save dogs when I couldn't shoot," the old man went on. "But I was younger and a sight quicker, and it was light, and six-eight dogs to hold the wolf. When we tied into this one, I wasn't sure either of us'd come out again."

WINCING, Hansen left his chair to bend over Bingo. The dog hit the floor with his tail, without looking up from his wound cleansing. The old man could not keep pride out of his voice:

"Old Bingo knowed. He figured to hold on till he was dead, and then some. You seen his teeth marks in that hide, and maybe if he'd got a throat grip— No, he couldn't have won alone, no more than I could."

He examined Bingo's leg. With some trouble, they had put a splint on the cracked bone, and Hansen sternly warned the dog, "You leave that bandage be, now." Turning to Mort, he went on, "See how his ear's off with one slash, like you'd done it with a knife? That would be when Bingo went in for his hold. Lucky thing I used my knife when I did, or me and Bingo wouldn't be here. We each kind of hindered him from killing the other."

Staring at the wolfskin, Mort said, "I'd like to have this thing mounted, and hang it in the office. I never heard of a wolf in the state before."

"My dad used to tell of catching one down in the valley," the deputy put in. "When he was a kid, that was."

Hansen gently touched the stump of Bingo's ear. The dog continued to lick a cut, but his eyes rolled whitely upward.

"I'll see Kellog," Mort promised. "He won't trouble you, and he'll apologize to Bingo. He'd better!"

Mort's wife said nothing, but she poured more coffee. The deputy squatted to examine the wolf's murderous jaw. He said to Hansen, "There should be as large a bounty on him as there is on a mountain lion—more. But there isn't any at all, because there never was need for any. I guess all you'll get is the glory."

The old man said, without looking up, "And a dog. I'm satisfied. So's Bingo, I expect."

THE END

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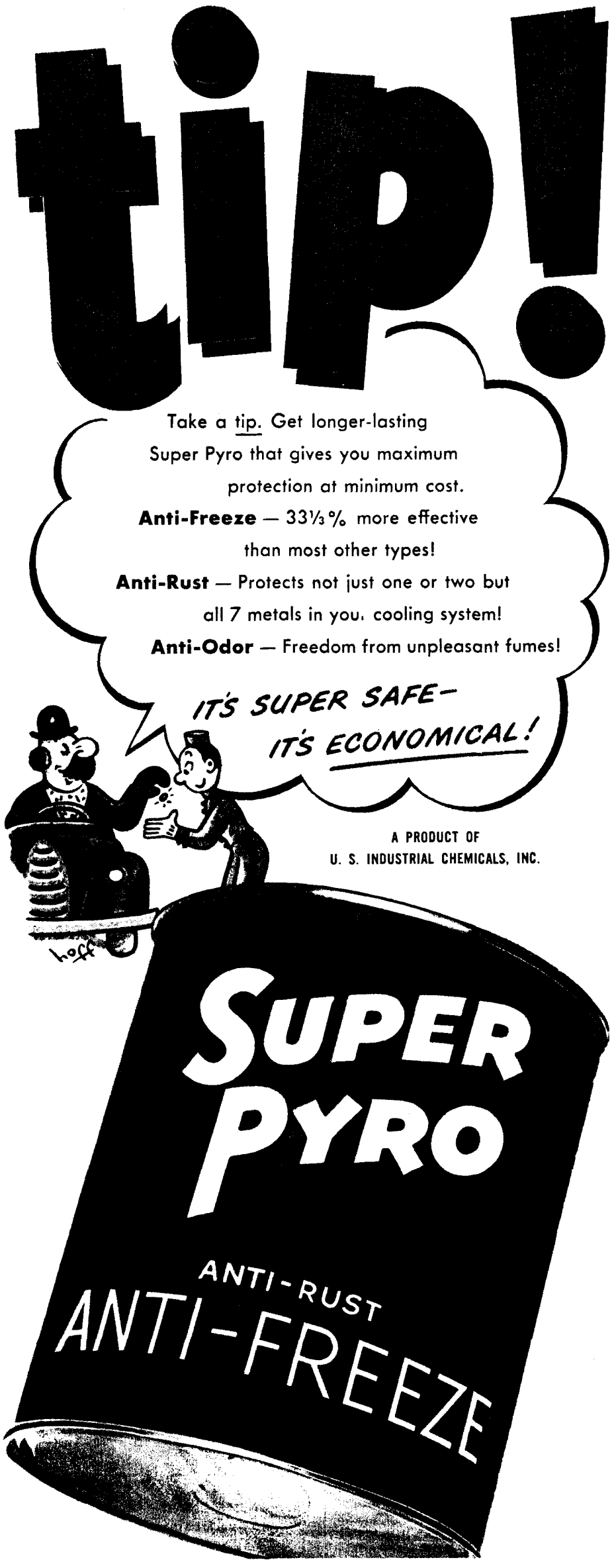
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The Rise of Carthage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

professor of political economy," "the structural engineer." It was made plain that while these people and others like them came and went to and from Carthage to every part of the country on trips, Carthage was their permanent home. They lived and worked and ran the affairs of the town together with their neighbors, the Flaggs and the Boyles and the others.

It seemed a little strange to Teller, as his acquaintance with Carthage grew, that the town was evidently of so little consequence that it didn't appear on the map of New Mexico in his atlas. However, he was able to locate it geographically with adequate exactness from references in The Clarion to towns which surrounded it.

Physically the town was well situated, Teller gathered from The Clarion—being built around three natural springs at the head of a valley formed by two ranges of hills. The climate was not unduly severe at any time of the year. The three springs had been exploited by the people to irrigate the surrounding land in the valley.

THE houses of Carthage were built of adobe bricks made from the local earth (a Clarion article described this process in detail) at a negligible cost and of a size determined only by the energy and enterprise of the builder. Money, it appeared, was necessary only in fairly modest quantities to achieve the prevailing comfortable standard of living, as the irrigated land could easily produce more than enough for the wants of the citizens of the town. As a matter of fact, as he read more copies of The Clarion it was implicitly conveyed to Teller that the accumulation of money for its own sake or for the sake of accumulating large quantities of personal possessions was not a common pursuit in Carthage.

Perhaps Teller's most surprising discovery, which he made fairly early in his intensive reading of The Clarion (and which occupied a great deal of his thinking thereafter), was his realization that the people of Carthage worked hard at the occupations which gave them their livelihood from early morning until noon—and no longer. During the afternoon and evening the Carthaginians spent their time doing anything that interested them which was not directly connected with providing their livings.

But the Carthaginians seemed to have reversed a common order of things and developed an intense capacity for expending as much serious effort on their pleasures as on their livelihood. By this system, garage mechanics who wanted to learned to play the violin, and violinists who wanted to learned to repair their automobiles; the prize-winning physicist was developing a hybrid rose; Mrs. Flagg, the farmer's wife, painted pictures in oils of scenery and cows. Over a period of weeks Teller read with intense absorption reports in The Clarion about a Mrs. R. A. Lorring, aged eighty-two, and an Arthur Wintz, aged eleven, who together were constructing a celestial telescope.

Naturally a lot of people in Carthage, as one of Jason Countryman's editorials said, used their leisure afternoons and evenings less energetically. These people went to concerts and lectures and classes, or simply stayed at home to read or think or talk.

As the weeks turned into months, Kingsbury Teller became extraordinarily preoccupied with the day-by-day activities of Carthage as he read about them in The Clarion. As time went on, he found himself looking forward to the arrival of his copy of The Clarion on Friday mornings as he looked forward to none of the dozen or so other periodicals to which he subscribed. It was a curious sight to see him sitting behind the leather-topped desk in his corner office on the twenty-sixth floor of the broadcasting building—this much-envied man of forty-five, who had spent twenty years fighting his way through and past ruthless competition to his present position—leaning forward in eager concentration over his copy of The Carthage Clarion.

Because of Kingsbury Teller's position in the successful world of New York, it was inevitable that sooner or later his odd enthusiasm for the obscure weekly newspaper would become public. Friends passed the word around to other friends and presently an item about it appeared in a metropolitan gossip column.

Following this, a number of New Yorkers took out subscriptions to The Clarion, some out of curiosity and others simply as a means of identifying their tastes with Teller's. Teller himself paid no particular heed to the publicity. He had studied his own world diligently, and he knew that its group capacity for sustaining interest in a given eccentricity was roughly four weeks. He continued to read his copy of The Clarion no more or less publicly than he had done for months.

Only one direct result of the little flurry of publicity affected Teller one way or the other. This was a short, gracious paragraph in The Clarion expressing the paper's and Editor Countryman's gratification for the out-of-town interest in Carthage evidenced by thirty-four recent subscription orders from New York City. A conscientious list of all thirty-four names followed.

That night, Teller showed this evidence of his first remote personal contact with Carthage to his wife. He laughed as he pointed it out to her, but there was something in his laugh which made her look quickly into his face. She knew that her husband was in the process of negotiating an extremely large talent deal for the network, and she was surprised to see the look of frank delight in his face which this small imprint of his hand on the distant affairs of Carthage, New Mexico, brought to him. Mrs. Teller didn't comment on this phenomenon but it stayed in her mind.

Actually most of those people whose names appeared as new subscribers didn't see the list, for they were no longer reading The Clarion when it appeared.

A few read on, a very few. One of these was a casual acquaintance of Teller's, a man of about his own age named Paul Jarvis, who had achieved a notable financial success in the practice of criminal law in the city. From time to time down the years some of the more conservative members of Jarvis' profession had criticized the lawyer's defense of various clients of a supposed dubious moral stature, but these criticisms hadn't affected Jarvis' professional rise.

Paul Jarvis had read each successive edition of The Carthage Clarion with the absorption of Teller himself.

Teller and Jarvis saw each other occasionally, and when they met they chatted civilly and inconsequentially. Each man knew that the other shared in common with him certain private emotional responses but they never spoke specifically about anything they read in The Clarion.

FAIRLY early in his reading of The Clarion, Teller began to miss copies of the paper which he had left on his office desk overnight. The first few times it happened it made no special difference, as he had read the issues through; but when one disappeared before he had finished it, he was seriously annoyed and stayed late enough one evening to speak to the office cleaning woman about it.

The woman freely admitted taking the papers, pleading as her excuse that she had supposed them discarded. She was a tired, stooped woman whose once-pretty face had an expression of perpetual harassment, and Teller regretted his sharpness of tone.

"I'll bring back the new paper I've got home," the woman said, "but the other ones, I'm sorry, I don't know. I sent them to my brother and his wife over in Pennsylvania—"

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"Never mind the old ones," Teller said. "I've read them, anyway." He was zipping up a brief case preparing to leave, when he said, "How did you happen to send those old papers to your brother? They were pretty much out of date by the time they got to Pennsylvania, weren't they?"

"They won't mind the date," the woman said at once. "My brother and his two boys are miners over there."

Teller didn't remark on this rather ambiguous reply, and he had said good night and started for the door when the woman spoke again. "Mr. Teller," she said, "have you ever been to Carthage?"

Teller stopped. "No," he said, "I haven't." He looked at the thin, harassed-looking woman with quick interest. "Have you?"

The woman shook her head. As she did so she smiled a little at Teller, and Teller found himself smiling back at her for an instant with an unaccountable intimacy. He said, "I'll leave the paper here every week when I've finished with it, if you like."

She thanked him. "I've got some cousins in Detroit. They'd like to see it, too."

TELLER worked hard, unusually hard, during the summer and fall. By the time the Christmas season had passed he felt that he could take a winter vacation. He talked it over with his wife. "I was thinking," Teller said. "We've gone down to Bermuda twice in a row. How about somewhere in Arizona or New Mexico this time? Maybe we could drive down."

"I'd like it," his wife said. Blandly, she added, "And if we drove, perhaps we could go through Carthage, couldn't we, King?"

Teller slit open the wrapper on the new edition of The Clarion with a sterling letter knife. "Say, that's right, we could," he said.

A week later Mrs. Teller had made arrangements for a month's stay at a large resort hotel in the Arizona desert. The Tellers were to drive across the country, making a leisurely eight- or nine-day journey of it. The gossip columnist who had run the earlier item about Teller and The Carthage Clarion now printed a line about the Tellers' vacation.

At the bottom of this column was another item which read: "Fella says Mouthpiece Paul Jarvis has dropped his defense of Lou Flanagan's syndicate against the city's charges. Whatsamatta, Paul? Hot fingers or cold feet, hah?"

A few nights before they were to leave, the Tellers went to a supper club after the theater. Shortly after they were seated Paul Jarvis stopped at their table.

"I hear you're going out West," Jarvis said. "When are you leaving?"

"Early Wednesday morning," Teller answered. "Day after tomorrow."

Paul Jarvis nodded his head. "I may see you out that way."

Teller's eyes met Jarvis' for an instant. "When are you leaving?" he asked.

"Two days after you."

The two men smiled almost imperceptibly, no longer looking at each other. "Well, that's fine," Teller said casually.

After wishing the Tellers a pleasant journey, Paul Jarvis returned to his own table.

The following afternoon Teller left his office, his job thrust wholly out of his mind, not even a brief case under his arm to remind him of it. He decided to walk home through the warming patches of winter sunshine. He strolled slowly, a noticeable figure walking erect, regarding dispassionately the city he had conquered, whistling soundlessly through his teeth.

As he moved north along Madison Avenue he paused from time to time in front of store windows, idly studying all the things he no longer needed, and presently through one of the windows he saw Paul Jarvis' profile. Teller backed up a step on the sidewalk and watched curiously. The store was a small one which sold various kinds of precision instruments, and inside Jarvis could be seen in earnest conversation with an elderly clerk. The two men stood on either side of a gleaming brass object elevated on a wooden tripod. Suddenly Teller realized that Paul Jarvis was buying a surveyor's level transit. The discovery gave Teller a jolt of sharp, unfamiliar excitement.

He turned quickly and hurried away from the window before Jarvis could see him, with the sense that he had pried more deeply than he had any right. That evening he consciously avoided any mention of the incident to his wife. Excitement kept him awake three hours past his ordinary time for sleep.

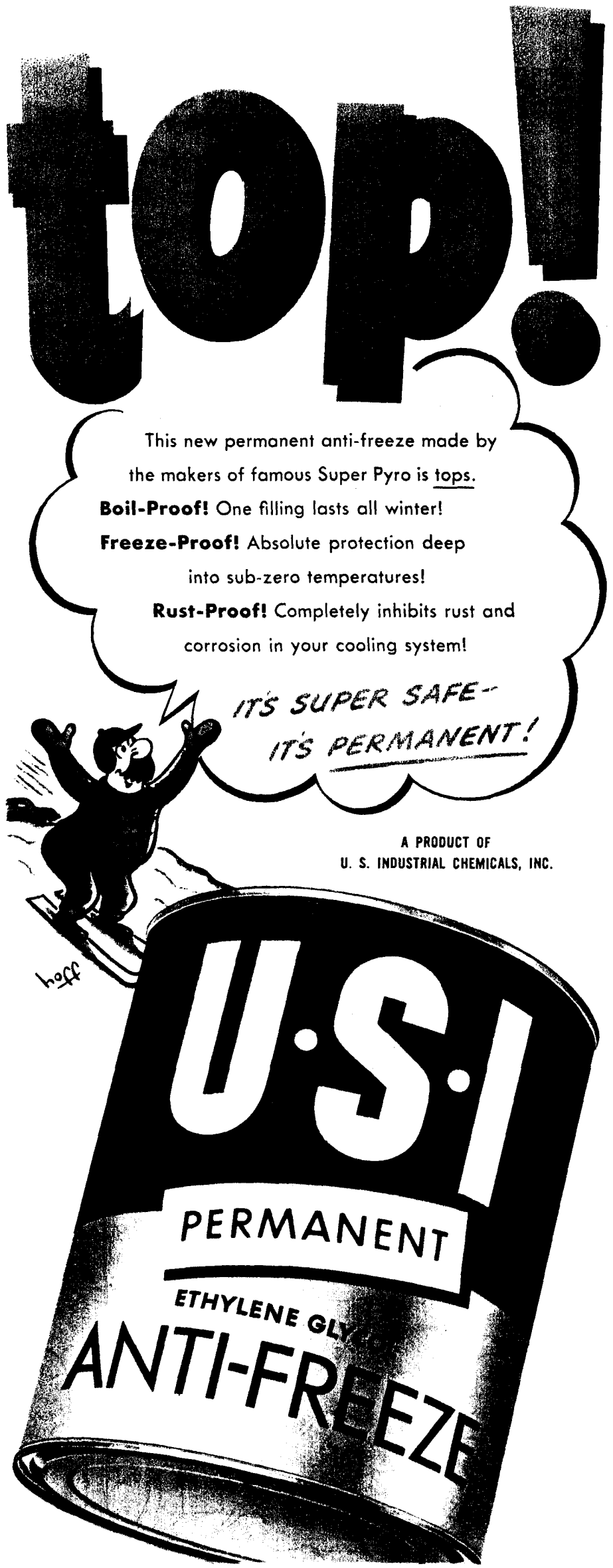
THE Tellers headed directly south in order to get out of the cold weather as quickly as possible, and by the third day of their journey they were able to put down the convertible top on their new car. The fourth day they turned due west. The weather was pleasant. Teller seemed in unusually high spirits. Mrs. Teller relaxed.

It was on the sixth day of their trip, as they were crossing eastern Texas, that Teller saw the cleaning woman from his office building in New York.

She stood at the roadside beside two old parked cars while two men in a group of seven or eight men, women and children changed a flat tire on one of the cars. It occurred to Teller that the woman's thin body as she stood there seemed a little less stooped than he remembered it, but he recognized her at once. Although he slowed down only a little he had time to notice that

"I'll be with you soon. How did you like the water?"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM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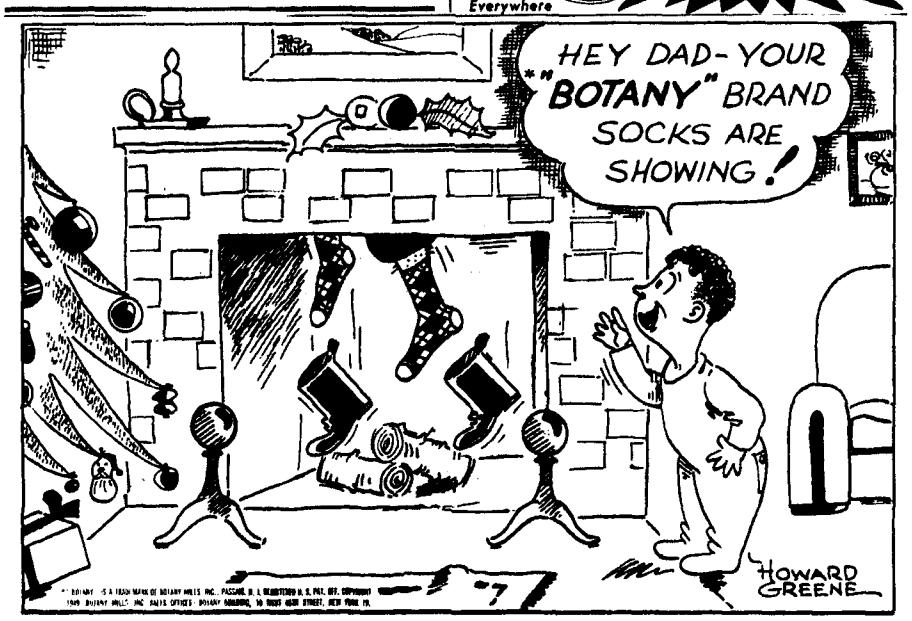


both cars were loaded inside and out with household goods, and that the one whose back bumper he could see carried a Pennsylvania license plate. Teller made no comment and shortly afterward he and his wife stopped at a good hotel for the night.

The next afternoon Teller saw the woman again, and this time there were not two cars in the caravan but three. They were drawn over to the side of the road at a place where two great highway arteries met. The third car was even older and far shabbier than the other two. It seemed incredible that it could have come all the way from Michigan, as its license plate testified.

Teller drove slowly past them, keeping his eyes on the one woman he knew, but she was deep in conversation with one of the women from the third car and he couldn't make her look up. That afternoon the Tellers crossed over into New Mexico.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Teller sat across from her husband as he studied the road map. She drank her coffee in silence, watching his face. Mrs. Teller had a funny panicky feeling in her chest.

"King," she said, after an interval. He didn't reply at once, and Mrs. Teller's hand holding her coffee cup began to tremble very slightly. "King," she repeated, "where *is* Carthage, anyhow?"

He looked up. "About a hundred and fifty miles from here," he said, "a little north and a little west. It's not printed on this small map, but I know where it is. See, if you look right here—what is it?"

Mrs. Teller was looking past her husband at the door of the hotel dining room. "Why, I thought I just saw Paul Jarvis going out," she said.

"Well, you probably did. He said he was coming down this way, didn't he?"

"But, King," Mrs. Teller insisted, "we're off the main highway now. It seems so . . . well, don't you want to speak to Paul before he gets away?"

Teller shrugged. "We'll probably run into him again," he said. "Let's get packed up. We're starting late."

For three hours Teller drove, in almost complete silence. He kept his eyes always on the road ahead, which began to wind a little as the country became hilly. At twelve thirty he stopped at a two-pump filling station, the first they had passed in an hour's driving, for gas. Teller spoke to the boy in charge. "Am I going right for Carthage?"

"Where?"

"Carthage," Teller repeated more carefully. "Carthage, New Mexico."

"Carthage? Oh, him." The boy grinned foolishly at Teller. "Sure, you're going right. See that ridge of hills up there ahead? Well, right down the other side of them you'll find the place."

Teller was sure there was something in what the boy had said that he hadn't understood, but he didn't want to pursue it. The boy irritated him. "Thank you," he said.

A hundred yards or so before the road reached the crest of the hill was a handmade sign stuck into the ground, reading: "Carthage 1 mile."

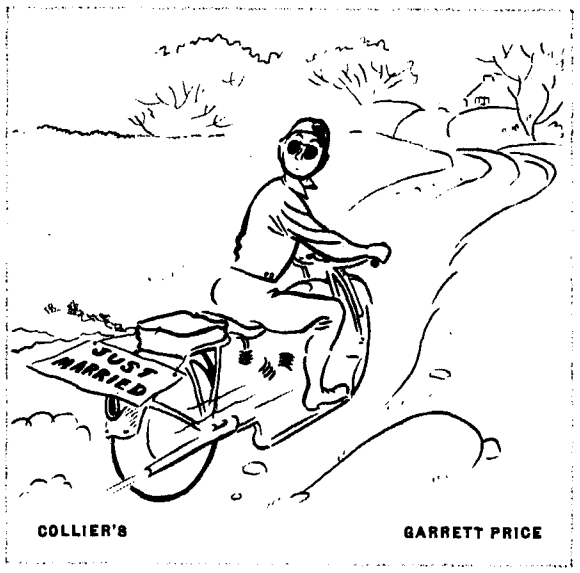
WHEN he looked down into the valley—a short, bare basin pocketed under two hill ranges—the first thing he was aware of with any sureness was the three rattletrap cars he had seen the day before on the highway. They were turned off the road, huddling together beside a dilapidated one-story adobe shack. Close by was a smart convertible car. There was in the entire spread of the valley no other sign of human life.

Teller jammed his foot on the accelerator pedal, gripping the steering wheel as though he meant to snap it. He skidded the car to a stop before the shack and leaped out. He pushed past three or four small children who were hanging around the open door, and went in.

The small room seemed crammed with people, people of all ages and sexes. The air was hot and acrid with the smell of printer's ink; a kerosene stove burned unnecessarily just inside the door. An entire wall was piled halfway to the ceiling with stacks of old newspapers, whose size and shape and headline type were familiar to Teller at a glance. Against another wall stood a rickety typesetter's stand, a high stool and an iron bed. At the very center of the little place was a heavy old hand-operated printing press, and around it stood a tight group of people—men and women, dirty from travel, some of the men in overalls, the women in cheap dresses.

ONE woman held a baby. The stooped, thin cleaning woman from Teller's office building was there, and Paul Jarvis was there. The faces of these people were curiously empty of expression, stolid, unsmiling. Only in Jarvis' face was there any faint hint of something which might have been a peculiar kind of amusement.

The attention of the people, as Teller entered, was centered on a man who stood next to the printing press. He was a lean man of a little more than average height whose age could have been anywhere from



sixty to seventy-five. The skin on his cleanly angled face was burned dark and had been creased a hundred ways at once by the wind and sun so that it looked like the craze on a pottery bowl. His thick hair was perfectly white. He wore a work shirt and a denim jacket which had been washed down to the brilliant blue of his eyes.

As Teller came through the door the man smiled at him, nodding his head again and again and saying something which Teller didn't hear. Then Paul Jarvis saw Teller. The others turned and made way for him to come up to the printing press.

"Welcome to Carthage," Jarvis said, leaning back against the side of the press.

Teller didn't change his expression. "What are you talking about?" he said.

"What I say. Welcome. You're here." He indicated the white-haired man. "Meet Mr. Countryman, editor of The Carthage Clarion."

Jason Countryman held out his hand. Teller ignored it. Now that he stood in front of him, Teller could see that the older man was in a highly agitated state. His hands trembled with uncontrollable excitement; his eager eyes were filled with a sort of exultation. He seemed not to notice that Teller hadn't taken his hand.

"Yes, yes, welcome," said Jason Countryman, in a deep, unsteady voice. "You're more than welcome, all of you are. This time it will be right. I can see that it will. They've come again and again, but they wouldn't understand and then they'd go away. But there are children this time. Oh, that's the way to make things strong."

A look of appalled disbelief slid over Teller's face as the truth began to penetrate

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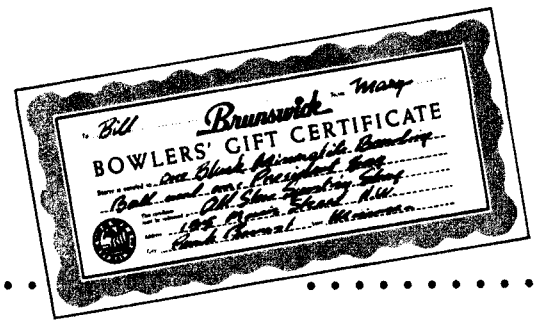

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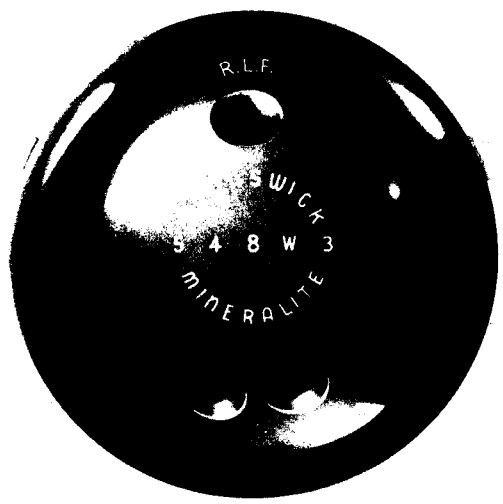

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his consciousness. "Where is Carthage?" he said slowly.

Jason Countryman thumped his trembling fist against the buttons of his faded denim jacket. "It's here," he said, "and in here." He rapped his knuckles on the side of his skull. His smile was exultant. "And it's a part of you and of everybody in this room. That's why you all came so far. You want Carthage to be real! Oh, you want it to be real so much, and The Clarion called you. We'll make it real. Take the land. The whole valley belongs to me. Take—"

Teller's voice interrupted him, harshly, touched with panic. "Do you mean," he said, "there are no Flaggs, no Boyles, and no one building a telescope?"

"They're *you*," said the old man, flinging out his hand eagerly toward Teller. "You're Flagg. You want to live like Flagg." He darted his finger around the room. "And you're Boyle, and you'll build a telescope, and you'll find out how to live with a man's dignity. . . ."

At the back of the room the cleaning woman laughed, a high, foolish laugh.

A string in Teller broke. He made a strange sound in his throat, and suddenly lashed out with the back of his hand, cutting across the side of Countryman's face. "You crazy old coot!" he shouted, his eyes swimming, half blinded. "You lying, crazy old coot!" He struck again and again, first with the back of his hand, then the front.

"King!" It was his wife's voice. "King, stop!" Teller seemed not to hear her.

Jason Countryman tried to cover his head with his arms, not striking back. "Make it!" he cried out. "Make it yourselves! It's not fair to expect it all to be made for you. We've got to work! There's no magic in the world. We've all got to work so hard!"

"Teller!" Paul Jarvis shouted. "Teller, you've lost your mind." Quickly he stepped behind Teller and grabbed his arms, holding them tight to his sides. Over Teller's shoulder he called to Jason Countryman, "Go out the back door, quick."

But the old man just stood there, peering out from behind his raised arms with bewildered, crazy eyes. "It's like the last time," he said. "Why is it just like the last time?"

From in back of him, from the others in the room, Paul Jarvis heard the beginning of a sound, a rumbling of voices, which frightened him. "Hurry, damn it!" he shouted.

This time Jason Countryman turned. When he was across the threshold of the back door, Jarvis dropped Teller's arms and bolted after him. He gave the old man's back a shove and slammed the door. "The blue car," he said.

Inside the shack the others heard Jason Countryman's voice: "But I've got to come back, *you know*."

Paul Jarvis' voice said, "I'll bring you back. I promise to."

Tires wrenched violently in the sand and in a few moments the sound of the big automobile's motor was past earshot. Teller found himself staring foolishly at the cleaning woman, listening to her angry sobs.

IN AN hour's time only one car remained outside the shack. It was the last car which had joined the westering caravan, the oldest, the shabbiest, the most empty of future. The others had left a half hour since. The Tellers raced dizzily toward their Arizona resort, Teller's face behind the wheel pale and deadly. The other two cars crawled like broken beetles along the highway toward the big cities of the West Coast.

Twenty miles away Paul Jarvis and Jason Countryman sat on a bed in a motor court, talking.

The people in the last car had let the others go, saying they would follow. But they hadn't followed. They seemed unable to move, to reason. They were stunned and numb. They were a family of six, four children, two young girls and two boys, one already half a man, the other still a child. They had made their way to Carthage from the poorest, darkest slum that was to be found in a great American city, and all that they possessed was within the reach of their hands. They hung around their car, and for long intervals they didn't try to speak. The man and his wife sat listlessly on the running board of the car; the children wandered off.

Another half hour had passed when the smallest boy came over to the car again. "I seen the springs," he said. "There's three, out around back of the house."

His father and his older brother followed the boy and looked down for a long time into the clear water. When at last the man looked up he saw that his wife was standing beside him. "Here's the water," he said to her. "It's like the paper said. That much was true."

The man and woman studied each other's faces briefly, and each saw the other's half-formed decision. Then the man turned to his oldest son. The boy was looking down the little valley where the afternoon sun was pouring rich purple shadows across the earth. The father saw what he needed to see. He touched the boy's sleeve gently. "There's a whole pile of the newspapers in the house there," he said. "See if you can find the one in October that tells about making the bricks."

The boy left. Around the three springs was a small stand of white-barked cottonwood trees, and the woman looked at them with interest. "Those are pretty trees," she said. "They'd make a nice shade to sit in after work. I wonder what kind they are."

The man found he was able to smile a little encouragement to his wife. "I don't know what kind of trees they are," he said. With his eyes he swept from end to end the valley of Carthage into which despair had driven him. "But we'll learn," he said.

AT a month's end Kingsbury Teller sat once more in the handsome library of his apartment on New York's upper East Side. His face was richly tanned by the Western sun, labeling him among his pasty neighbors as a man of more than ordinary substance. His company had surprised him with a bonus on his return from the West, making it possible for his wife to buy the platina cape she had coveted for months. Mrs. Teller was very happy these days.

Teller was reading through a large stack of his accumulated mail. Mechanically he reached for piece after piece, reading and discarding, so that when he found the copy of The Carthage Clarion in his hands it was a moment before he recognized what it was. A servant had removed the mailing wrapper of the paper for his convenience. Teller's hands had already begun to close into fists over the pages when a familiar name took hold of his eye and made him read. Under the line CARTHAGE WELCOMES NEW RESIDENTS, he read the following:

"It has been the privilege of our town recently to welcome seven new residents. Six of this number are Mr. and Mrs. Luther D. Kummer and their four children, Luther, Jr., Ernestine, George and Gloria. The Kummers plan to make Carthage their permanent home, and Mr. Kummer and Luther, Jr., have already begun work on the construction of an adobe house near the second spring.

"The seventh new resident is Mr. Paul R. Jarvis, an attorney, formerly of New York City. Mr. Jarvis has just returned from a brief trip to New York, where he announced his intention of withdrawing from the law firm of Ivens, Jarvis & Lantrobe. Mr. Jarvis has spent the past few days in Albuquerque, checking on homestead claims in Carthage Valley and purchasing several large pieces of farming equipment. Mr. Jarvis plans to build on the knoll above the third spring.

"Both the Kummers and Mr. Jarvis have said that they first learned of Carthage through The Clarion. We are very proud that this is so, and we are proud to make them welcome. It is our earnest wish that others like them may hear The Clarion's call, and that they . . ."

But Teller couldn't finish reading the piece because the little, odd-sized page had come apart in his closed fists, half in each hand. THE END

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An Icicle Built for Two

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

eyes. "Mom, this is Harvey Byrnes. He wants to borrow some hot coffee."

"I met your daughter in her sleeping bag this morning," Harvey said.

Mrs. Malone looked funny.

"Please, Harvey," Maggie said. "What he means is I overslept and he saw me and we had coffee together."

"For a minute," Mrs. Malone said, "I—"

"She's in great shape, Mrs. Malone," Harvey said. "I've never seen better."

Mrs. Malone chuckled. "Sit down, Mr. Byrnes. You don't have to amuse us. You have a pleasant plain face and that's enough." She headed for the kitchen.

"Over here," Maggie said. "I'm having skull practice."

Harvey followed her to a corner of the cabin. His eyes widened, as she continued: "Now these three parties come from different places. One is an Eskimo. Bet you can't tell me which, Harv."

"Not without their skins on," Harvey said. He eyed them narrowly and chose one.

"Missed by a mile. That fellow was found in New Mexico with a tomahawk in his left parietal lobe."

"I should have known him by the hole in his head," Harvey said.

"Don't, Harv." She picked up a skull. "Now here is an Eskimo. Notice anything?"

"Well, he's a wee bit hollow-eyed," Harvey said, "and bald."

"He's generally Mongoloid in cranial features," Maggie went on patiently, "and take a gander at those high, wide cheekbones. Vernie taught me all that. It gives you an idea of the scientific background of our expedition."

"Let's eat out tonight, dear. I get so tired of my own dishwashing"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

HARVEY gave her a pallid smile. "Vernon sounds like a man of superb brain and brawn," he said. "I can't wait to meet him. Perhaps I can be of some help to you two. I have connections in Hollywood."

"I was wondering where you got all those lame jokes," Maggie said, "but it's nice of you to offer to help us. Vernon is probably down at his igloo right now and I don't mind telling you, Harv, he's sort of worried about backers. Shall we go and see him?"

Harvey's melancholy lightened. "Is that so? Maybe I could help out there too." He turned to Mrs. Malone. "Hold the coffee, Mrs. M.—be back for it."

"Your bottle had a strange smell and I am soaking it in vinegar and water," Mrs. Malone said. To Maggie she added dryly, "Give my regards to Tom Swift."

Harvey accompanied Maggie past the guest cabins and the hotel and down to a group of utilitarian cabins assigned to employees. Harvey explained his Hollywood experience. In turn Maggie revealed that in order to be near snow and ice Vernon had taken a job here as desk clerk. She had met him one week end and had grown to love and admire him.

They came to the end cabin. Maggie rapped and pushed open the door. "Morning, Vernie," she said.

VERNON got up from his chair by the fire to greet them. He was shorter than Harvey. His head was slightly oversized and his black hair was ebbing over each temple. In one hand he held a novel of the North by James Oliver Curwood, in the other a smoked herring. He put down the herring and clasped Harvey's hand, which crumpled like a match box in a freight coupling.

"Vernie," Maggie said, "this is Harvey Byrnes, from Hollywood. I made his acquaintance in my sleeping—I had a drink with him this morning."

"Drink?" Vernon said. "Baby Doll—"

"It wasn't really anything, Vernon," Harvey said. "It was two-thirds coffee, the rest just ordinary rum."

Maggie winced. "Mr. Byrnes is a joker by profession, Vernon, but he might do us some good. He's fascinated by our expedition and he knows a lot of important movie people in Hollywood."

Vernon took a paralyzing grip on Harvey's arm. "From Hollywood, are you, Byrnes?" he said jovially and led him to a chair before the fire. "Sit down, my good fellow. Care for a herring?"

"Ah—no, thanks."

"Some pemmican, then?"

"Later maybe. Do you have any rum?"

Vernon laughed heartily and sat down. "From Hollywood, are you, Byrnes? Well, well. Frankly, I've been endeavoring to enlist the backing of some film companies in my venture into the true North. You realize, of course, that my expedition is mainly to gather vital data to fill in the gaps in our anthropological and ethnic knowledges of the Eskimo. But there are numerous sidelines that should appeal to the heads-up businessman. Take furs—the arctic fox is a valuable beast, Mr. Byrnes. And have you considered uranium? Fabulous possibilities in uranium and I'm taking a Geiger counter along, you may be sure. However, these expeditions cost considerable money. Baby Doll and myself have placed all our resources in it, but it isn't quite enough. So I have devised a scheme that ought to be highly profitable to any backers." His small eyes began to shine.

"I'm hungry," Maggie said. "Can I have a herring, Vernie, while you talk?"

"Help yourself, Baby Doll," Vernon said. He turned his beaming, toothy attention back to Harvey. "I daresay, Mr. Byrnes, that when I finish telling you my scheme you will be amazed at its simple money-making possibilities."

"You've obviously got a lot on the ball," Harvey said.

"Many people think so. Now, my plan is this: Baby Doll, my fiancée, is a woman of great beauty and charm I think you'll agree."

"Oh God, yes!"

"Well, then, I will produce and direct a short film in which I place this handsome specimen of American womanhood in with

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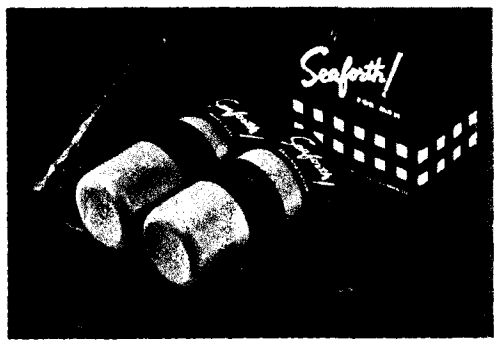

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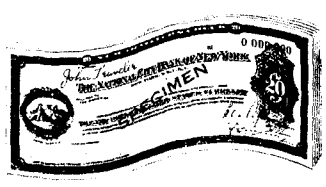

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genuine Eskimos, living as they live, fighting the never-ending battle of the trackless, arctic wastelands—small, heroic woman pitting her love and courage against the relentless, titanic elements of the North. Consider the drama, Byrnes. Perhaps she is the orphaned daughter of a trapper and his wife, adopted by the Eskimos. I envision her now," Vernon cried and stood up, "standing with her face in a blizzard waiting for the barks of the dogs bringing back her hunter-lover. Or"—Vernon squatted before the fire—"hunched over her whale-oil lamp in the igloo, preparing blubber, chewing sealskin—"

Controlling a shudder of revulsion, Harvey broke in: "That's quite an idea you've got there, quite an idea. Let me assure you of my interest in your venture."

"If I do say so myself, the scheme is pretty shrewd business, eh, Byrnes? You'll talk it over with the film people?"

Harvey nodded. "Why don't you two have dinner with me tonight at the hotel and brief me more thoroughly?"

Vernon shook his big head. "My responsibilities here prevent me from accepting, but Baby Doll is free and I have coached her well. She might fill in for me."

Maggie had been eating a herring and watching Vernon with pride; now her blue eyes widened a little. "Glad to," she said. "I'll be ready at seven, Harvey."

FOR *dining Maggie got out of woollies* and ski pants into nylons and a dress. Her loveliness rocked Harvey to his roots. As the evening aged, Maggie's color heightened, her eyes grew soft and misty and had a distracting tendency to gaze warmly upon Harvey's lips. In turn Harvey grew paler, if possible, and had trouble enunciating clearly. After eating they danced to the hotel juke box. Once Harvey clapped emotionally.

About eleven he escorted her to her cabin. They stood in the doorway looking at the moonlight on the snow. Maggie appeared agitated and several times when Harvey made sudden movements she jumped excitedly. Finally, she faced him.

"Harv, I can't tell you how nice it's been tonight and I think you're fine, just fine. You're sweet and smart and so pale and skinny it's awful how I want to feed you oatmeal; and I want to tell you you have lovely lips, Harv, lovely, but I'm booked for the arctic with Vernie and I've got to stop having thoughts like I've got now, so you beat it, Harv baby." With that she flung both arms around his neck and kissed him spiritedly. Then with a little anguished cry she fled. Harvey stood staring at her door. His knees felt funny.

For the next few days Harvey worked like a man possessed. He looked up a former arctic bush pilot and talked at length with him. He read Stefansson. He checked up on Vernon's background. The more he learned of the arctic and of Vernon's qualifications to live in it the grimmer he became. Maggie was being dangerously romanced about one of the planet's harshest lands by a dud with no experience in polar climates and with only a cursory knowledge of anthropology, geology, or even photography. Harvey conferred with Mrs. Malone and found that she shared his apprehensions. They resolved to strike a blow. After that Harvey drove a lot in the near-by mountains and every day he called a friend in the Weather Bureau.

ONE day Harvey called upon Vernon and invited him and his gorgeous fiancée to join him in a short drive up to a friend's cabin. Harvey said it ought to be fun. They could talk about the expedition, see some lofty scenery, broil some steaks in the cabin and be back early. It was Vernon's day off and he accepted for himself and Maggie.

Beetling gray clouds lolled around the peaks when they left, but Harvey said it was only 18 miles to the cabin. They left the resort on a narrow, steep and apparently aimless mountain road. After they had climbed steadily for a few miles, the air got colder, the wind began whooping it up and little hard bits of snow came skittering in on the bias. The elements were roughing it up and presently drifts appeared in the road. Harvey tooled through them with gusto. "This is the life!" he cried. "I wish I were going with you two kids to the arctic."

"Hey!" Vernon yelled.

Harvey hit a big drift, stalled, backed off and affably charged it again. He sailed through, missed a turn and slid gently off the road and down into a pine.

"Bless my soul!" Harvey exclaimed and laughed. "Give me a little push, Vernie boy, and I'll back her right out of here."

Vernon got out, staggered a little when the wind hit him and waded down to the right front fender. While he pushed, Harvey gunned the motor. After a few minutes of immense, futile effort, Vernon straightened and peered at the rear wheels. "For Godssakes put her in reverse!"

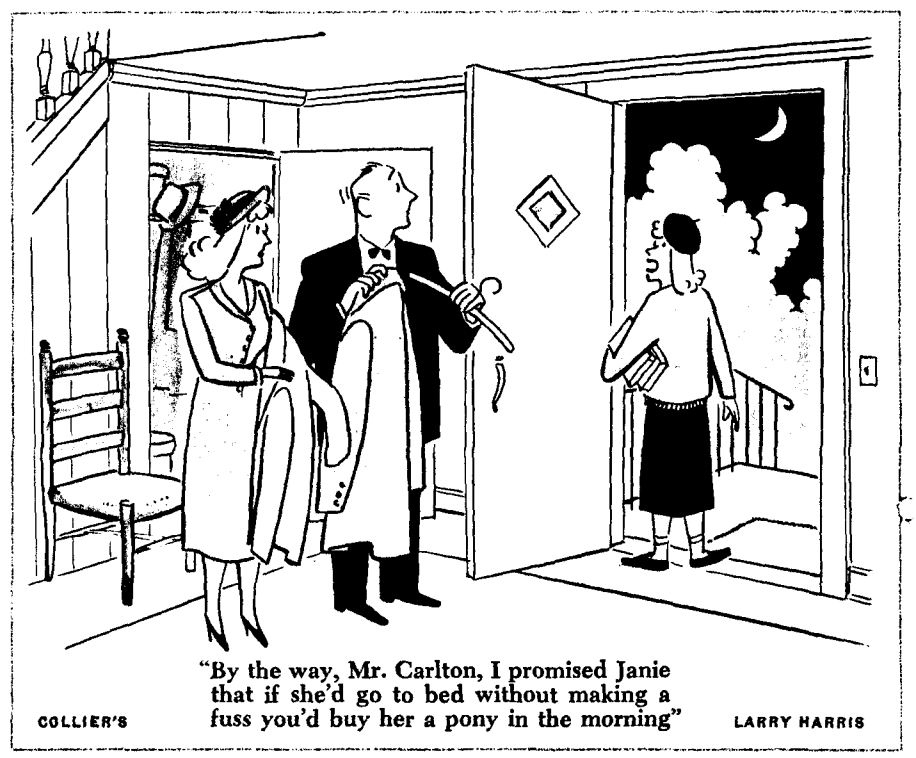
"I got her in reverse," Harvey said.

"You've got her in neutral," Maggie said.

"So I have," Harvey said. He shifted into reverse and Vernon pushed again. The wheels spun; the motor began to pound.

Harvey rolled down the window and tossed a hatchet out to Vernon. "Cut some branches and shove 'em under the wheels, Vernie, I'm not getting enough traction."

Vernon floundered over to a bushy tree and laboriously hacked off an armful of branches. He fell down once on the way



COLLIER'S "By the way, Mr. Carlton, I promised Janie that if she'd go to bed without making a fuss you'd buy her a pony in the morning" LARRY HARRIS

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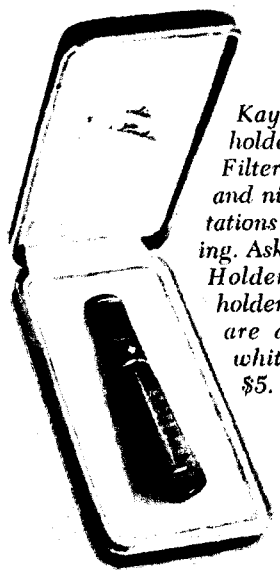

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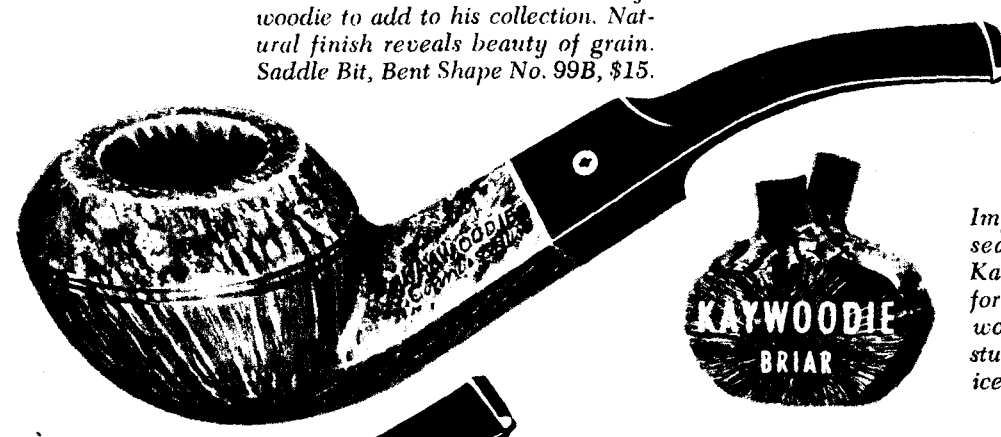

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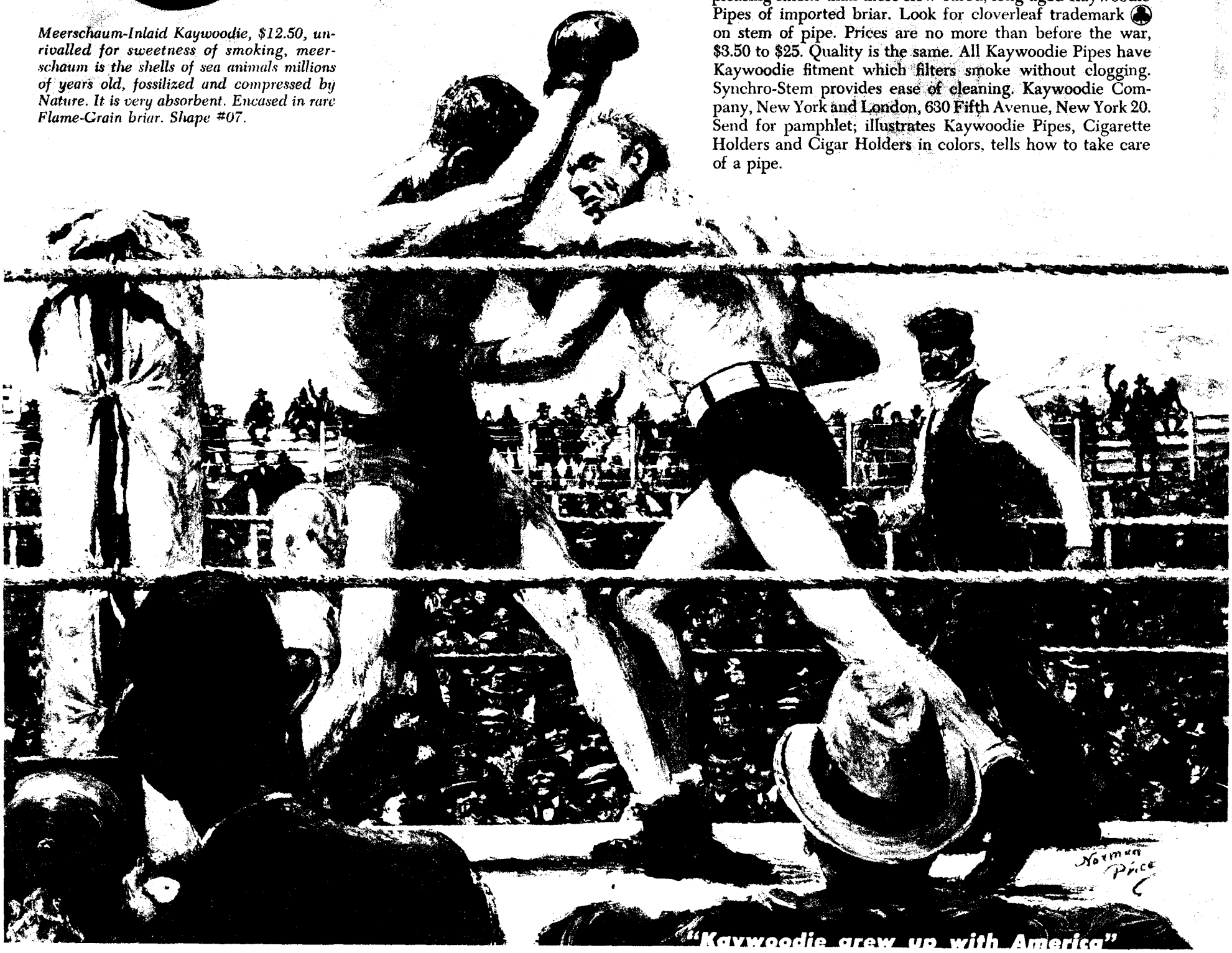

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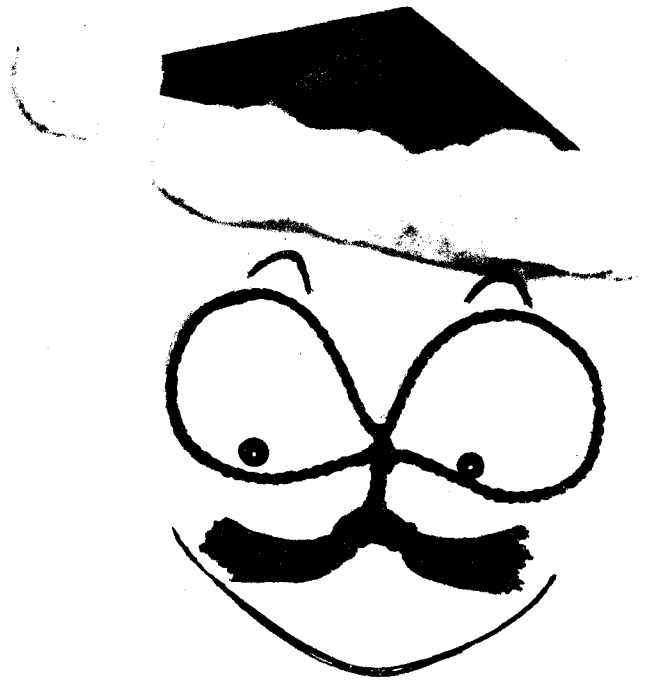

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back and scratched his face. He jammed the boughs under the rear wheels and returned to the front fender. His breathing was very fast and he had a queer, strained look.

"Brace yourself this time, Vernie," Harvey called, "and see if you can't push a wee bit harder, h'mmm?"

With his shoulder on the fender and his hands on the bumper, Vernon gave his all. For a few minutes the wheels threw snow and gravel. Then the motor shook with a kind of metallic death rattle and collapsed.

"That does it," Harvey said.

Maggie, her eyes big and frightened, was staring at Vernon. "Good Lord, what's wrong with Vernie?"

VERNON was sprawled loosely face down on the front fender. His body swelled hugely with each breath. As they stared he pushed himself away from the car long enough to lean against the pine and throw up. Like many lowlanders at high altitude, Harvey explained, Vernon had overworked in the cold, thin air. Harvey helped him back into the car.

"Gee," Maggie said, "he's all greeny-white, like Roquefort cheese!" Her face grave, she looked from Vernon to the blizzard. "It's getting dark too. What're we going to do, Harv?"

"As I see it," Harvey said, "we're about midway between the resort and the cabin. We can't walk because we'd freeze to death bucking that blizzard."

"What's keeping us from freezing to death here?"

"We've got Vernie with us. Blizzards are Vernie's meat." He smiled cheerfully. "Vernie can build us an igloo and a fire. Right?"

"Igloo?" Vernie said weakly. "Where?"

"You know," Harvey said, "I'm kind of disappointed in you, Vernie. Here it is only five below zero probably, in a midget California blizzard and you don't show the arctic know-how I expected." Harvey took the hatchet and opened the door. "Follow me, men," he cried.

He led them down the slope to a fairly level spot.

"In the arctic," Vernon said and danced from one foot to the other, "I'd build a snowhouse, but I can't build a snowhouse here because the snow's too loose."

"Darn it, Vernie!" Maggie said. "You ought to be able to handle this with one hand. Harv's not strong, you know."

Harvey had walked to a conifer that was about six inches through the trunk. "Vernie boy, come here." He handed Vernon the hatchet and pointed to a spot on the tree about four feet above ground. "Chop her here."

While Vernon hewed, Harvey donated his heat to keeping Maggie warm. When Vernon was three-quarters through the tree, Harvey told him to stop and push it over so it would fall across the level spot. It took some pushing, but Vernon did it. With the tree down, but the trunk still attached to the stump, Harvey had Vernon hack away the branches on the under side. This created a small, slanting, fir-lined room. Harvey pointed to the cut boughs. "Kind of lace them in on the windward side, Maggie," he said. "And spread the rest on the snow inside.

"Now, while I scout for firewood, Vernie," Harvey said, "you get a fire going and bring down the two auto robes and the meat from the car. We'll need them."

Vernon leaned against the tree stump, puffing and glaring malevolently. "Do it yourself, Byrnes. I'm bushed. And don't order me around!"

"Vernie, shame on you!" Maggie said. "Harv's got brains, but no muscles to speak of. You've got muscles. Besides he offered to hunt firewood so you could rest."

"All right," Vernon said. "Just let me breathe."

"Good!" Harvey said. "With that kind of co-operation we can hold out for days. I'll be back soon."

He walked to the road, followed it around a turn for a hundred yards or so, then angled off on a side road to a lighted cabin. He rapped and Mrs. Malone greeted him.

"Been waiting for you, Harvey," she said. "How did it go?"

"The Weather Bureau delivered that blizzard a little late, but I hit that pine tree right on the nose."

"How is Admiral Byrd?"

"Pitiful," said Harvey happily. He sat down, rubbing his hands. "Cold out tonight. What's to eat?"

"Steak, French fries, apple pie and coffee."

"I'm hungry," Harvey said, "so you'll pardon me if my conversation drags."

While stoking himself, Harvey gave concentrated scrutiny to a chapter in the Boy Scout Handbook describing techniques for building fires in the open. Then he shoved a bottle of rum in his pocket.

"It seems improbable," Mrs. Malone said, "but will you want to eat again tonight?"

"About nine," Harvey said. "I've got to keep my strength up, you know."

Outside he picked up some cut firewood and stalked back through the night to the tree house. Vernon and Maggie were two dark huddled figures.

"How about that fire?" Harvey asked.

Silencing his rattling teeth, Vernon snarled: "Who can start a fire with green wood in snow?"

"He used up two books of matches," said Maggie, "then his fingers got so cold he couldn't hold a match. He's been swearing terribly." Harvey caught the anxiety in her voice. "No foolin', Harv, it's kind of rough out here. No fire, no food, and getting colder every minute."

Harvey just laughed, and built a small, square foundation of green boughs on the bare ground. He shaved some splinters from the inside of a piece of dry wood, piled the splinters on top of a couple of blank checks, ignited the paper with his cigarette lighter and presently had a sassy little blaze going. Everybody wept from the smoke, but conditions improved.

"Could an igloo be nicer than this?" Harvey said, wiping his eyes.

"My feet have frozen," Vernon muttered. "Move over, Margaret."

"Darn it, Vernie, you're hogging most of the fire now!" she said. "And speaking of feet, where are mine? I can't even feel them."

"Take off your boots," Harvey said, "and I'll rub your feet for you. It's an old Russian army trick."

"Rub mine," Vernon said. "Mine are colder."

"Ladies first," Harvey said.

MAGGIE removed her boots and Harvey massaged her feet until they were warm and pink.

"Harv," she said, "let me say that in these hours of peril and hardship you are a tower of strength and cunning. Who would think that out of that frail body—"

"If that joker had been able to drive sensibly," Vernon pointed out, "we wouldn't be here freezing to death."

"If that is your attitude," Harvey said. "Rub your own feet."

"Margaret will rub my feet. It's a woman's job. In the arctic she'll be chewing my sealskin boots every morning."

"I'll rub your feet," Maggie said, "but this thing is putting that boot-chewing business in a new light. It's showing up some deficiencies in you too, Vernie. I'd hate to think where we'd be without Harv here."

Harv felt so cheered he took out his bottle, turned his head and had a nip.

"Funny thing," Maggie said, "but I smell alcohol. I even thought I heard it gurgle."

"That was some rum I had along," Harvey said. "I'd offer you some, but I know you Eskimos can't touch it."

After a brief silence, Vernon said, "In emergencies rum can be beneficial. I'll try some, Byrnes."

Harvey passed the bottle and Vernon drank like a drain pipe. "That's pretty good stuff," he said.

For perhaps an hour then they sat at their little fire listening to the storm. Harvey and Maggie shared one robe; Vernon had the other, because, he said, he was bigger. Har-

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vey rubbed Maggie's feet and hands and held her close for warmth, among other reasons. Maggie was pensive. With a slight frown she watched Vernon return frequently to the bottle.

"I'm hungry," Vernon said finally. "What about those steaks, Byrnes?"

Harvey handed him the package.

"We got no grill," Vernon said. "How'll we cook 'em?"

"Eat them raw," Harvey suggested. "Eskimos do."

MAGGIE stiffened; she gazed wide-eyed at Harvey. "They eat their meat raw, right off the hoof? Walruses and seals and bears?" She turned to Vernon. "Is that right, Vernon? We'd be eating raw meat?"

"Sure," Vernon said. "Anybody knows that." He poked a green stick through the steak and tried holding it over the little blaze. The stick bent and the steak dropped like a small red rug over the fire. Vernon cussed, fished out the steak and wiped the ashes off with his mitten. While Harvey put the fire back together Vernon nibbled the T-bone. He grinned at Maggie.

"Got to get used to it sometime, Baby Doll." He handed her a steak. "Try it."

Holding the steak, Maggie stared at Vernon, then at the slab of red raw flesh. "Awug!" she cried. She dropped the meat and buried her face in Harvey's shoulder. Harvey patted her gently and when she had stopped shaking he made her swallow a little rum. "We need firewood again," he said. "Be right back."

When Harvey reached the cabin Mrs. Malone showed anxiety. "How is she? If you let so much as a lobe of my daughter's ear freeze, Harvey, I'll—"

"I'm delighted to report that I have managed to keep your child warm and pliable," Harvey said. "Furthermore, the spell of the trackless arctic wastelands has been busted. Love met a raw T-bone face to face and got sick. Maggie's romance with Vernie boy and the Eskimos is over and if you ever get her north of Pasadena again you'll require force. I'm pleased to say too that Vernie boy exceeded our wildest dreams. A national census couldn't find a more useless knothead." He sat down. "I'm starved."

After eating bacon, eggs, potatoes and coffee Harvey yawned and stretched. "I wonder if I'll ever be able to forgive myself for this," he said. He arose. "Time for you to lead the rescue party, Mrs. M. The storm's easing up. It'll take you 20 minutes to drive back to the resort and pick up help. With chains on, you can get back to us in another forty." He chuckled. "If Maggie ever discovers that the little mountain road leaves the main highway at the resort, circles a mountain and rejoins the highway outside this cabin's door, or that I left her in a cold tree whilst I ate twice, I think I can expect to lose some blood."

"I kind of worry about the hairs on this old gray head too," Mrs. Malone said. "The kid has a temper."

After tidying up the cabin, Harvey helped Mrs. Malone into her car and watched her reach the highway 50 yards away. Harvey then picked up some firewood and returned to the tree house.

Vernon was tight. He was picking raw steak out of his teeth with a sliver. Maggie watched him with wary disgust. "Oh, Harv," she said, "he's blaming me for everything now. On top of that he wants me to rub his big feet again!" Maggie seemed stirred with strong emotion. "What a phony! He thinks only of himself. I'll probably be cashing in my chips here, Harv, but I'll go happy because this thing has saved me from a fate worse than death!"

Harvey sat down and wrapped himself up in Maggie and the robe. Vernon eyed them balefully. "Cut that out, Byrnes, or I'll tear your heart out."

Harvey hefted a piece of firewood. "You make one move, Vernie boy, and I'll hammer your brains out!"

"Harv'll do it too!" Maggie cried. "Harv's wiry. I dare you to slug him. Just try it!"

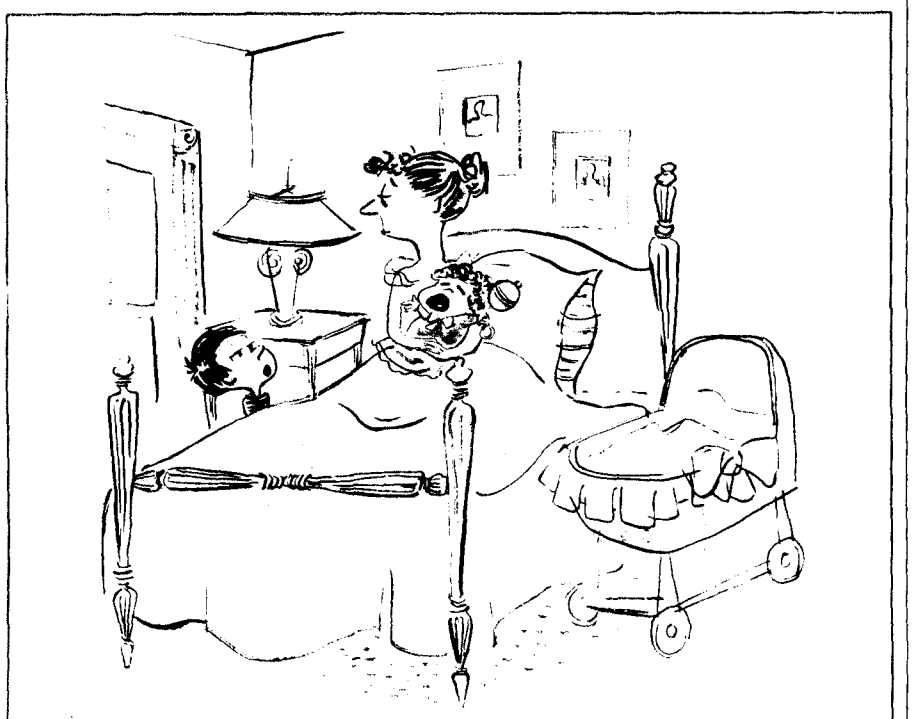
Harvey swished the club past Vernon's forehead twice and glowered. But after a groggy study of the situation, Vernon picked up the bottle and drained it. "Why pick on me?" he asked. "What did I do?" Presently his head slumped and he dozed.

Except that his feet got cold, Harvey enjoyed the next hour, Maggie was affectionate and dependent and resigned to meeting death in his arms.

AFTER the rescue party came and Mrs. Malone explained how worried she'd been when they hadn't returned to the resort, Vernon was toted back to his cabin and left to sleep it off. The Malones and Harvey gathered in the Malone igloo where Maggie drank hot coffee and proudly recounted Harvey's fearless exploits and canny woodcraft. Mrs. Malone listened, inscrutable. The gaunt hero looked at the floor and shuffled his feet.

"Beneath that sallow skin," Maggie said, "Harv's strong as a tiger. A man in a million." She regarded him thoughtfully. "In fact, there ought to be more like him. *Just* like him. Say, about six— Harv?"

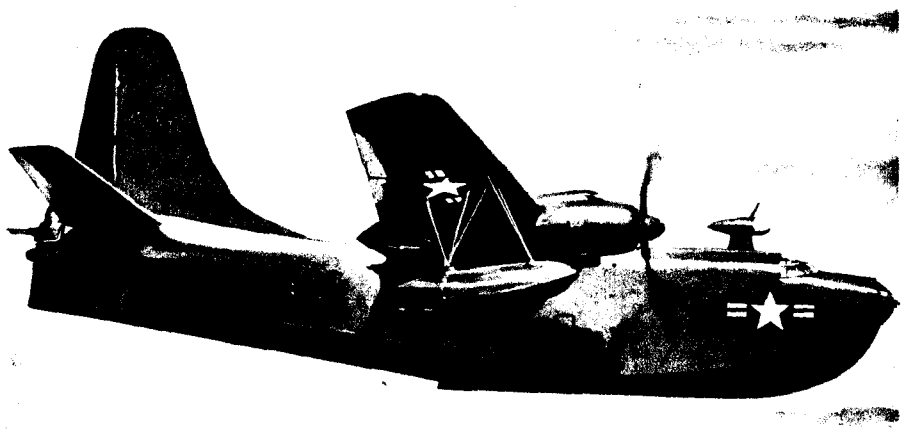
Harvey, as we have said, was not one to let opportunity wait on him. He knew when to press an advantage. Mrs. Malone suddenly realized they needed more coffee, and retired to make it. THE END



COLLIER'S

"She's O.K., I guess, but I was sort of hoping for an older brother"

MURIEL JACOBS



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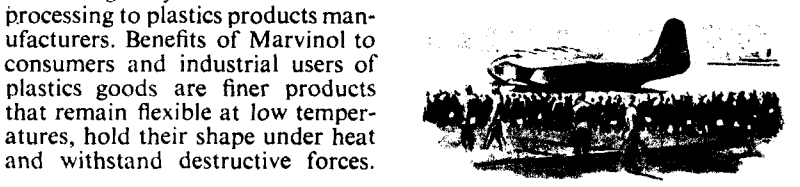

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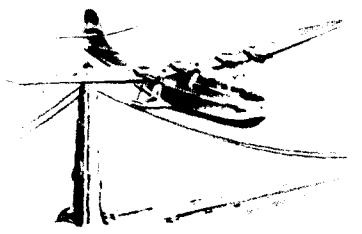

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They Whistle While They Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

done to merit this public disgrace? Probably tarried a half second too long with the ball in the back-court. For other foul calls, Pat will leap into the air like a gazelle that has backed into a hot griddle, or jump up and down like an uncoiled jack-in-the-box, sputtering, screeching and wildly gesticulating, just in case his other tricks haven't focused the attention of the crowd on him.

He can pirouette, canter, curvet, trot, wheel, backtrack and change direction at full speed as if wearing ice skates. When Kennedy blows a whistle it stays blown. There's a heap of authority in the blast and enough menace to scare a gang of cutthroats out of their wits.

His mentor, mild-mannered Dave Walsh, now a school principal in Hoboken, speaks with pride of his protégé.

"Pat has a quick whistle," says Dave. "It does the talking. Yet, he never anticipates. It has to occur before he calls it. The players respect him because they know this."

Refereeing with a High Fever

Kennedy used to think nothing of refereeing afternoon and night games on the same day, often with a train ride in between. In fact, once he hopped a freight train from West Point, after working a matinee, in order to get to the Columbia University gym in time for a night contest. His proudest accomplishment was in sticking out a game in Hershey, Pennsylvania, one night while running a fever of 104. Fans failed to appreciate this act of valor because they are so used to seeing Patrick in a terrible sweat, anyhow.

One might be justified in calling Pat "Professor Kennedy" now, since he holds clinics for basketball referees and coaches, lecturing them on the rules and mechanics of officiating. He shows the referees how to anticipate plays and thus always be in the right position to see the action. Well aware after 25 years of officiating that the greatest menace to the enjoyment of a basketball game is the constant interruptions, Kennedy makes a point of stressing the referee's duty to keep the action from lagging.

Does Patrick impart any of his tricks of showmanship to the referees on his staff?

"I got all that stuff patented," says old Purple Puss with a sly wink.

Off court, Pat is the direct antithesis of his professional personality. He is amazingly mild-mannered and, for one who revels in the spotlight while officiating, shy to the point of bashfulness.

There is only one Pat Kennedy, for which Allah be praised. But there is room in this world for a lower-case edition of this capital fellow, and where else but Brooklyn would one seek him out? Dapper Phil Fox considers it the greatest compliment that can be paid him when someone calls him "a road-company Pat Kennedy." Fox, now thirty-six, started out as a soccer referee and switched to basketball when he became athletic director for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. In that role Phil set many basketball officials on the road to success. His proudest product is Lou Eisenstein, one of the top officials in the East.

Fox is an exponent of the "panther" school of officiating. He will bound up to a player whom he has caught in an infraction and, when he comes within a yard of the culprit, crouch as if to spring on the poor devil. At the last split second, he will settle for shaking a finger under the offender's nose, at the same time letting out a catamount-like screech.

There's also a streak of Jolson in him. Fox is given to calling fouls on one knee. If the violation warrants it, he will sometimes put both knees into the act. Phil explains that it's often necessary to get underneath a play to make the proper call and, since immediate action is required in making a decision, he doesn't bother to hoist his 165 pounds off his knees to say his piece.

To stop play, Phil shakes his fist in the air; and, often while traveling at top speed, to call attention to a foul he will shake his five-foot, nine-inch frame in a series of grinds and bumps that would do justice to a burlesque queen.

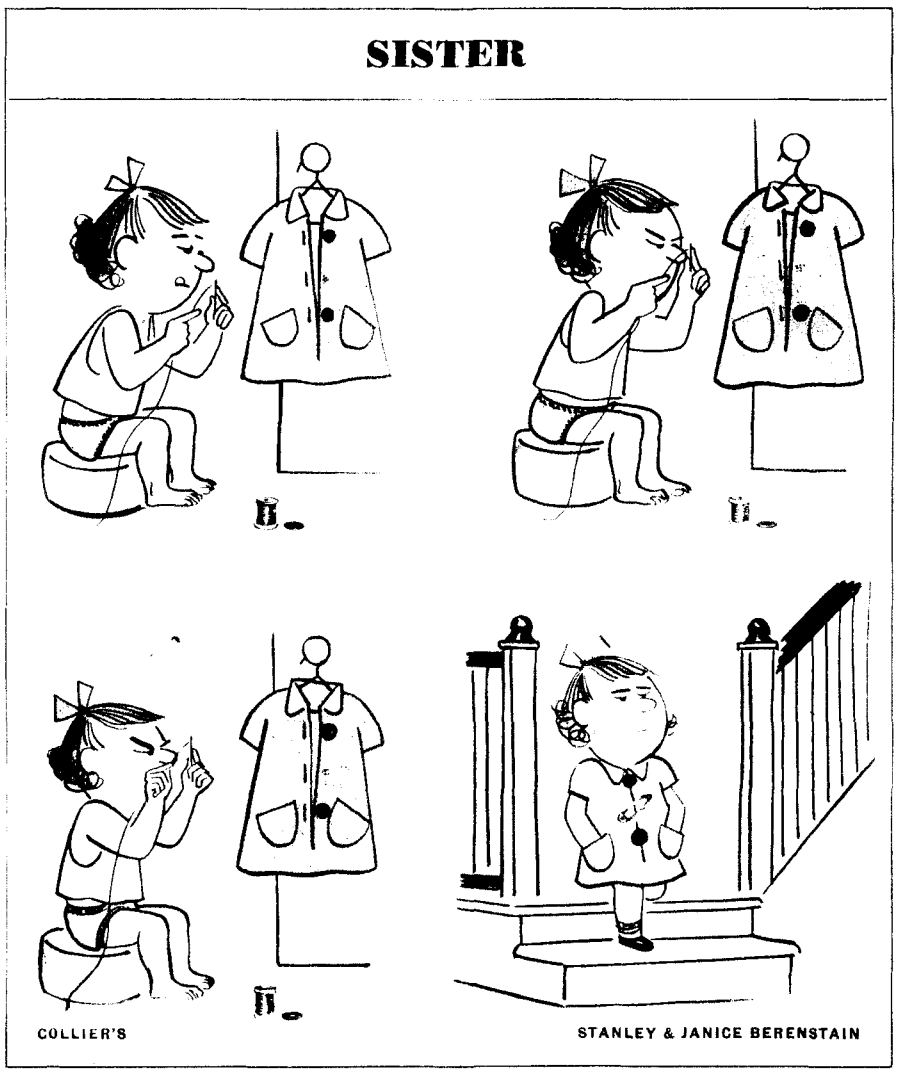
Phil is also addicted to shouting, "No, no, no!" to indicate that a basket doesn't count or that, horror of horrors, a minor infraction has occurred.

Fox won the nickname of "Mumbles" because of the strange double-talk sounds that emanate from his throat during the heat of the game. In explanation of this idiosyncrasy he says: "To keep the game moving, fast talk is necessary. Explanations of rules infractions to the players sound like a mumble-jumble of words to the fans, but the players get the idea and that's all that matters."

after that distressing incident, his heart no longer was in his work. So, Pat and Chuck are associated now only on the basketball court.

In action, Soladare doesn't get as excited as Kennedy. Besides he works without his false teeth, so strangulation has never confronted him in the heat of a game. Pronouncing his words as he does without his vitamin crushers, Chuck naturally doesn't rate as high in the diction department as his pal Pat, the Banshee of the N.B.A. But apparently he'd rather sound like a trained seal barking for his herring than risk the horrible fate Kennedy just missed the night the wild ball hit him in the face, dislodged his denture and wedged it in a nook behind his epiglottis.

"I don't think a fellow belongs on the basketball court with store teeth," says



Phil now does his mumbling in the big pro loop games after having served a 12-year apprenticeship with Y.M.C.A., Y.M.H.A. and industrial organizations, and with the American hoop league.

If Kennedy has another sincere flatterer in Chuck Soladare, it's because the two have been served up together to fans as often as hot dogs and pop soda. For years Chuck and Pat worked together on the basketball court and then, when Frank Shaughnessy, head of the International League, saw in Kennedy a potential major-league baseball umpire and gave him a job, the pair called 'em as they saw 'em together on International loop diamonds.

Pat seemed headed for the big leagues, a goal which Chuck, now dean of the staff, has never been able to reach. But, alas, one day in the Jersey City ball park Kennedy crouched behind first base ready to give with the old collegiate endeavor on a close play. The base runner, sliding feet first into the bag, spiked him so severely in the left ear that a large-scale crocheting job was necessary to patch up the shreds. Although Kennedy returned to the diamond briefly

Chuck. "One should never leave his china choppers in during a game, because when the going gets rough it's a case of everyone for himself, and save the pieces."

During his salad days, Chuck was forced to take the side exit from some of the leading basketball gyms in the coal-mining regions, while a mob of irate coal crackers followed only one or two leaps behind him. Then, he has also survived the worst abuse the International League bleacher wolves could howl at him. So Soladare doesn't blow his top or let basketball crowds influence him now.

Older and much heavier than Pat, Chuck can't match the blistering pace set by the younger man. He does a lot of huffing and puffing without, however, blowing the house down; or for that matter, bringing it down in the Kennedy fashion. He bawls out his toothless decisions, but doesn't quite get the Kennedy menace into them. However, Soladare has much looser pores than Pat and when he opens them in the heat of the game, it's a case of Maggie get the mop, the floor's wet again.

Despite his free-weeping hide, Chuck has never been called a big drip. Among the players he has the reputation of being a more lenient official than Kennedy.

Before the start of the current season, Soladare trimmed 35 pounds from his tremendous frame. This was a heroic gesture on Chuck's part to quiet the whispers that he was slowing up on the courts. That's why he's coy, too, about reporting either his age or his still considerable weight. There are those who claim Chuck was the man who blew the first whistle when old Doc Naismith, inventor of the game, nailed the original peach basket to a tree. But Soladare isn't quite that old, and he's still one of the most competent refs in the business.

There seems to be a natural affinity between baseball and basketball officiating. At any rate, many arbiters make a year-round career of the two callings. Another showboater who holds forth on both the diamond and the basketball court—with the gridiron tossed in too, just in case anyone should accuse him of being a loafer—is Joseph A. Serafin of Scranton, Pennsylvania. During the summer Red, as he is known to everyone except his wife, calls balls and strikes in the American Association. With the opening of the basketball season, he becomes an indoor cross-country runner of the Pat Kennedy school. Then Mrs. Serafin becomes a basketball widow. Not even on Sunday nights does her man come home, so jam-packed is his schedule of engagements in college and professional basketball.

Serafin, a thirty-eight-year-old native of Old Forge, Pennsylvania, made up his mind early in life that he wanted to follow a sports career. In high school he starred in baseball, football and basketball. At Rider College, Red played basketball under Coach Clair Bee, now the Laird of Long Island University. Serafin wasted no time groping for his groove in life after graduation; he immediately started his career as a sports official and has hardly had a day off since.

A Past Master of Mimicry

Comparison with Kennedy is inevitable for any colorful basketball official who makes the big leagues; and so, Red has naturally come to be known as the Kennedy of the Coal Mining Belt. Red can imitate a beet, a whirling dervish, a hyena, a kookaburra, a Missouri mule or a screech owl, as the occasion arises during a court contest. Any resemblance between his repertoire of grimaces and noises and Kennedy's is not a coincidence. Red thinks that whenever one encounters the master of his particular art, the homage of imitation is due him; and that attempts at originality by a second fiddle would be an insult to a Stradivarius.

In one path, though, Red has pioneered personally instead of following Patrick's well-beaten trail. He preaches to the players. Not satisfied with making a public show of an offender, he will go up to his man and, with many a pious gesture, will caution: "Lay off him! Play the ball, not the man!" or "You pushed him. Cut it out!" or "Get out of that lane. You know better. You lose possession!"

Serafin stands five eleven and weighs 178 pounds, so his physique isn't quite impressive enough to bully recalcitrant players into line, but he can preach the worst backsliders among them into instant submission.

It would seem from this recital of the histrionic talents of Eastern basketball officials that the Atlantic seaboard has a monopoly on court characters. Nothing, egad, could be more wrong. In fact you could put Messrs. Kennedy, Serafin and Fox on one platter of a balance scales and Chicago's entry in the Showboat Sweepstakes would plummet the other side of it down like a runaway freight elevator. Need one be informed that I refer to James Entwhistle Enright, the Benton Harbor Butter Ball?

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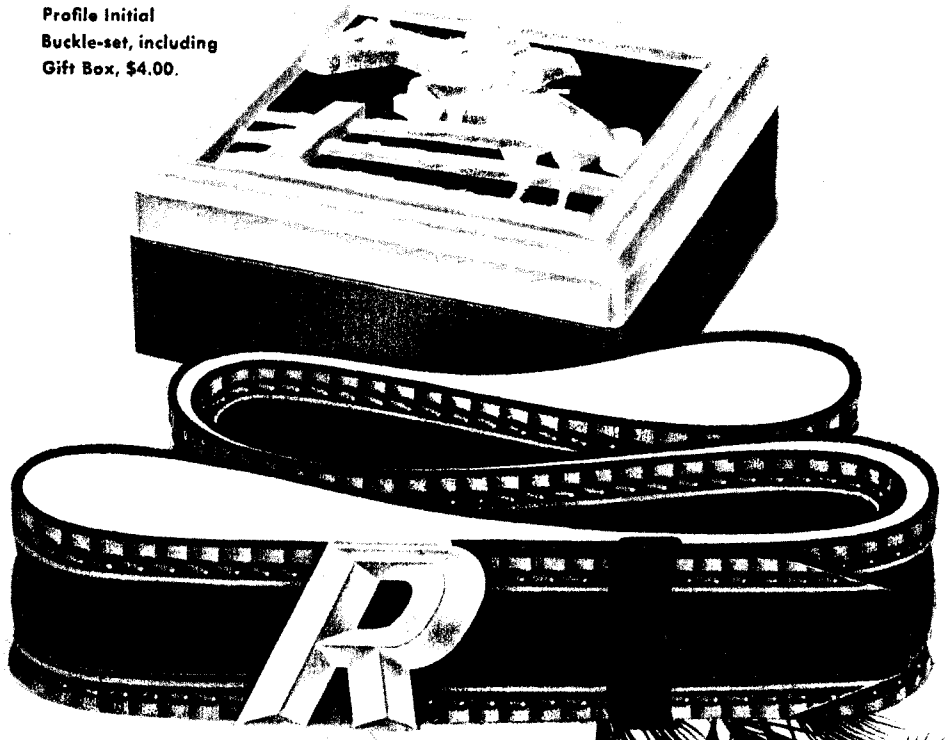

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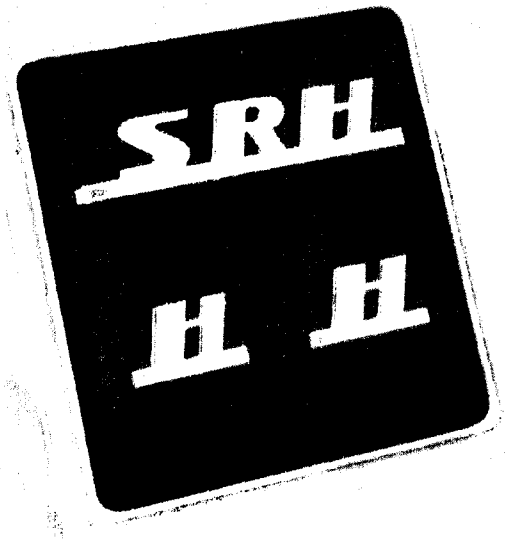

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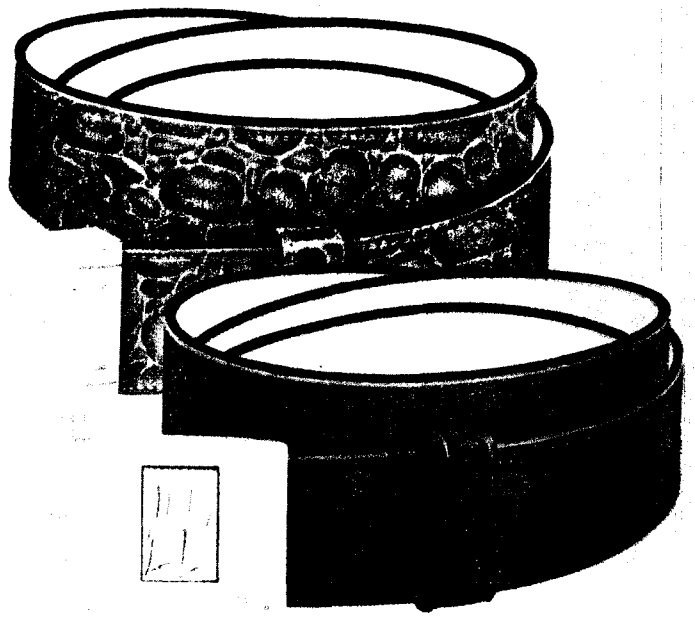

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his jealous public to enjoy, Jimmy is a sports writer for the Chicago Herald-American. On the baseball beat, he is a rather unobtrusive chap with a penchant for introducing to his associates the wide circle of acquaintances he seems to have in every port of call. But give Jimmy his whistle and a good substantial shove onto the basketball floor and Dr. Jekyll is converted instantaneously into Mr. Hyde. The Butter Ball becomes a Ball of Fire—but fire that leaves a trail of hot water in its wake.

Lost Weight Soon Regained

Mr. Enright is the world's perspiringest person, once he warms up to his job. But the odd thing is, though he slaves on basketball courts from November until the ides of March when he goes West with the White Sox, he is never able to shed weight except temporarily. Enright loses as much as 12 of his usual 235 pounds while refereeing a single basketball game. But after he has taken his shower and located one of his favorite dining salons, he puts the melted blubber right back on again.

Some of Mr. Enright's more enthusiastic partisans think he would have put the immortal Nijinsky to shame had he taken up the ballet as a career. As it is, he serves up many a perfectly executed *entrechat* and pirouette while piping his shrill lay to an always appreciative audience. The Afternoon of a Faun is a pretty dull affair compared with A Night of Enright.

Jelly Roll Jim's roly-poly five-foot, eleven-inch frame camouflages the strength and constitution of an ox. Up and down the floor he bounces, trips and glides, with a waddle thrown in on the straightaway stretches. He sheds steaming brine by the pint; utters strident screams that, in his excitement, often slide over into the falsetto register; and goes through a series of wild gesticulations. The fans love it and the players aren't far behind in their appreciation.

An early December blizzard, howling down through Michigan from Canada in the early 1930s, blew Jimmy right into a basketball officiating career—and he got the drift immediately! Two high-school hoop squads were scheduled to play in Saint Joseph, Michigan, that night and the referee, driving from South Bend phoned en route that his car couldn't plow any farther through the silence deep and white. In that emergency the manager of the home team phoned Enright, then sports editor of the Benton Harbor News-Palladium and asked if he could get a substitute referee.

"Can I? Say, I can get one for you wholesale and his name is Enright!" our hero replied.

So, for five bucks and a lot of ribbing from the galleries on the score of his avoirdupois, Jimmy filled the breach. And no mean breach it must have been for James to fill it. His only previous experience had been in interclass games at Eau Claire, Michigan, during his high-school days. But that didn't prevent the stout supernumerary from bowling them into the aisles with the colorful performance he put on.

Since then, Enright has worked in several thousand games staged on courts ranging from small-town halls heated by potbellied stoves to the country's biggest arenas. In the early days, he would finish his newspaper chores, then hop into his car and chug off on five cylinders to some rural community in Michigan to put on his show for the basketball fans.

His first big break came when the late

Literally and figuratively the author of this piece, Dan Parker, is a giant among U.S. sports reporters. The 56-year-old New York Mirror columnist stands six feet four, weighs 250 pounds. He is president of the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund

George Keogan, coach of the Notre Dame quintet, who had seen him in action at the National Catholic High School Tournament in Chicago, phoned him one afternoon and asked if he could fill in for one of the regular officials who had canceled out of the Notre Dame–Minnesota game that night—and Jimmy said yes.

The official Jimmy worked with that night was Frank Lane, now general manager of the Chicago White Sox, the team Enright covers for his paper. They had never met before, but never was one stranger kinder to another. Frank let Jimmy do the calling, after giving him a dressing-room pep talk. Although there was bitter rivalry between the two teams, and Minnesota, unbeaten up to then, was swamped by the Irish, the game ran off smoothly. From that point on Jimmy's only trouble has been in trying to squeeze all the dates offered him into his engagement book.

Enright's favorite whistle tooter, next to His Majesty, Patrick the First, Last and Always, is a thirty-five-year-old double-shift operator named Bud Lowell, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

On the roster of the Oshkosh Police Department, Bud is registered as Richard Lowell. Assigned to the traffic department, he spends his daylight hours chasing speeders on his motorcycle and in the cool of the evening, when the basketball season is on, switches to his well-flattened Airedales and pursues travelers and other violators of the hoop code.

Equally at home either in the police or on the basketball court, Bud is the owner of what must be the busiest whistle in North America, considering both assignments. He can present the evidence in either arena in a manner to make the offender cringe. He also officiates in football, baseball and softball games in season.

Oddly enough, he started both court careers 13 years ago. As was the case with Kennedy and Enright, Bud owes his officiating side line to a substitute assignment. He had played basketball for four years in Oshkosh High and during his two years at Oshkosh State Normal School.

"The officials used to baffle me," he says, "because I never could tell what was going on. They either blew a soft whistle or kept strictly to themselves what the fouls or violations were. One day when an Oshkosh official was taken ill, he asked me to substitute for him in a high-school game. Though I had never handled the whistle except in interclass games at college, I jumped at the chance, resolved to show I was boss of the game and also to let the fans, players and coaches know what was going on.

"If I do say it myself, who shouldn't, I made a hit that afternoon and on the strength of the new style of officiating I showed them, I got contract after contract to work games all over Wisconsin.

"I blow a very loud whistle, act out all my calls in pantomime, and slowly and deliberately write out the number of the violator in the air with my forefinger, so the scorer can see it."

A big fellow weighing 185 pounds, Bud works in college and professional games. He was a member of the National Basketball League staff for six years until it merged with the B.A.A. this year to become the National Basketball Association. Marquette University and Ripon, Beloit, Lawrence, St. Norbert, St. Point, Milwaukee, Oshkosh and Whitewater colleges employ the whistling motor cop regularly to direct traffic on their basketball courts.

Whistle Tooter's Nightmare

A well-conditioned, handsome six-footer thirty-five years old, Bud drops from 185 to 170 pounds during the basketball season. Fear that he won't be able to get back in the saddle again by 8:30 A.M. is a constant nightmare with Bud while he's on his double whistle-blowing shift. When he works a game in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the train, if on time, deposits him on the station platform in dear old Oshkosh at 8:25 A.M., and that leaves Bud exactly five minutes to get to the police station (without his motorcycle) and change from mufti into the uniform of Oshkosh's finest.

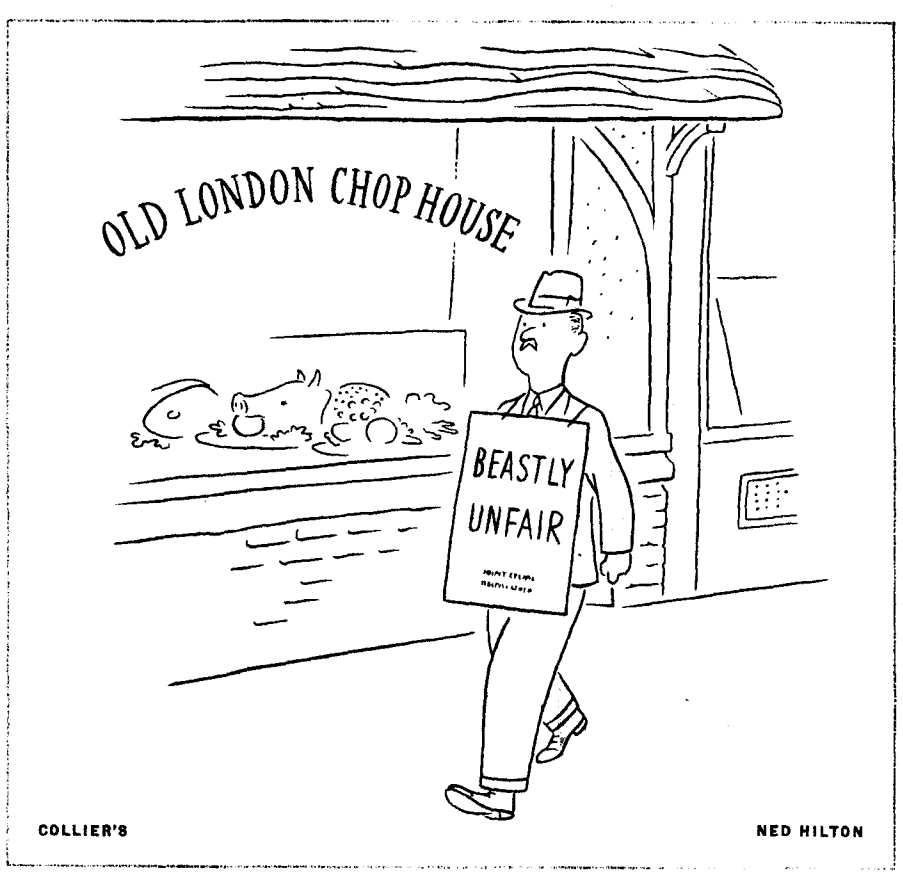
Often, when writing out a ticket for a speeder, he will absent-mindedly quote some basketball offense to the crestfallen wretch, who has been doing 60 mph. But he has yet to roar: "Pull over there, bud! Where's the fire?" when he catches a basketball player traveling.

Bud isn't fooling when he says he takes charge of the game. He won't tolerate any back talk on the floor and bawls out his commands like a top sergeant. Some players say he's a bit too rigid in enforcing the rules. They all agree, nevertheless, that he's one of the game's most competent officials.

That's a nice compliment, but Bud considers Jimmy Enright's endorsement praise from Olympus. The Round Boy from the Loop is such an enthusiastic admirer of Bud's court manners that he once gurgled ecstatically, "Say, Bud's a honey. I love to watch that flatfoot referee a game."

And what Jimmy says about Bud epitomizes the opinion of sports fans everywhere when it concerns the Six Showboats of the Basketball Court. It would be a dull game without them.

THE END



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Kingfish of the Dixiecrats

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

In New Orleans this writer did not have to seek out Perez.

"This is Judge Leander H. Perez," he boomed into the telephone after I had begun to study the setup of Plaquemines and Saint Bernard Parishes.

Face to face soon after, Perez declared cheerfully:

"I hear you've come to get Perez. Well, there ain't nothing to get on Perez.

"I want to show you some of the constructive work we're doing in Plaquemines," Perez said. "We've got the best government setup there in the United States." Then he added, "In the whole world."

We got into one of Perez' cars. In the back seat was Mrs. Perez, a pleasant, matronly woman to whom Perez is obviously devoted and who is at his side so constantly that friends laughingly call her his "bodyguard."

Turning south from New Orleans we skirted Jefferson Parish, the feudal barony of a Perez ally, Sheriff Frank Clancy (they are frequently together on state issues and candidates), who rules his roost with such an iron hand that he's known as "King Clancy." Soon we were in deep delta country, Saint Bernard Parish, which—for redolent politics and protected commercial gambling—was described to me, along with Jefferson and Plaquemines Parishes, as "one of the hellholes of Louisiana."

The "Slots" Operate Freely

We drew into a gasoline station where three slot machines beckoned unashamedly for business. In the deep delta parishes the "one-armed bandits" are everywhere—in fruit markets, barbershops, in movie lobbies, even in shops near schools. Since commercial gambling is barred both by the state constitution and by state statute, I asked District Attorney Perez, a state officer, about the "slots" at the gas station in his Saint Bernard Parish.

"I'm a prosecutor, not an arresting officer," Perez said.

Saint Bernard's local boss (under Perez) is the sheriff, Celestine "Dutch" Rowley. Once when sheriff and district attorney feuded, Perez—no arresting officer—nevertheless managed to shut down commercial gambling. Now, the sheriff is politically loyal. Perez keeps hands off the gambling casinos and horse parlors, which hire some 400 breadwinners and therefore constitute one of the parish's leading industries.

"Yes, the sheriff is blinking at the law," Perez admitted.

In Plaquemines, Perez' home base, there are no gambling casinos, but "one-armed bandits" abound. But it should be made clear that there has never been any suspicion that Perez receives financial tribute from gambling.

We rolled south along the Mississippi River into Plaquemines Parish.

With the pride almost of personal ownership, Perez expanded.

"See that park?" (Braithwaite Park at the entrance to the parish.) Perez pointed. "I gave that to the parish—3,200 feet of frontage.

"See that drainage?" He motioned farther down the road. "I put that in.

"See that church?" Perez pointed to a small chapel under construction. Already built was the façade with three doors.

"One is for white folks," Perez explained. "Another is for dark-skinned Negroes and the third for light-skinned ones.

"You know, they like it that way," he said. "Yet people ridiculed Bilbo for fighting the hybridization of the race."

The old church had rested on a mound, and the pastor wanted the new edifice on a hillock too.

"Who do you suppose got that mound moved?" Perez asked. "I'm friendly with the United States Engineers," he explained, "and I worked out a deal."

It was obvious from what he had done and from the way people treated him that Perez was—on his home grounds—the patroon, the grand seigneur, the master and sometimes, as he himself told it, the generalissimo. Once, in 1943, when Governor Sam Jones sought to install his appointed sheriff in Perez' bailiwick, Perez formed a home guard and rallied the countryside to resist the move. When the state militia arrived, scattering Perez' road blocks and home-grown army, the embattled leader retreated to the river. There he boarded his "navy"—the free Plaquemines Parish ferry that plies the Mississippi. In midstream, Perez breathed defiance against the assembled might of the sovereign state of Louisiana. Under cover of darkness he slipped home, leaving the enemy in possession of the field. This was only a temporary setback, as will be shown later.

Seeing Plaquemines with Perez reveals one of the reasons for his power.

A down-at-the-heel rural parish with a modest budget of $40,000 as recently as the early thirties, Plaquemines today revels in a near-million-dollar budget that is the envy of the whole state. It hums with public construction reminiscent of WPA days. The parish provides free ferry service for all, across the Mississippi. It repairs boats free for fishermen on its own boatways, gives out $20,000 of college scholarships yearly and owns a luxurious vessel to patrol the shrimp beds and to entertain, in style, visitors to the parish.

A miniature welfare state (a phrase repugnant to Perez) Plaquemines even has a four-year plan of public works. And like a welfare state it is one of the biggest employers in the area (if part-time jobs are counted).

All this—and lower taxes, too. The taxes, halved since 1932, will go still lower this year. How does Perez do it?

He does it with oil wells and sulphur. Perez is literally at the throttle of a well-lubricated civic and political machine.

Riches for Parish Boards

As owners of oil lands, the levee boards and school board in Plaquemines collect one-eighth royalty on oil produced on such lands. This comes to about $1,000,000 yearly and is funneled to the parish governing body, known as the police jury, which handles the boards' money affairs. (The mineral wealth in Plaquemines is so lavish that the parish is rich, and the companies which took leases from it—and for which Perez is lawyer—aren't doing so badly either. These leaseholding companies get their cut from the big oil producers to whom they've assigned their leases. The big producers, of course, have little interest in and no connection at all with local politics. They are strictly in the oil business.)

Besides the royalties it gets, the Plaquemines governing body is the further lucky recipient of another $200,000 yearly—its share by state law of the severance taxes paid by the oil producers to the state.

The good works that can be lubricated with this sort of money are manifest in Plaquemines.

"This will be the most modern consolidated school anywhere, both high and elementary," Perez said proudly as we watched construction work on a handsome and impressive brick structure.

"We'll have an auditorium and a gymnasium. Costs $800,000, including architects' fees. There's nothing even in New Orleans to compare with this," he said.

The school superintendent is Patrick Olinde, an earnest young man who is married to a niece of Perez. (Other Perez kinfolk on the public pay roll include nephew Frank Giordano, the registrar who isn't there to the wrong people, and A. M. Walker, a Perez brother-in-law, who is parish purchasing agent.) Olinde disclosed that three new consolidated schools will rise in Plaquemines over the next two years to care for 1,500 children. There will be two new schools for Negroes.

In Plaquemines the triple color line goes to school as well as to church. "We have two Negro schools across the river," Perez related. "Because the light-skinned ones won't mix with the dark ones."

But oil-rich Plaquemines can afford even this. On its new schools it will spend $3,000,000—a tidy sum for a rural Southern county of 12,000 souls. In fact, a big-league expenditure anywhere.

At Pointe a la Hache, the parish seat, there was further evidence of the county's bounty.

"You'll see the only parish-owned, free ferry anywhere," Perez said. "There's nothing like it in the whole country.

"Hold the ferry, Rudy," Perez instructed his assistant district attorney, Rudolph McBride, a shy young man in a bow tie. Perez showed me the renovating job being done on the courthouse and rummaged among court records, while the ferry—with its pedestrians and motorists—waited for 15 minutes beyond its starting time until the leader was ready to board it.

We boarded the trim all-steel ferry and started across the brown, smooth expanse of the Mississippi. A prominent sign on deck read: "Free Ferry—Plaquemines Parish—Police Jury."

"Cost $90,000," said Perez. The cost of running the ferry, $45,000 yearly, is more than Plaquemines spent on its total budget

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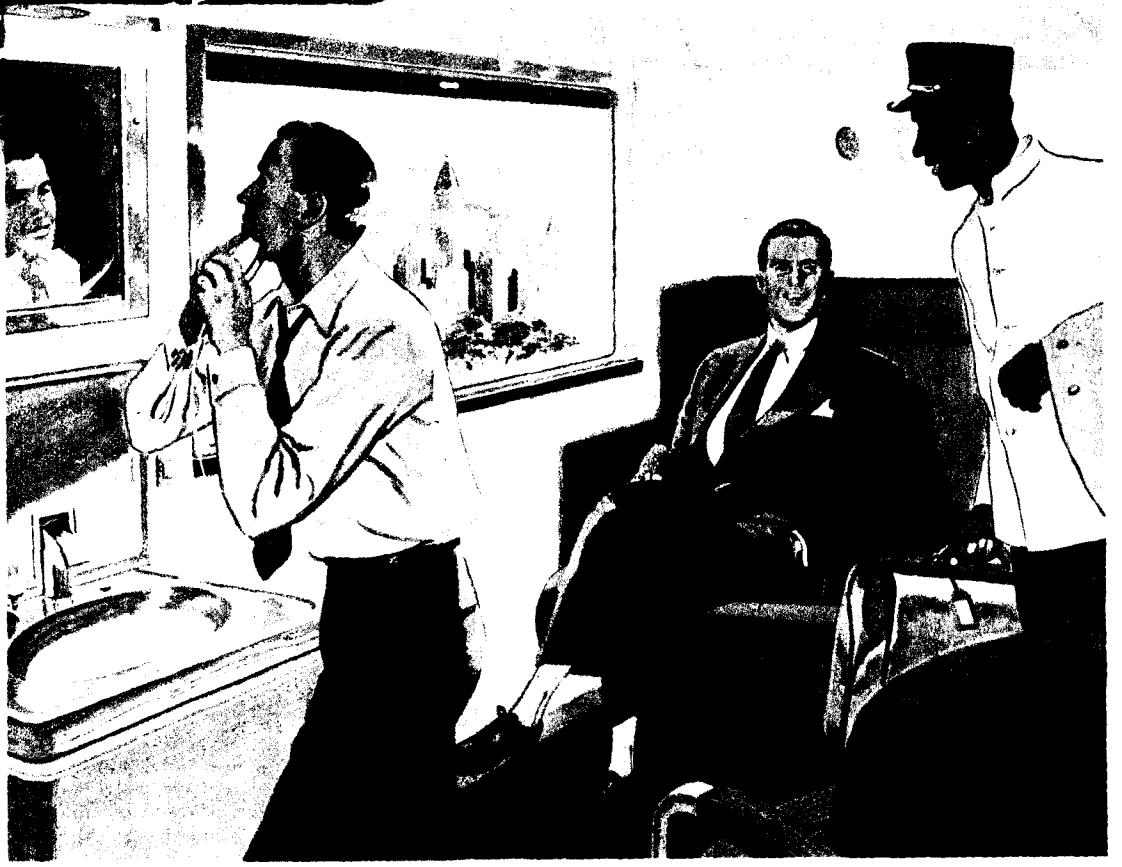

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in the thirties. Perez displayed the shipshape rest rooms. He called down into the engine room and, raising his voice above the clatter, made it a point to address the engineer by his first name and inquire after his family.

"We cross thousands of pedestrians daily as well as cars," Perez said. The ferry has a reputation for being on time. But once it stalled. That was when political rival Sam Jones tried to hold a rally across the river. Mysteriously, the ferry suspended, stranding the Jones adherents.

Well-heeled Plaquemines owns still another vessel, a $75,000, 70-foot luxury yacht with a teakwood deck and mahogany superstructure. Perez picked it up at a bargain.

Commissioned to patrol fishing out of season (thus duplicating state patrol work, conservation officials observed), the boat is manned by a skipper and a cook and is used, as Perez says, "to entertain people we think can benefit the parish." The spanking white vessel, known as the Manta, has thus been the scene of many happy yachting parties, all calculated to make friends for Plaquemines.

"Last week," Perez said, "I took out a party of men interested in locating new industry. We've also entertained the U.S. Engineers." As hosts, it is necessary of course that parish officials, and sometimes members of Perez' family, take part in the yachting party chores.

Perez beams down on the parish folk with still other free services.

For fishermen he built three boatways which repair their boats free.

Plaquemines is also the only parish in Louisiana that puts up dollar for dollar with the state to build paved roads. As a result we rolled through miles of beehive road-building activity which will soon permit delta motorists (like Lincoln's Father of Waters) to "go unvexed to the sea."

Louisianians like to compare Leander H. Perez with Huey P. Long.

Huey used to boast: "I took Louisiana out of the mud; I gave the kids schoolbooks." Perez likes to point to the schools and roads he's building. Huey openly reveled in the role of dictator, calling himself "The Kingfish" and boasting of his powers. Leander H. Perez is more modest.

"They tell you Perez is a boss, Perez is a dictator," he complains. "The truth is, Perez is just a darn' work horse."

Respects Law—as a Weapon

Huey's methods were brutally direct. "I can buy legislators like sacks of potatoes!" he yelled. He treated the organic law as a scrap of paper. Perez, a man of finesse, is usually to be found behind the scenes rather than in front of them. He respects the law and uses it as a weapon to outwit his opponents.

"I can hold my own with any damned lawyer there is," says Perez.

This is so well recognized in Louisiana that for years legislators have come to Perez for help in framing state laws, and he is acknowledged to be the father of much legislation affecting local government. The recognized master of legislative maneuver, there is a joke in Baton Rouge about the way Perez, as lobbyist for his bailiwick, guides legislation into the hopper.

"Gentlemen, I have a little bill (so the story goes). It only amends the constitution in six places."

Although Perez' job is that of district attorney, the mountain of clippings about him in the New Orleans papers seldom touches on his role as prosecutor. They tell of almost endless political squabbles in the courts; of efforts to impeach Perez (unsuccessful); of his efforts to impeach opponents (successful); of charges of fraud in elections; of fights of rival candidates to get on the ballot—and of Perez' fights to keep them off—through the local court, through the state Supreme Court. Most of these legal fights Perez wins. One judge said:

"Perez stands on the law, and he is always prepared."

One lesson of Huey's, Perez, his admirer, never forgot. In Huey's Louisiana there was no *Lebensraum* for enemies. He kept an "s.o.b. book," a terrible little volume into which went the names of offenders: men marked for oblivion as soon as Huey could conveniently get around to them. Perez, who keeps his grudges in his head, is considered by some to be just as implacable as Huey Long.

"Of all the people in the country the one I'd like least to have as an enemy is Perez," one observer said of him.

Salvador Chiappetta, whom we met at the beginning of this story, would agree. Once a highway maintenance foreman, he grumbled to neighbors that Perez was using state highway commission labor to build himself a private road and fishpond on his plantation Promised Land, a charge Perez denies. Chiappetta has had trouble voting or working ever since.

"People are afraid even to talk to me," says Chiappetta.

Bigger men can feel Perez' wrath too. Because Sam Jones sent the state militia into his bailiwick, Perez wouldn't rest until he found a suitable candidate and built a formidable slate which defeated Jones when Jones sought re-election.

"It was an obsession with me," Perez explains.

A creative man, as well as an observant one, Perez has fashioned from the tools at hand—the local boards, party machinery and customs—his own pattern of political control.

Perez' pattern, like all works of genius, is classically simple.

As district attorney, Perez is the lawyer for the parish police jury (as Louisianians call the county governing board).

The resolutions which settle the parish business are written by Perez, often in his private law offices in New Orleans, and offered to the police jurors for adoption.

"Except in some small instances," Perez couldn't recall for this writer one debate in the police jury.

"There's hardly ever a dissenting note," Perez said. "We work together 100 per cent."

But such co-operation from the key police jury was only a start for Perez. There were other boards in the parish. Some of these, like the oil-landowning levee board, are named by the governor. Soon after he took power, Perez realized that a hostile governor could fill the boards with local foes.

Perez didn't leave the levee board's co-operation to chance. His next move was a master stroke. He went to Baton Rouge and pushed through a constitutional amendment. Approved by the folks back home, the bill let the police jury take over the debts—and the revenues—of all the public bodies in the parish.

Vast Power for Police Jury

Overnight Perez' police jury took over the purse strings—and control—of everything in the bailiwick, including the strategic levee boards which administer lands now producing many millions in oil yearly.

Now, Perez had the co-operation of all the public bodies round about.

When the state dictator, Huey Long, sought to centralize all the levee boards into one state agency under his fist, he found that Perez had been too quick for him. Huey never got Plaquemines.

When oil was discovered and royalties began to flow to the levee boards and school board and on up to the police jury, Perez had money and political jobs to dispense.

Perez minimizes the number of persons who hold public jobs in Plaquemines. But critics, pointing to this year's $800,000 budget, say it's a rare family in the parish that hasn't at least one member on a public pay roll—even if it's only part-time work.

The opportunities for public employ are varied. The parish needs boatwrights for its own boatways; supervisors of front levees (facing the river) and supervisors of back levees facing the gulf); it needs engineers for its ferryboat and farm hands for its experimental farm; it needs mechanics and oil gaugers and drainage foremen and a skipper for its patrol yacht and a cook for its galley; it needs foremen and hands for "clearing and maintenance of streams and canals." And it needs many other workers.

Over all these jobs Perez is the boss.

"I have a hand in everything," he says.

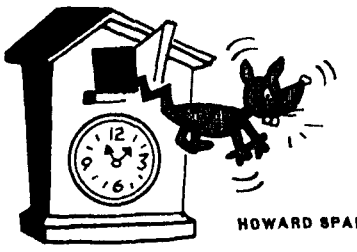
And he has, including private jobs. It has long been known that industries moving into the deep delta have to listen to "suggestions" from the parish administration.

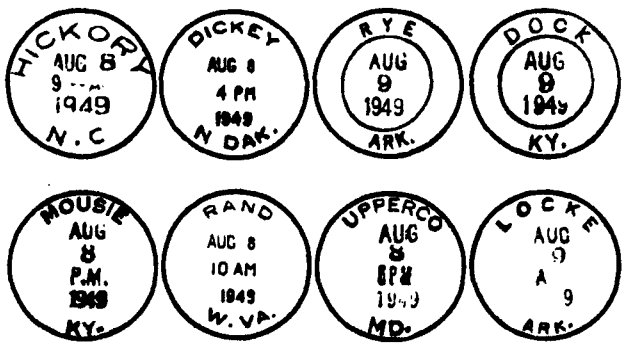
"Even the oil-drilling corporations sometimes have to clear with the parish on the matter of employment," one politically-wise deep-delta resident told me. Recently, he related, a driller, on orders from the parish, was forced to fire a group of workers from the "outside," so as to make room for Plaquemines men.

Perez is persuasive. He told how, when the Freeport Sulphur Company reduced the number of Plaquemines men on its pay rolls, the state taxes on sulphur shot up and stayed up until Plaquemines workers were hired. A former district judge who feuded with Perez and was ousted by impeachment after 22 years on the bench makes a strong contention: "If you don't get in on the inner circle, you can't make a living."

A master at "Louisiana politics," Perez knows every trick of the trade. Even President Truman is aware of this. The conclusion of this article will appear in next week's Collier's

Picture Postmarks





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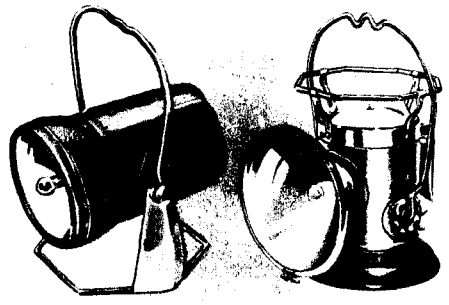

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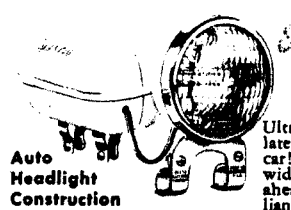

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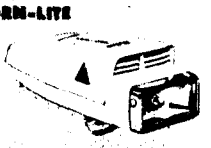

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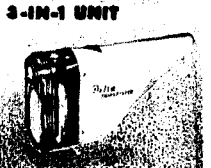

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EXCUSES

By MARTIN SCOTT

If you have to use an alibi, make it a beaut

"They are making these milk bottles too slippery!"

AS ONE whose life is so beautifully organized that he requires no more than eight or nine excuses to get through any given day, I feel that I'm fairly well qualified to discuss the subject. Before I do, you'll have to excuse me while I relate a long but pertinent anecdote.

Not long ago my wife noticed with horror that our meat market bill had dropped far below its customary total. Not wishing to lose face with the butcher, she decided to give a Scotch grouse dinner.

I protested mildly, in a voice that compared favorably to that of Mighty Joe Young, and for once she listened—just long enough to tell me not to be silly.

The result was that she called a couple of friends of hers and I invited a crony of mine and his wife. Well, fate intervened. The night before the party, one of us (I'm mentioning no names, but it was the one in the lace nightgown) left the window by the bed wide open. When we woke up, we found that we had been, so to speak, drafted by two viruses. I telephoned my friend.

"Quincy," I blubbered, "the dinner's off. Both of us have awful colds, and—"

His laugh sounded like the current going on in a lie detector. "Yeah," he said, "I hear the germs are pretty bad around Pete's bar. Well, take plenty of liquids—as though you have to be told that!"

My wife then called her friend. "Hello, Estelita dear? Remember those Scotch grouse we were supposed to have for dinner tonight? Well, the most *awful* thing has happened. The butcher said they were sighted over Newfoundland yesterday, bucking a head wind, and he thinks they must have been forced down. Naturally, we'll have to call off the party . . . I knew you'd understand. Good-by, dear."

Horrified, I said, "You don't expect her to believe that, do you?"

"Certainly not," she said. "Who *ever* believes excuses?"

Let us ponder that statement. In her own womanly way, I'm afraid she's found the truth. Quincy didn't believe me when I said I had a cold and, now that I think of it, I didn't believe him the time he told me he couldn't go hunting because he'd been sitting up all night with a sick philodendron.

It's about time that those of us who depend on excuses realize that we're going to have to be a little more imaginative. There are four kinds of excuses in common use these days:

1. *Those for doing something* (Spilling milk on the kitchen floor: "They're making these milk bottles too slippery these days!")

2. *Those for not doing something* (Forgetting to bring home 2 lbs. ground round: "I got there just as they were closing the door, and you know how they are about selling things after hours."

3. *Those for going somewhere* (Getting out at night: "I thought I might go down to the barber's and get that haircut you told me to get."

4. *Those for not going somewhere* (Not playing bridge with those bores, the Kabakjians: "I have to stay home and balance the checkbook—otherwise I'm afraid we'll be overdrawn and you won't get your allowance."

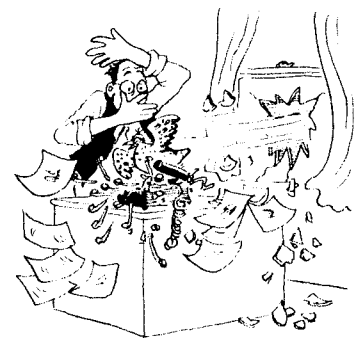
The above are absolutely infallible; none of them ever work, any time they're used.

Now, there are four ways in which excuses can be delivered:

1. *Jovially*. "It's the funniest thing *(forced laugh)*, but I was so busy at the office I clean forgot to pick up those tickets. *(Chuckle.)* Gosh, I guess I'll never *(guffaw)* learn, will I?"

2. *Unhappily*. "I swear I don't know why these things're always happening to me. I *meant* to clean out the basement last week, but I just put it off. It's my fault; I could have found the time. I'm no damned good, I guess. I wouldn't blame you if you decided to go home to your mother." *(Care is always exercised here to keep eagerness out of the voice.)*

3. *Angrily*. "Who do you think I am, Einstein? I go to the office every day and work my brains to the bone, and you expect me to stop and buy dog food on the way home! Why can't he buy his own food?" *(The more irrational, the better.)*



ROBERT DAY

One of the Scotch grouse flew in at the window and made a crash landing on my typewriter

4. *Surprisedly*. "You mean you actually meant it when you asked me to stop by the market? I thought you were joking. If I'd known you were serious, I . . ." *(A note of reproachful regret is sometimes effective.)*

Let's face it, men; none of these work, either. In fact, if you multiply each of the above deliveries by each of the four types of excuses, and then multiply the total by 16, you'll have 1,024 ways in which to get into trouble.

I could go on with this a lot longer, but one of those Scotch grouse my wife ordered just flew in at the window and made a crash landing on my typewriter, smashing it to bits.

See what I mean? THE END

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Ben Loves Little Dolls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

without success before someone suggested nylon. Convinced that this was just the thing, Michtom got in touch with representatives of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Company. When they were skeptical about whether doll wigs would be worth their while, he turned on the charm.

"That guy is one of the greatest salesmen alive," a Du Pont man has since remarked. "By the time he got through with us, the boss was ready to put our whole laboratory on his problem."

Michtom modestly disclaims any super-salesmanship and says that all he did was point out how happy little girls would be if they could have dolls with wavable nylon hair.

In any case Du Pont's chemists went to work. Their first problem was to create a nylon fiber which would take a wave but not hold it too long, so that the child could wave her doll's hair again and again. This alone took months of experimenting.

Working the "Bugs" Out

Then, when the first wig was made up, it was discovered that passing a comb through it generated static electricity which made the strands unmanageable. At that point the project sagged a little, but Michtom was right on hand to push the researchers further. A few more weeks of experimenting went into development of a wax coating for the individual strands to prevent the generation of electricity.

Then came the problem of attaching the wig to the doll's head. Ordinary glues were no use because they would dissolve when the wig was washed. Also, the doll's head was a plastic of a type different from nylon. Michtom went to work on the company which supplies plastic for the doll's head, and the company in turn put its chemists to work. The upshot was a new type of binder which united each individual nylon fiber indissolubly with the doll's head.

By summer the new line of dolls, each endowed with a wig consisting of more nylon than goes into seven pairs of stockings, was in production. And by September orders for more than 200,000 had been received. Michtom was so delighted with the new doll that he and his staff spent a month composing a 15-stanza poem unfolding the saga of research that made her possible. He encloses a copy with each doll.

In spite of his enthusiasm, Michtom is far from satisfied with his dolls.

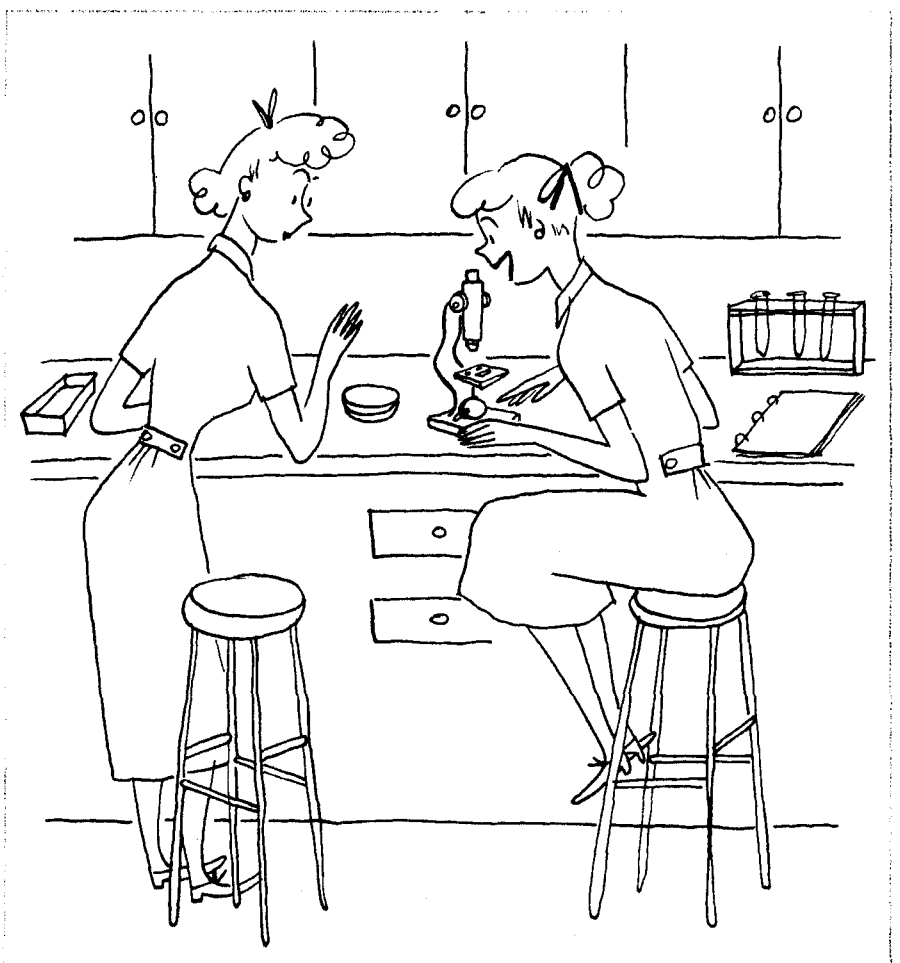
"A child has," he likes to point out, "five senses to which a doll can appeal. So far, all we've been able to make is a doll that looks good, sounds good and feels good. We're just wasting the other two senses."

At that point he cocks a serious and inquiring eye at you. "What would you think of a sort of built-in baby-powder odor? That might be nice. But"—he shakes his head in puzzlement—"if we do it, we ought to give the doll a flavor, too. And I can't see how that would work yet."

Such an attitude toward dolls is a big change from the business's pre-Michtom days. Before Ben's father started changing his Brooklyn store into a small doll factory, nearly all dolls came from Germany. They usually were made of wax or delicate porcelain, and the elaborate clothes were sewed on permanently. Unless placed on pedestals well out of reach of tiny hands, they were frequently battered to pieces long before dinnertime on Christmas Day.

Morris Michtom's first effort launched him into the doll business in a big way and started a trend toward dolls to be played with instead of merely looked at. It all began in 1902 because President Theodore Roosevelt went hunting in Mississippi. One day a bear cub wandered into his camp and T. R., too softhearted to shoot it, adopted it as a pet. A cartoonist made a drawing of the incident and called it "Teddy's bear."

After reading the story in the papers Michtom *père*, a great T. R. fan, retired to his back room, cut some brown plush in the shape of a bear cub, stuffed it with excelsior and put it in his shop window along with



COLLIER'S

"Here's one that looks exactly like that fellow I met last night!"

KATE OSANN

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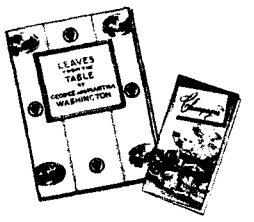

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clippings about T. R.'s new pet. Within five minutes a passer-by came in and wanted to buy it. Before the end of the day there were more than a dozen similar offers. Ben's father and mother went to work turning out the little bears, and in an inspired moment Morris M. packed up the original and sent it off to the White House along with a letter asking permission to call it "Teddy bear."

"Dear Mr. Michtom," came the prompt reply, "I don't think my name is likely to be worth much in the bear business, but you are welcome to use it."

T. R. could hardly have been more mistaken about the value of his name. His letter put the Michtoms in the manufacturing end of the toy business for good. Although the idea was cribbed by other toymakers almost immediately, the Michtoms have sold so many millions of Teddy bears that they long since have lost count.

In 1906 the elder Michtom founded the Ideal Novelty & Toy Company and began branching out from bears. One of his first projects was an unbreakable doll. Most toymen vehemently and shortsightedly opposed this idea on the grounds that a broken doll meant another sale, but Morris Michtom was convinced that sturdier merchandise would create a far bigger and better market.

After a number of messily unsuccessful experiments with flour and glue, he came up with something that was at least fairly difficult to break. He made history again by turning to Richard Outcault's pioneer comic strip, The Yellow Kid, for a model. In a durable doll form the mischievous, hapless Kid was a hit with both children and adults, and Ideal was on its way.

Early Training in Finance

Meanwhile young Ben, born July 13, 1901, just a year before the Teddy bear, was growing up. Even in his teens he never considered any career other than dolls. In 1921 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce where he devoted his thesis to the subject of a doll manufacturer's financial problems. After spending a year in Wall Street to round out his understanding of a financier's view of dolls, he plunged happily into his lifework at Ideal.

Father Michtom had no intention of making, and no need to make, things easy for his son. Ben went on the road with a carful of dolls and stayed there for years. Through the twenties and early thirties he traveled up and down the land playing with his dollies and charming bigger and better orders out of the buyers. Even the depression had little dampening effect on him. The reason, he likes to say, is that a child's happiness is the last thing on which a family economizes.

In 1933, Ideal hit one of the biggest of all toy jack pots with the Shirley Temple doll. When the first shipment of these dolls arrived in Hollywood by air express, it was met at the airport by an escort of motorcycle police and conducted with screaming sirens to the store where it went on sale. Most of the other cities in the country reacted with similar enthusiasm. Sales of the doll totaled more than $6,000,000 worth.

Morris Michtom died in 1938. His passing was marked by editorial obituaries in newspapers all over the country mourning the Teddy bear man. Since then, Ben has shared ownership of the company with three partners—his older brother Dr. Joseph Michtom, who previously had been practicing dentistry, a brother-in-law David Rosenstein, and a cousin A. M. Katz. These three devote themselves mostly to the production end of the business. As both chairman of the board and vice-president in charge of sales, Ben handles front-office matters.

Ideal's factory in Jamaica, Long Island, is a five-story, three-block-square former aircraft plant with over 500,000 square feet of floor space, jammed with oddly complicated machinery. Production is organized on an ingenious assembly-line basis.

At the October peak of production, this plant, another small one in Brooklyn and several subcontractors employ about 3,500 men and women. In a single day they turn out 20,000 dolls, 4,000 stuffed animals, 50,000 plastic, 10,000 latex and 6,000 wooden toys.

To keep such an enormous output fresh and profitable requires an endless stream of bright new ideas. These are precisely what Ben Michtom can and does effortlessly provide.

"The man spouts ideas like a fountain," according to one admiring buyer.

Ben's working day usually begins at a casual nine thirty or so, but it sometimes lasts far into the night when he is on the track of a new toy. His wife, still slim and youthful after 24 years of marriage and the raising of two sons, has learned to gear their home life to allow for his sudden and all-important inspirations.

At his elegant, bleached-oak paneled office and showroom on New York's famed Fifth Avenue, he is an oasis of calm in the midst of what frequently becomes a madhouse as fall preparations for the Christmas season get under way. Buyers and salesmen hurtle in and out with cries of "I gotta have 500 dozen by next week" or "When do we start the new line in Peoria?" Without turning a hair he can handle simultaneous calls from department-store executives in Atlanta, Dallas, Cleveland and Butte.

Ideas Set the Gong Sounding

All this he considers detail work and nothing to get excited about. But when an idea strikes, he is a different man. "Mr. Poinggg," is the name some of his associates have for him on such occasions, the word being an attempt to indicate onomatopoetically the effect of a gong which has just been struck. Once he starts, the reverberations go on and on.

Last year, for instance, he was struck by an idea for a new variation on his basic doll, Baby Coos, which combines most of the company's top doll developments, such as lifelike skin, versatile voice, go-to-sleep eyes and washable plastic head. Why not, he thought, idly at first, try the doll in a larger size? Then it came to him—life-size!

The result is a doll which breaks most of the traditions of the business. It is 27 inches high, weighs six pounds and sells for $25 at a time when toy prices generally are falling. He even dresses some of the dolls in boys' clothes, a thing which "couldn't be done" because little girls supposedly wanted to play only with little girl dolls.

In the closing weeks of last year more than 30,000 were sold, and the number is being multiplied many times this year. Many stores are offering to send one of the dolls to each of their charge customers on approval "to see whether your little one likes it."

"A terrible thing for their promotion men to be doing," says Michtom, shaking his head not too sadly. "Once you let a little girl hold the doll, how are you ever going to be able to take it away?"

Michtom is now at work on a project for an all-nylon doll in 1950. And he has started wondering about the possibilities of equipping a new line with a built-in miniature record player as a source of words, in addition to coos and sobs. Or if it won't work in a doll, maybe he can put one in his toy telephone.

He also has had a go at the role of godfather in the comic-strip world. Last summer, after years of near-misses, comic-strip character Joe Palooka finally married his childhood sweetheart, Ann Howe. The day of the ceremony Ham Fisher, creator of the strip, received a call from Michtom.

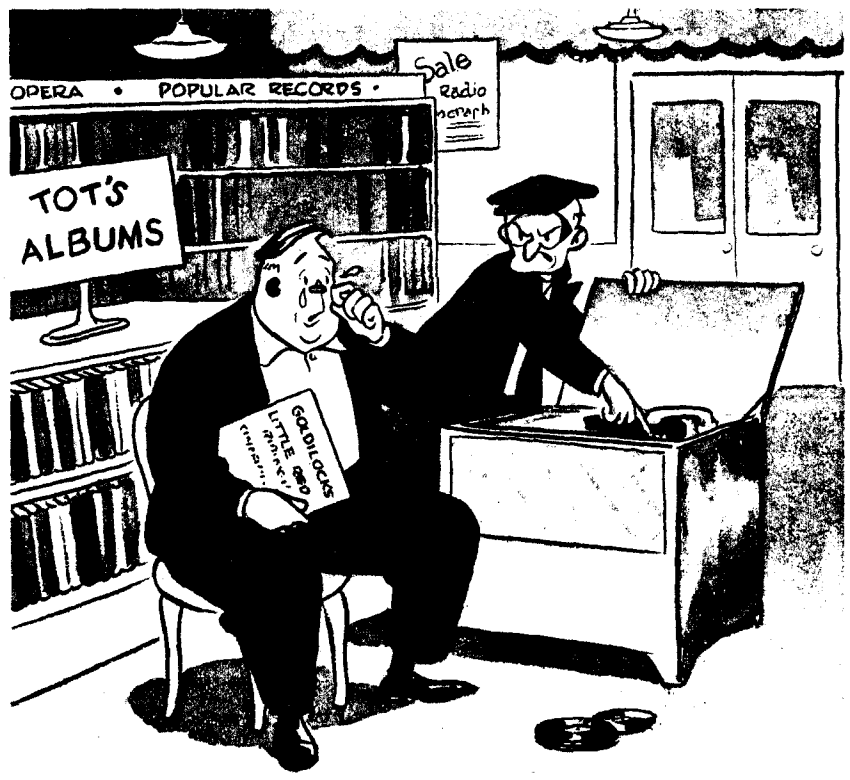
"Ham the first child has got to be a girl," he began, the gong in full clang. "Make her something unusual, something terrific. You owe it to the kids, Ham. They'll love it, and she'll make a wonderful doll, maybe the best ever."

Fisher, who has worked with Michtom on a Joe Palooka punching bag and other items, pretended to be shocked. The wedding, he pointed out, had barely taken place. He refused to have anything to do with rigging Joe's first-born for commercial purposes. But if he or she turns out to be doll material, he did agree to consider the matter.

"It's tough to say no to a guy like that," Fisher grins. "Watching him go to work on an idea is more fun than I've had since the hired man fell in the well."

Even without Fisher's promise, Michtom is looking forward to the blessed event with the combined excitement of an expectant godfather and a gold prospector on the track of a mother lode. THE END

BUTCH



"Suppose ya just forget all about Goldilocks' plight—an' help me wit' de cash register, huh, Butch?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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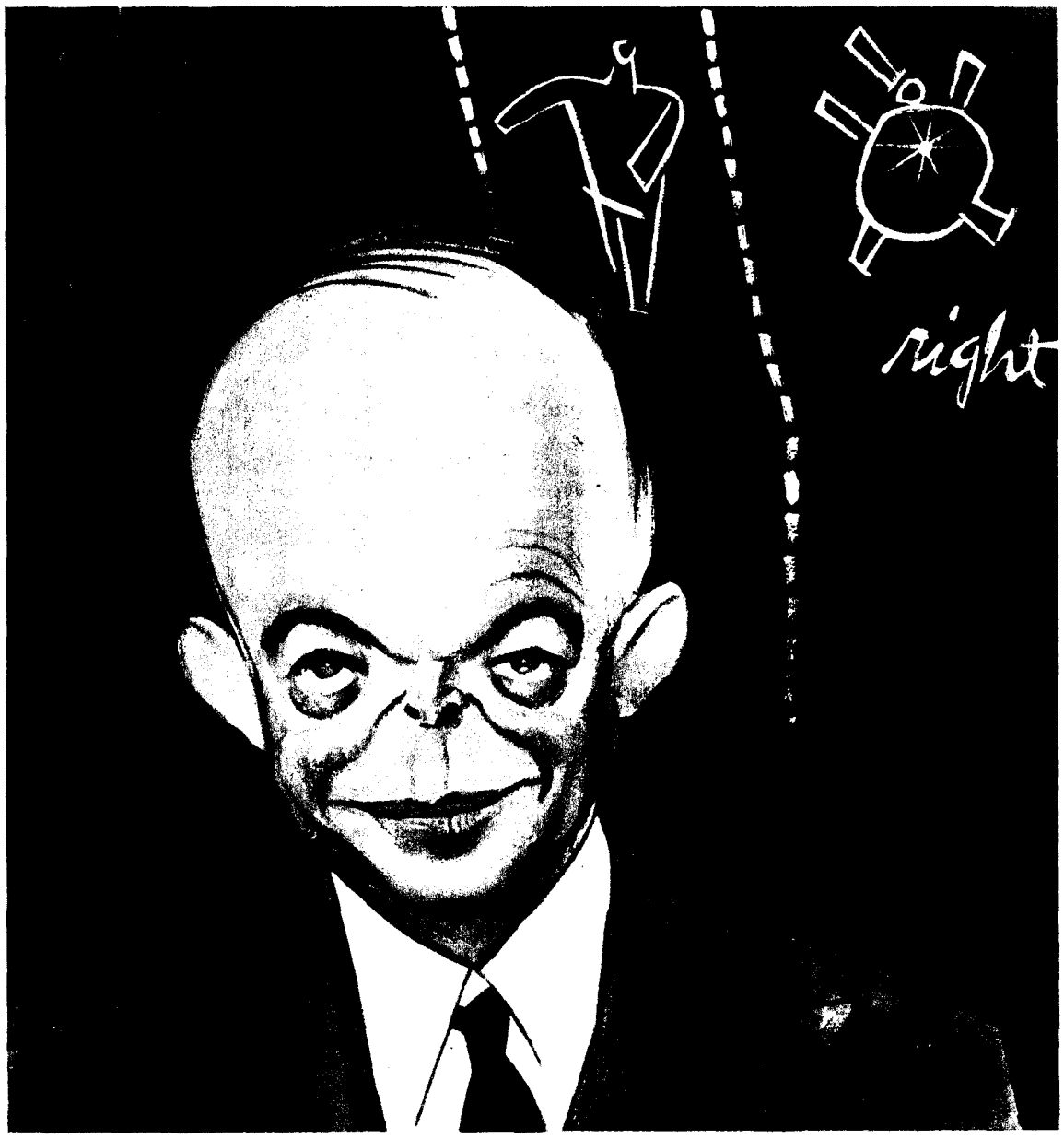

SAM BERMAN

IKE IS RIGHT AGAIN

IN THE COURSE of the new year just ahead the American people will elect a new Congress. It isn't necessary to enlarge on the importance of that routine statement in a world where, for millions in many countries, elections are neither frequent nor free. Americans have the blessed assurance that no coup or coercion will rob them of their right to choose officers to represent them in their own government. And yet there will be moments in 1950, as in any year of national elections, when many voters will find this priceless privilege a little trying in actual practice.

Once again we are in for a season of political turbulence. Our differences will be deepened and exploited by those candidates who try to outdo one another in wild accusations and irresponsible predictions. Some, of course, will base their campaigns on an appeal to the voters' intelligence. But, as the election approaches, partisan passion will outshout sober judgment until, on the day calm reason should prevail, we shall go to the polls exhausted by a surfeit of emotional politics.

Since all this is true and predictable, Collier's feels that it is not too soon to offer its readers something by way of preparation and antidote. And we can think of no better prescription than some wise words from a speech by General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

We recommend that they be read and remembered against the time when once more we must go through a period of sharp and bitter division for the sake of national unity—a period when every Democratic candidate will be labeled a reckless, Socialistic enemy of free enterprise and every Republican office seeker called a heartless stooge of anti-unionism and Wall Street.

So, before we forget where the backbone of America is really located, let us take these words of General Eisenhower's to heart:

"The middle of the road is derided by all of the right and of the left. They deliberately misrepresent the central position as a neutral, wishy-washy one. Yet here is the truly creative area in which we may obtain agreement for *constructive social action compatible with basic* American principles and with the just aspirations of every sincere American.

"Thus, the American system in line with its principles can and does, by governmental action, prevent or correct abuses springing from the unregulated practice of a private economy. . . . We, in turn, carefully watch the government . . . to see that in performing the functions obviously falling within governmental responsibility, it does not interfere more than is necessary in our daily lives."

As a soldier, General Eisenhower knows the importance of a strong center to an army in battle. He knows that armies have suffered defeat on the flanks and still gained a victory because the center held. And he reminds us that "when the center weakens piecemeal, disintegration and annihilation are only steps away, in a battle of arms or of political philosophies."

We suppose that the political flanks are important, too. They offer the ultimate in assorted philosophies of government, economics and society. It is from this assortment that the middle-of-the-roaders make their choice. They take this idea from one side, that from the other, add a few of their own, and generally come up with a decision that is both fair and workable.

The great trouble with extremists is that they don't fit comfortably into a free government. They have no patience with another side of the question. They want no talk of compromise. Now, that isn't the American way of doing things. So why is it that the middle of the road is derided, as General Eisenhower truly says, when it acts according to the best American tradition and holds the key to so many of America's attainments?

We believe that there are two answers to that question, and one of them we have tried to state already. The dedicated extremist who thinks he has the only true gospel is impatient not only with opposition but also with those who can see some virtues in two opposing views. Thus the selective mind which doesn't swallow a whole philosophy, hook, line and sinker, is branded as neutral and wishy-washy.

The second answer has to do with opportunists rather than dedicated extremists. An opportunist knows that the extreme right and left command audiences who care little what happens to freedom or civil rights or sound economy so long as things look good for them. If they are promised special consideration they are inclined to react with unanimity.

So we find some extremists preaching a doctrine which they may not really believe, simply to hang onto power or votes or well-paying jobs.

When the moderate, reasonable, conciliatory person hears these divisive sermons spoken by eminent figures, he may feel that he shows some lack of courage in not taking one extreme side or the other. And this feeling is heightened, as General Eisenhower pointed out, by some semantic and vocal tricks.

"How can we appraise a proposal," the general asked, "if the terms hurled at our ears can mean anything or nothing, and change their significance with the inflection of the voice? Welfare state, national Socialism, radical, liberal, conservative, reactionary and a regiment of others—these terms, in today's usage, are generally compounds of confusion and prejudice."

We may be unhappily sure that confusing and prejudicial terms will be hurled at our ears in increasing abundance before next November. Political wares will be hawked in a mixture of plain talk and double-talk. It will not be easy to separate the sincerity from the malarkey.

So once more we commend to you the words of an intelligent, informed and devotedly conscientious American patriot, and the moral that goes with them: It's no disgrace to be a middle-of-the-roader. If you are one you are part of the vital center of your country's strength.

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THE HOUSE WITH THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

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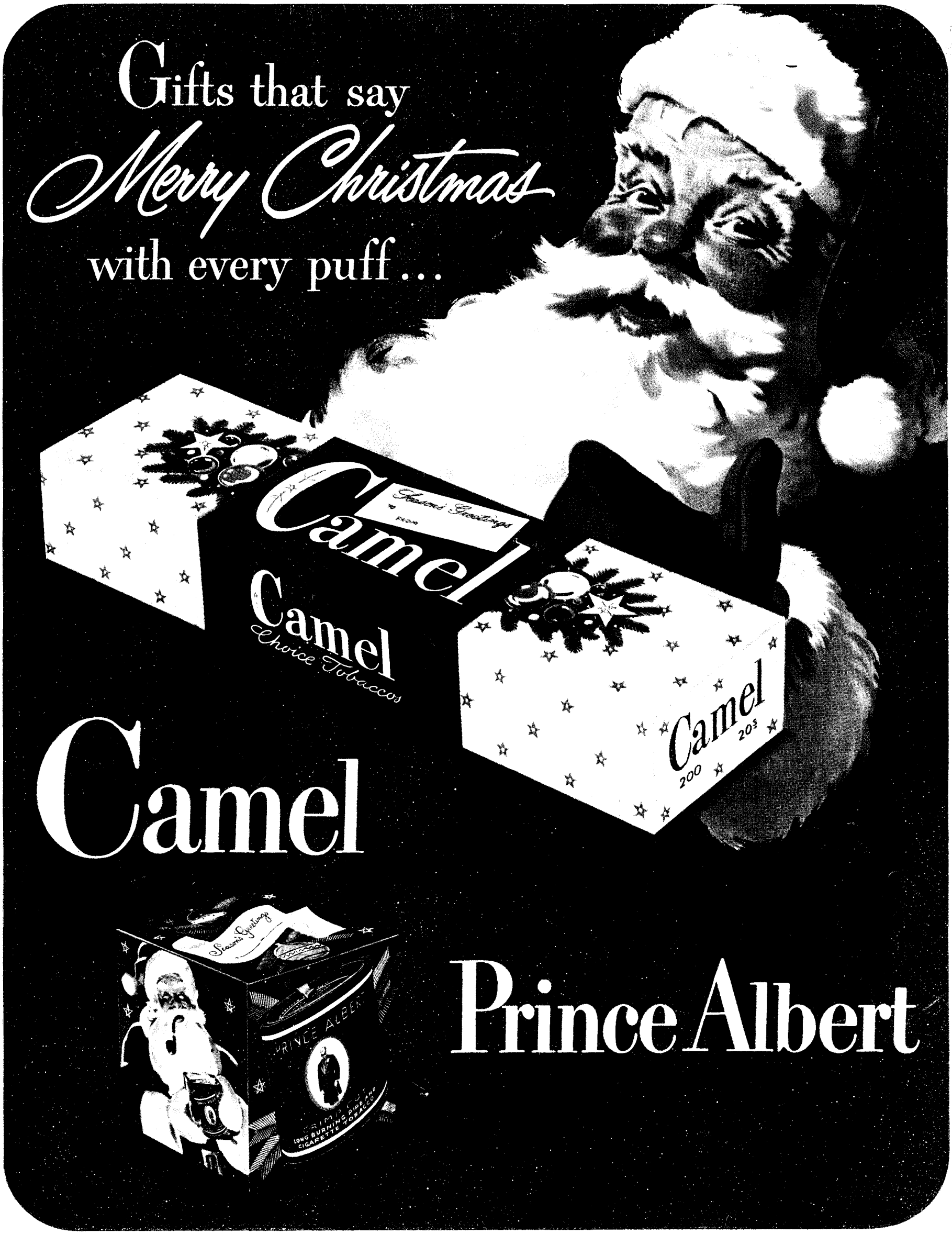

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